THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Gave Them What They Wanted

His Oratory Certainly Wasn't Argument; Sometimes It Wasn't Even Grammatical, But Most Assuredly It Was Beautiful Music

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago accident and circumstances combined to pitchfork me into the position of lieutenant and, later, chief of staff to one of the ablest political bosses this country has ever known. Eventually I succeeded him, although I wore no crown. It had become advisable, even by that time, for a boss to exercise his powers as unostentatiously as possible. Now I have retired, not entirely voluntarily. I wasn't kicked out, but the business of being a boss is not nearly so good as it used to be. I could have held on to what remained of the former splendor, but the career had become frayed, dingy and frazzled, so I stepped out. I see no future in it.

There are not nearly so many bosses today as formerly, nor have they anything approximating the barbaric power that once attached to the office. Bosses are going the way of emperors, czars and kaisers. Not many are being defeated in open conflict—as a matter of fact, very few ever have been—but conditions are changing nationally, so that the job crumbles, becomes cheap and messy, anywhere you happen to observe it. It was never a glorious job, but at least it was real, and sometimes it was also gaudy. In the course of these reminiscences I shall tell exactly what has happened to the boss business and venture a few predictions as to the far-from-happy future awaiting the few men who still defy fate by openly flaunting the banners of their predecessors. But I must also say many a kind word for the old-time boss. The sources of his power never were understood, nor, apparently, could the public ever realize how wise he had to be. As a result, the embattled legions who demanded decent municipal government were forever marching against diabolic creatures of their inflamed imagination and failing to identify the ordinary, vulnerable politicians, who simply outsmarted them in the conflict.

My introduction to boss-ruled politics was accidental. I was born and reared in a town of about two thousand population, where my father was principal of the school. At considerable sacrifice he had sent me to the state university for three years, and then his health failed. That ended my hope of being graduated as a lawyer, so I migrated to the nearest city and got a job delivering groceries. It was pretty hard work, but I managed to study every evening, and within a year passed the bar examination. Thus I found myself a full-fledged lawyer in a city of 150,000 population, but without friends, acquaintances or connections of any kind, and with only about twenty-five

dollars capital. Nevertheless, I managed to hang out a shingle and gather in a few ten-dollar fees. For three months I kept about one hop ahead of starvation.

During this time my one luxury was the morning newspaper; it was evident that the coming mayoralty campaign would be a hot one, and I was keenly interested. The paramount issue related to a new franchise for the local street-railway company. Substantial business interests favored the terms proposed by the company, but the mayor did not, and he was running for reëlection on this issue. Although I knew that Mayor Drake's intellectual attainments were slight—he was simply a good mixer and the creature of the local boss—it seemed to me that his position with regard to the franchise was unassailable from a legal point of view, and I decided to say so publicly at the first opportunity. I may as well admit, however, that it had also occurred to me that a few political speeches would be good advertising for my uncrowded law office. There was no hope of my being invited to make a speech, so I invited myself, which wasn't difficult in those days.

Informal meetings were being held every night in at least a dozen saloons—not exactly in the saloons, but in back yards that the saloon keepers were pleased to call gardens. I invaded one of these strongholds of democracy at half-past eight o'clock one evening and began to get acquainted with the promoters of the meeting. You could easily identify them—they were the ones who were buying drinks for the crowd. There were three of them: one was the local precinct captain, who would preside, and the two others were to make speeches. The crowd was somewhat slow gathering and quite a number of drinks had to be bought, the outcome being that one of the speakers imbibed more than was good for him.

When I volunteered to speak, the captain first looked critically at his wilted orator and then turning back to me said: "'Sall right wiz me, brother. Waz y'r name?" That's how I butted in.

The first speaker was Otto Geisler, a carpenter; the importance of Otto related solely to the fact that there were eight or ten other carpenters present, and with them Otto rated "all right." I couldn't make head or tail out of what he said about the street-railway franchise, and probably no one else did, but they knew which side he must be on in order to have been introduced by the precinct captain, and that sufficed. He spoke about fifteen minutes and then I was introduced—as "judge." I launched into a learned constitutional argument, embellished with elaborate quotations from the proposed franchise, also figures on gross revenue of the company, its tax payments, capitalization and net profits.

The crowd of about sixty bore with me patiently for twenty minutes, and then I noticed that little groups of three or four were succumbing to thirst and disappearing. I could see that I was not a great success, but I was in the middle of my argument and didn't know what to do except continue, so for another twenty minutes I continued. By that time the crowd had melted to less than forty. When I finished, that sickly applause that says "Thank God" was my only reward. Even the chairman dashed away without making the usual perfunctory compliments. I retired to the bar, unnoticed, and ordered a glass of beer. It was a hot night and I had sweated until I simply couldn't sweat any more. As I lifted my glass I caught sight of the chairman dragging his wilted orator out of the chair where he had fallen asleep. He dragged him up to the bar, gave him a drink of whisky, then a glass of ice water, and literally pushed him out into the garden. A few seconds later I heard a rich barytone voice intone: "My fellow citizens." It was simply marvelous music, entirely worthy of being the prologue to a grand opera.

Every man at the bar was drawn irresistibly back to the garden, and I along with them. There stood the recently wilted but now revived orator, on the iron table that served as a platform, and before him a crowd, spellbound by his lovely voice. I have often wished in later years that someone had had the wits to preserve on a phonograph record a worthy sample of the type of speech he made. Those speeches were incomparable vote getters for at least two decades.

His oratory certainly wasn't argument; sometimes it wasn't even grammatical, but most assuredly it was beautiful music. Napoleon marched through it, George Washington crossed the Delaware, stars twinkled, dew smiled from the grass at early-rising laboring men, little children laughed, a noble mayor prayed through the night for heavenly guidance to save his flock, and wicked corporations hired assassins who skulked through shadowy alleys chewing their murderous mustaches, because they were balked by this group of peerless patriots whose mere assembling around a beer keg had saved the nation. Nothing about the proposed franchise or any other issue! Simply melodrama. But it was a knock-out. Tears trickled down the seamy, sunburned faces of men who worked under the open sky, while their horny-handed applause suggested infantry going into hot action.

I walked from the garden into the bar, puzzled and depressed. A fat, round-faced man with a blotchy skin but pleasing, clear blue eyes stepped in front of me and asked my name. Then my address. Next, how long I had lived in the city. Where was my office? How was I getting on? Was I married? It was certainly a thoroughgoing investigation, and yet I didn't resent even the sixth question, much less the first. He had a way with him, that man.

"I'm Mike Callaghan," he finally informed me. "Come and see me tomorrow."

I had met the boss! This was the man who made the mayor, and if the mayor fought franchises, it was because Mike demanded it. This man had even made governors. I went home wondering what he would say to me on the morrow, but elated. I knew that it was going to be something good. *(Continued on Page 192)*

"Didn't I Tell You That That Speech of Yours Was No Good?" Was His Answer. "Nobody Can Explain All That Junk to a Audience. That Kind of Stuff is for Me"

FAIR EXCHANGE

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

The New Warden Leaped From His Seat and His Fat Hands Closed Over the Precious Weapon

"THERE'S nothing personal in all this, old man," the new warden said expressively. "You've fought your fight, and a good fight it was, too, and lost. You've resigned. I had nothing to do with that."

"Of course not!" the departing official agreed vehemently, his hand extended in a gesture of extreme friendliness. "Erase any such thought from your mind. I resigned because, after twelve years of trying, I'm convinced I can do nothing to change certain conditions here—conditions I know should be changed. The fact that the governor has appointed you my successor has nothing to do with that! If I can ever help you, let me know."

"I've no doubt your advice would prove invaluable." The newcomer nodded stiffly.

"You know," the retiring official explained, "after a fellow handles a community like this prison for twelve years, he gets sort of indoctrinated in its peculiarities. He gets a—well, a new slant on life."

There was an esoteric quality in the words and the way he spoke them. Something of their hidden meaning seemed to impress the new head of the prison.

"I guess there's a deal of truth in what you say," he answered doubtfully. "There must be plenty to learn about handling these men."

"I'm glad you said men," the other smiled tolerantly. "You'll learn that they are men. Some of them the finest I've ever met. There's Old Chander, for instance. He killed his wife and he's here for life. You'll like him if you get to know him. The most honest old codger I've ever met, in prison or out of it."

"Yes, yes, of course," the new official nodded, faint traces of impatience in his words.

"Well, if you need me," the other suggested, "I'll be glad to help. Little problems will present themselves. My new home address is in the office."

They shook hands cordially and the man who, for twelve years, had ruled the busy community of isolation, took his last glance about the office which time had familiarized. A sardonic smile played about his lips.

"I've made some interesting friends here," he said as he passed through the door. "I wish you all good luck."

The newly installed official cleared his throat and glanced about his offices. Outside the window men were busy lugging in his personal furnishings. He smiled in satisfaction. This job as warden was considerable of a political plum. The salary was good and the patronage and prestige it offered carried considerable power.

He glanced through the window at the high wall that surrounded the place. Outside, groups of gray-clad men were working casually under the watchful supervision of keepers. Back of the office, he knew, the old shops reared their time-worn walls against a leaden sky. The faint voice of the prison droned on the air.

He dropped into the soft chair that stood behind the desk that now was his own. He lit a cigar and smiled again in contentment. There was no reason that he could see why this should not be his home for many years. The governor was due for reëlection; his own weight politically was unquestioned.

Puffing gently on the cigar he leaned across the desk and lifted a button pad. He glanced down the row of buttons, reading after each one the assistant that pressure would summon. He rang for the head keeper.

"I want you to feel safe and sure of your job, Dolan," he assured the man when he arrived and stood respectfully before the desk. "Take a cigar, old man, and sit down. We'll have a little talk."

"Thank you, sir," the head keeper accepted. "I just want to say that as long as you're warden here, I'm workin' for you and in your interests."

"Fine. I know I can rely on you. I suppose there's a certain effect among the men when a change like this takes place?" he added thoughtfully.

"Well, some; yes, sir," the official responded. "They get to talkin' and a lot of rumors go around. Mostly," he laughed deprecatingly, "about what kind of a fellow you are and what changes you'll make in the prison rules."

"I see." The warden smiled, again sensing his power. "I don't suppose you bother much explaining anything to convicts?"

"Well, that'll be up to you, sir. The old warden had a grievance committee among the men. If they had a kick comin', they could make it through their committee."

"I see," the warden allowed casually. Then: "There's been so much kicking lately about coddling these prisoners that I may make a few changes in the rules. I don't propose to be a weakling in handling crooks."

"Whatever you say, sir."

"These men are here for punishment," the new head of the prison pointed out pedantically. "When all is said and done, that fact remains. If they didn't deserve it, they wouldn't be here. Nobody sent them here but themselves. It ain't a hospital, keeper; it's a prison."

"Yes, sir. The old boss —— Well, you're quite right, sir." The head keeper rescued himself from committal. Faint lines of worry traced themselves across his forehead.

"It will be natural for you to follow the rules and methods laid down by my predecessor," the warden went on. "But I do not want it forgotten that I am in charge now. I want to be fair with you boys, but I must rule."

"Absolutely, sir. Just tell me what you want and I'll see it's carried out. There won't be any mistakes about that."

The head keeper puffed silently at his cigar and crossed his legs uncertainly. He nodded as the new warden continued:

"I want no loosening of discipline during the first few days of my administration. I have been told that a change of wardens is apt to have that effect. Guard against it. An escape now would be unthinkable, Dolan. Any adverse publicity might be made capital of by political enemies. I'm in a position to make life pleasant for you and I'll do it so long as you give me all coöperation."

"You can depend on me, sir." Lines still traced themselves across the head keeper's forehead.

"I've glanced through the daily routine," the warden explained, "and I see that three hundred of the men are due to attend motion pictures tonight."

(Continued on Page 131)

MEN AND MARKETS

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

AT RATHER frequent intervals in the rhythm of economic movement comes a hullabaloo over what at first glance seems to be nothing more than a question of definition. Even now the country is entering, unless signs fail, one of those periodical battles in regard to the meaning of three words—investment, speculation and gambling. Beneath the verbal tumult there is, naturally, more than a revival of etymological enthusiasm.

The display of intense feeling over mere words reflects equally vigorous forces at work in the arena of practical affairs. Those who fervently emphasize investment or speculation or gambling are in reality convinced that one of those three is the great protagonist in the market place for stocks.

Let us repeat the question before the house: Which of the three words—investment, speculation and gambling—applies most nearly to the stock market of late? Or, to put the issue in more personal terms, have the participants therein been predominantly investors, speculators or gamblers? If this seems almost too direct and bold a subject for an article, I reply by saying that it is not being made out of whole cloth, but is creating itself not only in widespread discussion throughout the country but in the daily actions of the market place.

Men have argued about this subject many times before, and heatedly. It has always been difficult, as now, to put the stamp of an accurate appraisal upon any activity in stocks. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of May 22, 1830, tells how stock in a new life-insurance company chartered by the New York Legislature was eagerly subscribed to. So great was the demand that only those subscribers who won a lottery received their subscriptions. Says the article:

> Does the eagerness with which this stock has been sought indicate anything but a disposition for speculation? Or is it a desire to make investments which will yield a fair interest?

Only a Difference in Degree

IT IS usual for each stock-market boom, for each cycle of speculation, to bring on a debate concerning the benefits and evils of speculation in general. Inquisitive legislators want to know whether stocks were manipulated; they delve into pool operations and the details of this and that unfortunate corner. The Stock Exchange itself has been investigated many times, and the machinery which it provides for the purchase and sale of stocks is fairly certain to be scrutinized whenever the public is in a mood to argue the benefits and evils of speculation. Invariably, sooner or later, a stock boom produces much feeling, and that feeling finds outlet in untold millions of words.

But people who take an interest in stocks and the opportunities of the market place are more concerned with the present—not to mention the future—than they are with the past. No one except the historical student is much stirred by references to the speculative excesses of ten or twenty years ago. But if I were to declare categorically that the great recent rise in stocks was almost wholly an investment or a gambling operation, to take the two extreme viewpoints, there would be loud protests. Too many living men and women are directly involved for anyone to take liberties in describing the character of recent performances.

Is any human being wise enough to characterize the transactions in an active market? I doubt it. There is a real advantage in avoiding loose terms and understanding the meaning of words. It seems both inaccurate and unfair to describe the Stock Exchange as a gambling hell, when everyone knows that for years human ingenuity has done its utmost to squeeze out of every transaction in that place all semblance to what the law recognizes as gambling.

Yet Senator Carter Glass is presumed to have some familiarity with financial distinctions. He was once chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, was one of the chief authors of the Federal Reserve Law, was Secretary of the Treasury, and is a member of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. On February fourteenth, in speaking to the Senate about the stock market, he said that it was absurd for states and communities to make it a criminal offense for a company of gentlemen to wager at poker or bet on a horse race "and then legalize a system of pure gambling which menaces the entire commercial and financial fabric."

This gives us some hint of the subtleties of our subject. Who is wise enough to draw the thin line between investment and speculation, and then between speculation and gambling? We all think of an investment as having more certainty than a speculation. But there is every gradation of certainty and uncertainty. Ten men may each buy the same stock with a different degree of certainty as to what they are about, or ten men may buy ten different stocks, each with a varying degree of certainty. The difference between investment and speculation is largely one of degree rather than of kind. Who can say where one ends and the other begins?

It is true that the speculator usually operates for shorter periods of time than the investor, and he is more concerned over profits than income. But the man who buys for income may take a speculative profit, or he who buys for a change in price may decide to keep the stock for its income. The use of borrowed money does not prove anything. A man may purchase outright and six months later borrow upon his holdings, or he may buy on a very thin margin and later pay up in full. A house is not a speculation because there is a mortgage upon it.

Certainly a good investment must have a future as well as a past, and the future always contains risk. Stocks of the street-railway companies in New York City a quarter of a century ago were looked upon as excellent investments, but most of them shortly proved to be worthless. No doubt an interest in Henry Ford's little machine shop at that time was regarded as a wild sort of speculation, but it has produced wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. It pays to tread softly when one talks about the difference between investment and speculation.

A Sore Spot With the Brokers

BUT when it comes to speculation and gambling, is not the distinction clearer? In certain respects, yes; in others, not at all. Gambling presents at least three different concepts to the mind, and we must examine each of them. The first meaning is that gambling concerns itself with a merely fortuitous event, such as the turn of a die, which no one can foresee. Judgment does not enter; the whole implication is of blind chance. Speculation presupposes an intelligent study of the inevitable changes in the value of property. All business and all life are full of change, growth and risk, much of which can be foreseen and coped with. That is the speculator's business, and he is supposed to profit thereby.

Then, too, gambling has a different legal significance. It is presumed to be without consideration. The word implies that there is no genuine purchase or sale, and in the case of stocks, no transfer on the books of the company. Transactions on the Stock Exchange are certainly genuine; a fact amply established by the enormous taxes paid to the state and nation on all such purchases and sales.

It is natural, therefore, that those who speak for the Stock Exchange should resent such phrases as "stock gambler" or "gambling in stocks," so far as the Exchange is concerned. They are contradictions in terms, says J. Edward Meeker, economist to the New York Stock Exchange:

"A man can, of course, lose just as much money in unwise speculation as he can by playing the races, yet it does not follow that a stock market is a race course, or that a race course is a stock market.

"Why should the Exchange be visited with righteous wrath because speculators lose money through unwise ventures, when the similar lack of intelligence in other speculative lines of business evokes no such bitterness? A large proportion of all business enterprises undertaken in this country ultimately result in failure, and undoubtedly the cause is mainly ignorance and folly on the part of the management. But they have no target later to direct their resentment against, while the losing speculator in securities can always blame the Stock Exchange for his own folly and usually obtain a sympathetic hearing."

The Stock Exchange and the stock market, one an organization with a building and the other a relationship or function, both perform immensely valuable services in bringing about the distribution of securities. They are not to be indicted out of hand. The balance of good and evil is delicate and intricate. Mere volume or speed of buying and selling does not prove economic or social ill. The stocks of many of our strongest corporations were bandied about almost like worthless paper, in millions of shares, in earlier days. The process had its value.

Granting all this, it is still true that when people think of gambling in stocks they do not necessarily have in mind the legal forms or objective phenomena, but rather the spirit or motive which animates the transaction. Now, motive or intent is very personal. No one knows what is in the mind of every person who buys stocks. How can we tell whether the predominant idea of John Smith, who rushes into an active bull market, is of an investment, speculative or gambling nature? We have no way of measuring his motives.

The Strings That Work the Monkey

I REPEAT that we have no quantitative gauge of the motives of those who have participated in the great bull market. But does any person doubt that fundamentally the ideas and intentions of many of these speculators have been precisely the same as if they had been playing roulette or the races? The speculator is justified by his intelligent assumption of natural and necessary risks. The gambler blindly assumes unnecessary and artificial risks without any severe intellectual effort. Under which classification do most of the recent players in the market belong?

Surely the frame of mind, the mood, the psychology has been an open book. Never has there been such intense eagerness for action and movement. It has seemed almost as if the whole American people were ardently and impetuously on the lookout for mergers, recapitalizations, reorganizations, split-ups, subscription rights, stock subscriptions, new investment companies, new holding companies, syndicates, pools, crowds, groups, leaders, and all the tips, excitement, stimulus and activity which powerful interests working in the market are able to produce. Now this is an admitted statement of facts; it is a condition and not a theory. Let us look into this condition more closely.

Just as the market is a mixture of the investment, speculative and gambling viewpoints and intentions, so in the same way it consists of a mingling of wholly natural and spontaneous public buying and the shrewd operations of professional groups, syndicates and pools, which make a cold-blooded business of rushing up stocks and distributing them for profit, exactly as some people make a business of manufacturing bricks or selling groceries. Just as we found difficulty in estimating the amount of investment or speculation or gambling, so it is next to impossible to formulate in quantitative terms the extent to which manipulation has influenced the course of stock prices.

But only those whose innocence is of the unearthly sort have ever supposed that a great boiling stock market is free from a large measure of what might be called control, which is a less offensive term than manipulation. In his last annual report Secretary Mellon speaks frankly of the failure of certain Federal Reserve policies, "partly due to the activities of powerful groups of speculators." It is not to be supposed that pool operations can be conducted successfully unless the public is in a receptive frame of mind and unless conditions favor. As Otto H. Kahn, one of the most experienced of Wall Street bankers, remarked several years ago, the "pools could never be more than an ephemeral and limited influence if they were not seconded by gullible crowds of get-rich-quick devotees."

But, on the other hand, the very cupidity of the public, its inflamed state of mind, is aroused by the careful, astute operations of professional pool managers. The public needs leadership and skillful guidance in the exploitation of its own proclivities: and the more its cupidity is fed, the more credulous it becomes. Speaking generally, it does not go in the market of its own accord. It is enticed and persuaded by skillful tactics. I asked a man who twenty years ago was one of the great speculative leaders of his day, but who has long since given up that sort of thing, whether the present market contained much in the way of manipulation.

"I haven't the slightest first-hand information," he replied, "whether there is manipulation in this market or not, but I never knew a market like this that didn't have it."

Why does the public buy stocks? Broadly but accurately speaking, the public buys on a large scale because stocks are moving. It acts on the same primal instinct that leads a dog to chase another dog which is running rather than one which is standing still. The public buys stocks because they are active, because they have a kick in them, because they promise a ride. But who starts the action, the kick and the ride? The public? No, indeed, innocent reader—if you are that innocent—not the public, but those whose business it is to start things for their own profit.

Let us approach this state of facts cautiously and mildly. Why are the movements in stocks timed precisely as they are? I do not mean to imply necessarily that moves have not been justified, certainly in part, by company developments. But why have individual stocks or groups of stocks advanced at the particular moment when they did, considering that in so many instances all the favorable facts in the situation were known generally long before the demonstration began?

Not only have speculative leaders and pools been responsible for the precise timing of demonstrations but their operations obviously account for the sudden upward spurts of from five to thirty points in particular stocks and for the great blocks which are tossed about when a demonstration is being staged. The reason, of course, is to arouse and goad the public into activity. An overnight item of news regarding the plans of a corporation, which may take years to consummate and which, according to any sober and intrinsic investment reckoning, might be good for a few points' rise in the stock in the course of a few months, is seized upon for a sudden outburst of wild exhilaration. Dealings are artificially swollen and the price leaps ahead twenty or thirty points at once.

A friend of mine—a partner in a Stock Exchange firm which is always looking for a good stock to get its people into—needed help in one of his movements from the great speculative leader whom we shall hereafter describe fictitiously as Timothy Toole. The broker had never met Toole before, but was ushered into a large room where Toole sat snapping out orders to a group of clerks. It was midday and lunch was brought in for everybody. Toole continued to snap out orders to his assistants.

"I want Universal Motors to sell at 98!" he shouted. "If it takes more than 10,000 shares, let me know."

Another broker told me that he went to make a friendly call on a man known to be a pool manager. It was not a matter of business, and yet he called before three o'clock, which is considered bad form. The pool manager came to the outer office to see his friend, and my acquaintance apologized for disturbing him before the market closed. It was then about three o'clock.

The Right Crowd on the Right Stock

"OH, THAT'S all right," said the pool manager. "I've trained the boys to close the market. Come with me and I'll show you." He led the way into an inner room where several clerks sat at telephones, and, sure enough, my acquaintance heard one of them say:

"No, I don't want to buy 8000 shares to close it. I'll buy 7000."

But let us come to closer grips with the subject. I called upon the senior partner of a brokerage house large enough to borrow several hundred million dollars and to handle 700,000 shares on a Friday and Saturday during one of the big breaks late last year, selling 300,000 shares on balance, catching the top of the market for the time being and paying off $35,000,000 in loans on Monday. I asked the broker if many pools were at work, but before he could reply his telephone rang. This was his end of the conversation, exactly as I heard it, except that fictitious names take the place of the genuine.

"Yes, we'll form a pool for 100,000 shares in Great American Copper, but only provided the metal crowd goes in with us. No, positively we will not go into it or do anything unless Jack Jennings

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OH, MAJOR, MAJOR

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"Can You Beat It?" Said the Major. "Look at Her Smiling at Me. Isn't She a Peach?"

She Might Have Been Mademoiselle From Armentieres or Mademoiselle From Anywhere Else—Dark Hair, Red Cheeks and a Soft White Neck

ONE wonders, now and then, does Camp de Sac still shimmer lonely beneath the sky of France in its dead level of sordid isolation, or is it gone like a bad old dream into the fog of time? It really makes no difference any more. Most of us who have been there will never see the place again. It is a part of those memories that have a curious property of cutting with a stinging lash, no matter how nebulous they grow. They lie across the years on a backward trail winding to a land of dreams, not at all like that dreamland on the long, long trail of which they used to sing when the A. E. F. was real.

If you were there with the boys of the old Umpteenth Artillery Brigade back in 1918, you must still remember parts of it. There are the choking gusts of sand, for instance, that drifted into the food and mingled with the flies in the mess room, from miles of sterile plains covered with sparse grass and groves of stunted pines. You cannot wholly get away from the rows of rickety *casernes* whose red-tiled roofs baked beneath a cloudless sky. And along the dusty streets, choking hot, like that whole parched land, you can recall weird figures, trudging dreamily through the dust, vague in outline now, like shapes behind a veil of fog—squads of trooping German prisoners in gray-green clothes, whitened by the dust until they attained a color such as sometimes suffuses a dead man's face, and lines of little parchment-yellow laborers, out of Indo-China. Their faces still are plain—from their very unreality, perhaps, oddly tranquil islands in a sea of red, sun-bitten faces—and their voices tinkle like flat music, not dissimilar to the chirping notes of those little birds they loved to carry in cages when they went to work.

Surely you remember how oddly those voices sounded against the cursing of the Umpteenth enlisted personnel, loose in the wine shops by the camp gates, when the camions went rolling down the white road to Bordeaux. No, Camp de Sac was not a nice place. It was a grimy finishing school, where brand-new products went out to the Front and battered ones came back, and where dislikes and jealousies waxed into monstrous growths beyond all reason and proportion.

In view of everything that passed there, it was strange that Benny Briggs should have referred to Camp de Sac unprompted, but, although ten years had passed since we were lieutenants there, he had the sense to give the place its proper definition. It was more than a training camp where college boys, snapped into uniforms, but not into a military code, were taught ways of killing men by reading maps, and where half-baked batteries meagerly absorbed the intricacies of 75's. It was a purgatory, Benny said.

"Do you recall the smell of it?" inquired Benny Briggs. "There're just some things—why did you bring that up?"

Now that was just like Benny Briggs. Probably to the very end he would have that careless way of blaming someone else, when he was the one to blame. For Benny was the one who brought it up. Benny was not the boy he had been once. He was heavier about the waist and cheeks, and his curly brush-black hair had receded from his temples. Never again would Benny Briggs wear Bedford-cord breeches of a color defying regulations, or an overseas cap cocked over his eye. Never again would his face be as fresh and mobile as it had been once, as quick to wrinkle into laughter or to flame in hasty wrath. Ten years had given it their dulling stamp of caution and weary charity, but his eyes and voice all brought it back. They still conjured up, ghostlike, that other Benny Briggs, hot of blood and slender as a whiplash, and boiling with wild eagerness and laughter.

No, Benny was not the boy he used to be. Benny had married Adele Findlay—the Findlay family, you know, that had made all its money in electrical supplies—and Benny had his own stables now, and the groom could bring any one of a dozen hunters to Benny's horse curb on a drag-hunt morning, any one of which could function in the field as faultlessly as a well-greased motor; and Benny had his commuting yacht that could take him down the Sound in forty minutes when he thought of going to the office. Benny was freshly turned out by his valet, as spotless as those hunters from the stables. You had only to see him in the distance to know that Benny's road was very level, and that his past was a watch in the night.

Yet, in speaking of Camp de Sac, Benny said an amazing thing. Benny's forehead puckered with the vaguest hint of annoyance as he lighted a cigarette.

"By the way," said Benny, "back there at that confounded camp—do you remember a feller—that impossible sort of bird—named Major Wheatley Bryor?"

Despite the lapse of years, Benny should have known that anyone who had been at Camp de Sac would have remembered Major Wheatley Bryor of the United States Field Artillery, late of West Point, that famous institution supported by the general public. When Benny mentioned the major, it all came back, right down to the way the general sipped his tea, and to the way the major picked his teeth—when nobody was looking. All the politics of the Umpteenth Brigade Headquarters, and all its minor jealousies and hates, came back, fanned by the heat of those old sweltering days.

"When I was with the Point polo team at Meadowbrook," you could almost hear the major saying, "Sylvie Van Buren told me—you know Sylvie, don't you, Briggs?"

Judging from the major's conversation, you would have thought that all those individuals who owned those funny bamboo walking sticks whose top turns into a chair, had said something dreadfully intimate and compromising to Major Wheatley Bryor on that solitary week when he had played polo for the Point. You could almost see Benny examining the major with narrow, supercilious eyes, his long face cool and placid.

"Oh, major," he would whisper. "Oh, major, major."

And you could tell what Benny thought of the major right enough, though Meadowbrook was far behind the clouds, possibly gone forever. Major Wheatley Bryor was a four-flusher—that was what—trading in base coin. And you could tell that the major envied Benny—anyone could tell. It was pathetic, if you looked at it in a certain light, for sometimes the major's eyes wore an anxious look, made wistful by the careful lines of his minute, clipped mustache. The major must have known that his riding breeches would never fit with the flare of Benny Briggs', and that his voice could never hope to capture Benny's careless drawl.

Of course, the major must have known that the sod of a prairie boyhood clung invisibly to his cordovan boots, and that there existed doors that no class ring from the Point would open, even in a war. Though the major's skin was thick, he must have known that Benny Briggs possessed a gilded heritage which he could never reach; though Benny was too young to understand.

That was the trouble with all of us fortunate enough to be appendages of that brigade-headquarters staff. We were all so hopelessly juvenile in those days, devoid of that weary charity which comes of abrasion and defeat. Of course, Benny could not perceive that other traits might redeem a major, dazzled by his glimpse into an unknown life.

"Yes," the major used to say, "when I was playing polo at Meadowbrook——"

And the old general, with his high-bridged nose, would look up now and then across his cup of tea.

"When I was young," the general said, "the only games we had were poker and shooting whisky bottles, but—oh,

well, we had a good time. If any of you want to go to town tonight, I'll take you in my car."

It was enough to make you smile, and sometimes the general himself allowed his features to relax, for who would not have cared to get away from Camp de Sac, when only eight miles away the late dusk was settling on Bordeaux, making the squares and buildings like the back drop of a musical revue. The general was a fine old boy, with his Indian War and his Boxer ribbons, as close to being human as anybody could, and still keep on being a general One can recollect his face, grim and bony and shining from assiduous shaving.

"Right, sir," said the major. Being brigade adjutant, of course the major was the one to speak. How fast the chairs snapped back when the general rose! "I'm sure everyone thanks the general. The general's very kind."

"All right—all right!" the general answered. "Never mind the thank-you part. You've been doing well here, gentlemen. I like to see the staff do better than the line officers in the instruction. Briggs—are you here, Briggs? Captain Lavalle mentioned you particularly when you were conducting fire. He said he'd trust you with a battery at the Front tomorrow. Congratulations, Briggs."

The general stood up, lean and tight-lipped, and lighted a cigar, and why it was you liked him was more than you could say. Now that all headquarters has grown as impalpable as smoke, the general is the only one who does not approximate a shadow; the only one of all that group who stands as something constant, lean and straight, with his cigar between his teeth.

"And don't you worry," the general said; "you won't get enough of Bordeaux to hurt you."

"You're coming, aren't you, Briggs?" the major asked.

"Yes," said Benny—"yes, sir."

"Right!" said the major. "See you in the car."

"Can't that idiot ever let me alone?" muttered Benny. "You watch; he'll talk about Meadowbrook all night."

"Are you crazy?" murmured someone to Benny Briggs. Being only reserve officers, we had a way of sticking together. "Are you crazy?"

"Since I have joined the Army," said Benny, "yes, I wouldn't wonder if I was."

"But listen here." We tried to put him wise to an obvious situation. "The major likes you, you fool."

"Does he?" said Benny. "What if he does? There must be something about me. Fellow, why does everybody love me?"

"All right," we said, "take it that way if you want to, but can't you use your head? The major likes you and the major runs this show; the general wouldn't dare to blow his nose unless the major told him. Can't you be nice to the major then? Can't you talk to him about Meadowbrook and the Vanderbilts? What's the use of squinting at him across the table and whispering, 'Oh major, major,' so everyone can hear? Can't you be nice?"

"Fellows," said Benny Briggs, "you don't know how your solicitude touches me. It touches me right here. But I know something about this major. He is a tin-horn sport, that's what. He's a swipe. Besides, there isn't any Sylvie Van Buren. There's Flo and Jane, but there isn't any Sylvie. It went to his head because they let him sit on the clubhouse porch. It makes me sick when somebody tries to be something he isn't, and that's that."

"Well, can't you be nice to him?" we persisted. "If you only talk to him nicely, you can get anything in this outfit you want." But Benny was a stubborn boy. You couldn't expect Benny to see, when everything had been given to him all his life.

"You mean," said Benny, "I am going to be a swipe, too, and suck around the major so he'll give me a soft job?"

"No," we said hastily, "not exactly, but just be nice to him. That's all."

Benny laughed beneath his breath.

"Listen, boys," he said. "I'm not going to get anything by cheap pull and I'm not going to suck around anybody like Bryor, even if this is the Army."

"Haven't you got any sense?" we asked. "You might be civil anyway."

"Oh, I'll be civil all right," said Benny, "as long as he doesn't go on about Meadowbrook, but if he does, I'll show him up. That's all. He hasn't got any right, don't you understand? He hasn't any right to throw a bluff like that, and what difference does it make to him? Meadowbrook won't do any good where we are going."

That was it—what difference did it make? But it did make a difference to Benny Briggs. It had something to do with heritage and the proper order of things that was not exactly snobbish—something to do with birthright. You know how absurd those horsy people are.

"But you will get the major down on you, and heaven help you then"

"Look here," said Benny Briggs. "To thunder with the major. Hurry up; the general's waiting in the car."

And then, as one recalls, Lieutenant Duroc appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, stepping noiselessly across the sand, a tired little man with a fierce, dark face, and a mustache waxed like the Third Napoleon's

"Ah, Briggs," he said. "I heard you, Briggs." And Duroc took Benny by the arm. "Will you listen, perhaps, to an older man?"

It was enough to make you laugh, because Duroc was not so old

"So?" said Duroc. "Laugh, if you like, but it is an old man speaking. I have seen life, believe me. I have seen her, and I have seen enough of this war to make me seek at the estomac, but inevitably it compensates. You will forget. Sometimes even now I myself can forget what arrive' the year before las'. It is not real, if you comprehend it. It is the—ah, the fabric of a dream."

The lieutenant made an expressive gesture and his teeth gleamed an instant in the dusk. None of us had much respect in those days, but it did seem sometimes as though those French officers knew more than one would ever know. There was something more thorough in all the fundamentals of their education.

"But just the same," said Benny Briggs, "if you think I'm going to forget anything about this man's war ——"

"Excuse me," said Duroc, "if I now laugh You are not a soldier—oh, yes, you will fight, but you are a citizen, which is so far different—and one forgets everything which

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Along the Dusty Streets, Trudging Dreamily Through the Dust, Squads of Trooping German Prisoners in Gray-Green Clothes

OUR LOCAL GUELPHS

The Chips Were Mostly in Front of Alec, and All But Him and Joe Dyer Had Stayed Out of This Pot

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE city of Windsor was vindicating democracy. Or else making whoopee. At any rate, the city was very emotional this torrid August noon. Tall peaks ringed it round and the desert sun blazed on them till one's eyes cringed and the asphalt in Windsor's streets was gummy. High above the asphalt the streets everywhere displayed banners announcing that Mr. Harold Boddie would surely win the nomination for United States senator. Mr. Boddie smiled at you from store windows and from lamp-posts. He was solemn every few feet in banners hung across the streets. He flew on streaming pennants from flagpoles and stared out from the windshields of automobiles. And everywhere, accompanying the likeness, was Mr. Boddie's announced intention to throw the rascals out, revive public honesty and give the state the decent government it had been so long denied.

All this was, I thought, rather hard on the Hon. Alexander McMinn. I didn't see his features on many banners, and when I heard his name a Western adjective usually preceded it. Alec McMinn, in twenty-four years as senator, had expertly quelled a good many revolts, but the revolt of Mr. Harold Boddie, his former manager, looked unusually virile. It was the first time that Alec had ever gone into the convention with the nomination in doubt. I was sorry. I liked the stentorian, unimpressed, supremely impudent Alec McMinn. His white goatee and his poker game and his deep guile had kept the West respected in Washington.

Furthermore, on the hottest day of August, it was my purpose to give his granddaughter luncheon, if she could spare time from riding herd on his delegates. But I refused to fight my way through the theater where the convention sat, in search of Nelle McMinn. Instead, I loitered in the impressive mezzanine balcony of the Hotel Windsor and waited for Nelle to appear below me in the impressive lobby. She didn't appear there, but everyone else did. The lobby was a village square through which excited people streamed. They made their way down the center with vast energy, or they coalesced in little groups and muttered. The little groups broke up and reassembled in a perpetual game of going to Jerusalem, but the muttering was constant.

I sat up to watch the arrival of Mr. Harold Boddie. Mr. Boddie was a stout man, and the exercise of meeting all the little groups brought a vermilion glow to his forehead. I felt sure that I ought to recognize the companion of his passage, but I didn't. The shell-rimmed spectacles seemed familiar, and the clipped mustache advertised an importance that one probably ought to know about. But my memory was unresponsive.

I did, however, recognize Harvey Malooth, the editor of the Windsor Herald, when he came out on the mezzanine and stood beside me at the rail. His acid soul would be companionable this torrid, political day, and besides, Malooth and the Herald were McMinn assistants.

"Who is the personage with Boddie?" I asked.

Malooth turned cynical eyes on me. "I never went to Harvard. Don't your souls speak across the lobby? That's Oliver Lescott, and he knows you sometimes live in Windsor, and he's here to help the revolt."

One does forget annoyances too easily, and Lescott hadn't worn a mustache at Harvard. But what was the nation coming to if anyone could fail to recognize the political editor of the Statesman?

Malooth summoned the Western drawl he reserved for satire. "Whoever said that innocence is a wall of brass must have been thinking of a liberal magazine." He snapped a cigarette lighter vehemently. "Lescott's bellyache would need 64-point type if Alec McMinn's whole campaign cost half as much as Boddie's banners. Alec's face might be worth hanging up, at that. . . . You're a Harvard man—Lescott kindly says he used to know you. I'd like him to see some practical politics. I thought you might introduce him to Nelle McMinn."

"Once, long ago, I was to have luncheon with her."

"She knows it; she'll be along. Lescott writes politics, but Nelle is just simple-minded enough to ignore the books and go after the delegation from Hooper County. Huh? Oh, the whole fight turns on Hooper County. It didn't get the Magpie Dam."

"As one amateur to another, just how formidable is the Boddie revolt?"

"He sees me." Malooth raised his hand. In the lobby Oliver Lescott gravely answered the gesture and moved toward the elevators. "Well," Malooth went on biliously, "this is one righteous revolt that's been well financed. Francine Boddie thinks the Constitution requires senators to have rich wives. Yes, and nobody, not even old Alec, can put through a reclamation project without annoying a lot of citizens with a patriotic eagerness to make money out of it. Magpie Dam may be the biggest thing that ever happened to the West, but it's cost Alec a lot of support. Oh, maybe we've got an ace in the hole."

An elevator emitted Oliver Lescott and he came grandly down the mezzanine to the music of invisible trumpets. The intellectuals, I perceived, were wearing homespuns this summer. He gave me his hand with a word of kindness about Harvard Yard, expressed his surprise at finding Windsor so metropolitan, and announced the imminent triumph of reform. The Statesman had consecrated Mr. Boddie. Then, inevitably: "You read my article on Magpie Dam?"

"I subscribe to the Statesman," I admitted. "It's your theory that Alec jammed the Magpie Dam through a hostile Senate at a poker party."

My phraseology, it seemed, had been unfortunate. "Theory?" Lescott's voice had an editorial impersonality. "I fancy that the facts I published won't be refuted."

"They seemed a little unsatisfactory as facts," I said. "But even so, to my trifling nature a round of jack pots seems as reasonable a way of getting a bill passed as ——"

"My dear boy"—I had been two years ahead of Lescott in Harvard Yard—"the science of government can't submit to your sense of humor. Nor to Senator McMinn's defective standards of personal dignity."

Harvey Malooth brandished a plaid silk handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "I'll try to believe your notion that politics is something noble. Meanwhile, see that Mr. Lescott meets Nelle McMinn."

For a man of only thirty, Lescott had an amazing benignity. "My friend Malooth," he explained with sunny calm, "believes that the science of government is a social affair. I'm afraid he professes to be a cynic. Now, to let the expenditure of a hundred million dollars of the public funds be determined by a game of chance ——"

Malooth grinned. "Not exactly. Poker isn't a game of chance when Alec McMinn is sitting in." He turned gravely to me. "Shield Lescott from our native crudities, won't you? It's his first trip West."

Malooth went rapidly away and Lescott began to explain why his magazine was crying havoc to McMinn. "The senator of a sovereign state—and they call him 'Four Jacks McMinn' in Washington!"

"Dreadful," I murmured. "They also call him 'Has it Come to This McMinn.' Which ought to commend him to a political editor. Is the Statesman's opposition based entirely on the alleged poker game?"

Lescott ignored the adjective and began to explain that it wasn't. The Hon. Alexander McMinn began to sound like a cartoon. He was a friend to privilege, an enemy to progress, a reactionary, a pettifogger—the Statesman's vocabulary did its familiar duty.

"Didn't you read my editorial on the land frauds connected with the Magpie Dam?"

"I did," I said. "I try to keep up with romantic fiction. If you believe Alec sold that land—well, I'm glad that someone can preserve his young credulity in a hard world. But his granddaughter is at last coming to luncheon."

Nelle had, indeed, appeared in the lobby. She wove in and out among the busy groups, slender and erect in a dress of eggshell white that was like a spot of sunlight. Not seeing me, she halted in a clear space and looked round her.

"The girl with the sand-colored hat," I said. "You're having luncheon with her "

Lescott's eyes approved the costume. "How does a Western girl learn to dress sophisticatedly?" he inquired.

I looked at him. It was apparent that he really did think lizard-skin pumps and clocked stockings, eggshell crêpe and French felt beyond the attainment of the Rocky Mountains.

"Perhaps humble study of Washington debutantes has eradicated her native taste," I suggested.

Nelle had seen me leaning on the railing. She smiled and started toward the elevators. Simultaneously several of the little groups drew aside to permit the passage of a personage.

"Francine Boddie," I said. "Mrs. Harold Boddie."

"I had dinner with her last night," Lescott reproved me.

Francine Boddie moved across the lobby with regal grandeur. Acolytes, men and women of the Boddie cause, grouped themselves behind her in an impromptu parade. Her bobbed gray hair, her enormous bosom, the commanding sweep of her eyes were really operatic. You expected her to pause for an aria.

The paths of Nelle McMinn and Francine Boddie intersected. Nelle was not a tragic heroine—and only one resolved to die could have disputed that crossing. She drew aside but smiled companionably at the prima donna. The smile, I insist, was mild and companionable, but it stopped the procession. Francine halted and for a long moment let her eyes inspect Nelle McMinn. Then the procession moved on. Francine's head was on a checkrein, and her chin, a trifle pudgy, was contemptuous.

"That phase of the science of government," I pointed out to Lescott, "is somehow omitted from the Statesman's theories."

Francine Boddie

Nelle was smiling when she came toward us from the elevator. The smile of Nelle McMinn is compact of shyness and trustfulness and inexperience. Nothing could possibly be more deceptive. Nelle is about as shy as a housebreaker and about as trustful as a paying teller. Lescott, I know, felt a certain warm pity for the child when her wide gray eyes turned on him and she gave him her hand.

"If you're giving me luncheon," she said to me, "wouldn't it be advisable to go now? The convention will recess in a minute. Not the roof—it's too hot. Let's try the main dining room."

At the elevator a woman halted us, displaying a determined indignation. "The Women's Civic Purity League will not stand for poker games, Miss McMinn," she announced in a shrill head tone. "Senator McMinn cannot safely disregard the ——"

"Tell Francine," Nelle said with gently destructive finality, "that I don't like the lines she gives you. And, Mrs. Leavitt, it really isn't discreet to go bawling about like a yearling calf. Not if you like being on the state committee."

The woman fell back, scarlet. "I'm not in good control when I'm hungry," Nelle said in the elevator. "And 'bawling' is vulgar. I must be getting Western."

Lescott cleared his throat. "I don't like to put myself in a false position, Miss McMinn. Perhaps before we sit down to eat you should understand that I am opposed to your grandfather's nomination."

He looked like a leading editorial, and I wondered if pompousness was inseparable from the profession. But Nelle turned lyric eyes on him. "So many are! I promise it won't affect my appetite. There isn't the slightest need of talking like an editor of the Statesman."

"He rather has to," I said. "Behold the inventor of the poker story."

"Oh!" Nelle looked at him with interest. "Just for fun—where did you get the notion?"

"The poker game," Oliver Lescott said stiffly, "is common knowledge among newspapermen in Washington."

"I see," Nelle said.

She began to chat about a reception she was giving that evening for the wives of assorted delegates and all bystanders. From our table a window opened on Harney Street, which runs straight east through Windsor to the foot of a tall peak. Mount Paul was a gray-and-purple immensity against that cloudless sky, lesser mountains grouped about it. A waiter set before us clam-juice cocktails heaped in ice, and Lescott was gracious.

"I've found the service here remarkably good," he said. "The food, too, is excellent."

"Why shouldn't it be?" Nelle asked.

"Well"—he waved a hand toward Mount Paul—"after all, this is the wild and woolly. One hardly expects the niceties of Fifth Avenue."

"Darling child!" Nelle crowed. "Did you expect sowbelly and beans? Tell me, Mr. Lescott, did you tuck a six-gun in your bag before you got on the train?"

He repudiated the sarcasm with quiet dignity. "I trust I don't form my ideas from the movies. But everyone knows the tradition of simplicity in Western life "

Nelle fixed her eyes on chilled consommé and murmured, "Don't bank on it. If you come to my reception tonight, you simply must not push in ahead of a Daughter of the Pioneers." Her eyes rose again, innocent. "Will your sense of right conduct let you tell me why you prefer Harold Boddie to Alec?"

I felt quite sure that it would. "If you won't take offense," he said. He rested a butter knife on a plate, dabbed a napkin at possible crumbs on his mustache and became preceptorial. This was the political editor of the Statesman, wherefore let all men hear. "We have opposed Senator McMinn's stand on every question for more than six years. We stand for progress, he stands for a capricious and unreliable conservatism. When an opponent of Mr. Boddie's worth appears ——"

"Before we begin on dear Harold's virtues, tell me some of the sins of Alec's that displease you. We all know Harold talks too much "

Lescott smiled. "Well, take the Magpie Dam "

"It merely happens to be the most important project in the history of the West."

"Quite so," the schoolmasterly voice said. "But it really isn't well thought of for a United States senator to buy desert land for a song in advance of public knowledge, and then sell it for ten times the price when the canals are located."

"He didn't," Nelle said with quick anger. "I simply cannot stand for the sort of lie ——"

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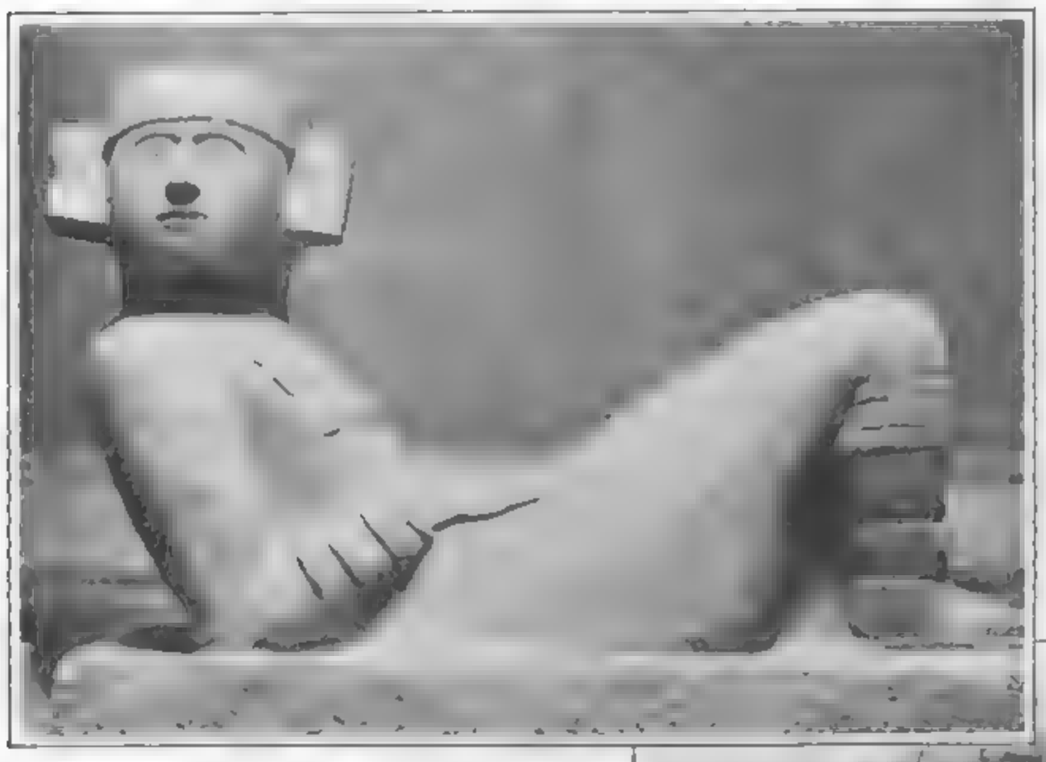
"All There Is to It, Alec," She Said, "You've Simply Got to Talk to Francine ——"

QUEER COZUMEL

By George Allan England

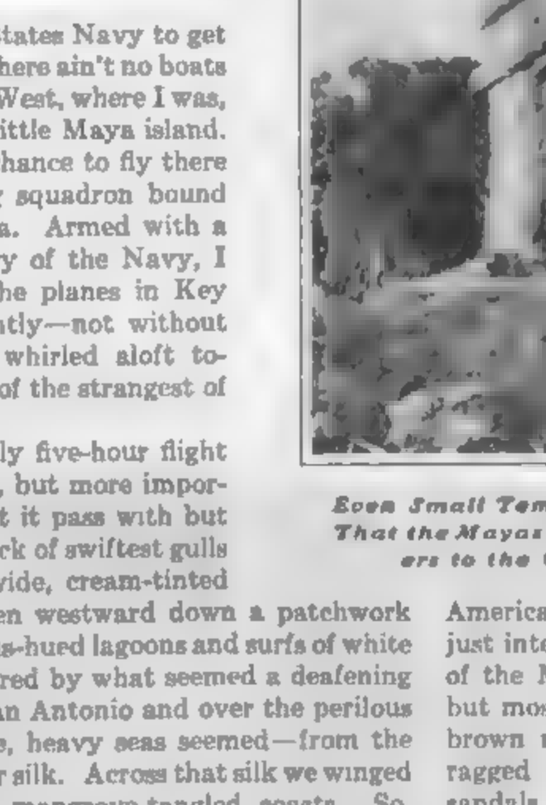


The 52-Year Fire Cycle of the Mayas at Cozumel Was Always Started by the Priests Kindling Sacred Fire on an Idol Like This. For a Common Man to Kindle Fire Was Punishable by Death

IT TOOK the United States Navy to get me to Cozumel, for "there ain't no boats a-runnin'" from Key West, where I was, to that all but unknown little Maya island. Baffled, I welcomed the chance to fly there with an aircraft scouting squadron bound for maneuvers at Panama. Armed with a permit from the Secretary of the Navy, I climbed aboard one of the planes in Key West harbor, and presently—not without certain misgivings—was whirled aloft toward a goal that was one of the strangest of my many wanderings.

The story of that nearly five-hour flight tempts me to description, but more important matters wait. So let it pass with but the mention that like a flock of swiftest gulls we skimmed above the wide, cream-tinted expanses of Havana; then westward down a patchwork coast fringed with gorgeous-hued lagoons and surfs of white spun glass; and so, battered by what seemed a deafening cyclone, out past Cape San Antonio and over the perilous Yucatan Channel. There, heavy seas seemed—from the clouds—only rippled silver silk. Across that silk we winged a bee flight to low and mangrove-tangled coasts. So, finally down we swooped in a sickening drop to the waiting supply ship Sandpiper, anchored in a reef-guarded lagoon off Puerto Morelos. And there I was—in Mexico. Morelos would have delighted O. Henry. It seemed to have stepped square out of his pages. Beach of dazzling white sand, a lighthouse made of a lantern on a mast, thatched huts, half-ruined warehouse, mule-operated tramway, and sagging wharf, all dominated by a single mighty palm over which the buzzards wheeled, were the stuff whence fiction and romance are woven.

Even Small Temples Such as This Prove That the Mayas Were Once Mighty Builders to the Glory of Their Gods



In Heavy Bricks Like These, Your Chewing Gum Starts Its Long Northward Journey

Mistakes

SO, TOO, the Mexican flag that promptly fluttered down. The fact that the natives hadn't heard of any war with "Tio Sam" made no difference. What but war could explain the arrival of a naval vessel and some twenty-six fighting planes? Alcalde, maritime police, chief of the lighthouse and all—these Yucatecan Indians instantly surrendered at discretion. Kamerad!

"I reckon they think we've got 'em captured," judged Lieutenant Handly, the pilot of my plane. "We've got to tell 'em they're not prisoners."

As the only Spanish speaker of the outfit, I took an oar with a landing party to present Americano compliments and adjust international affairs. Some of the Morelians fled to cover, but most of them stood firm—brown men in faded blue and ragged white, barefoot or in sandals, with belted machetes. One Indian drove his wife into a hut, with beatings. Let her look at the white men? Not much! But lots of children, in simple green and purple, watched us arrive; and so did most of the women, swathed in head shawls. Likewise "dogs without a feather on 'em," as one of our sailor boys declared; and of course, all the officials—almost equal in number to the total population.

Soon the *entente cordiale* was cemented by many handshakes and several packages of most highly valued Americano cigarettes. When we launched our boat again the alcalde himself rolled up his fragmentary trousers and helped shove us off. It isn't every day one has an alcalde do that!

We lay off the beach at Morelos that night. Next day, transferred to the Quail, away I cruised toward Cozumel Island, perhaps twenty miles to s'uth'ard. There, as I later learned, another surrender took place. For when the Quail hove in sight, a prominent official smote his breast and cried:

"Behold, it is war! The Americanos come! We are lost. They can shoot and kill us. Resistance is hopeless. But we can die like brave men! We can show them true heroism, for La Patria!" Despite all which, the only shots exchanged were a few shots of rum at a zinc bar—but let us not anticipate. The horrors of this kind of warfare are not insuperable.

Cozumel, sacred island of the ancient Mayas, first revealed itself to me as a long blur on hazy, tropical sea horizons. Out of that blur presently emerged a very low, flat land, edged with a black ironbound shore broken by stripe of shining beach, jade and emerald surfs bursting to ivory, palms and all that sort of thing. Soon, moreover, I descried quite the storybook kind of settlement, with houses of thatch, larger buildings of many colors, red-tiled roofs, galleries and green blinds; also a wireless mast, a skeleton light tower, and no few gleaming sails in the open roadstead that serves as a harbor. So this was San Miguel, eh? Astonishingly civilized! Back in Key West I'd been warned to go heavily armed.

All Dressed Up

THIS smiling, open-faced little town didn't look at all dangerous. Plucking up courage, I figured I might possibly survive. Meanwhile—as above—some of the Cozumelinos were even more alarmed than I was. Also, considerably more heroic.

Captain Mytinger of the Quail—a splendid fellow, like all the outfit—joined a boat crew in donning whites to land me in style. The motor tried to conk out, but we got it going before any of the inhabitants detected trouble. It took style, and a lot of nerve as well, to make that landing. I had no passport; nothing to vouch for me but a few letters from the Navy and a publisher's blurb with my picture on it. So all the swank we could muster wasn't any too much.

The Modern Maya Is More Interested in Hunting Birds or Game Than in Trying to Solve the Riddle of the Pyramids and Temples

Inwardly dubious, but outwardly in the smartest of nabob class, we foamed ashore to a long wharf where nearly every able-bodied man, boy and dog in Cozumel had gathered to witness the great event.

Even with the Stars and Stripes snapping very bold and gay, it's a bit disconcerting to land, without a passport, in a foreign and tropical island under the scrutiny of hundreds of beady black eyes set in hundreds of copper Indinn faces. But what was this? Suddenly twin stars of reassurance, two bright blue and beaming optics grew visible in a ruddily cheerful face under a pith helmet.

"Hello, there!" I hailed. "You're English, aren't you?"

"Right-o!"

And that's how I met Alan Moysey Adams, chicle king of Cozumel! Incidentally, no matter how far and strange the island, isn't there always a Briton with blue eyes, ruddy face and pith helmet, jolly well to answer: "Right-o!"?

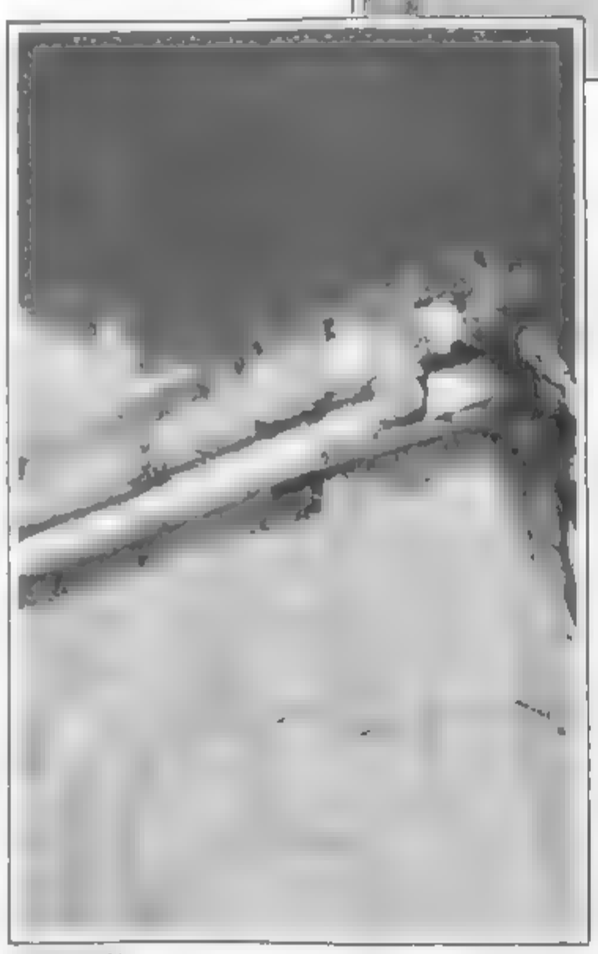
The Eagle at such times forgets to tweak the Lion's tail. "Have a drink?" is in order. Very gladly Eagle and Lion clink glasses, with a "Here's how!"

The captain and I landed, and Adams escorted us up the wharf, which groaned under the accompanying populace. He led me to ever so many customhouses, port captains' offices, health officials' bureaus, and so on; and my Spanish all but expired under a shrapnel barrage of questions, while the populace massed itself outside. A man from Mars wouldn't have created any more disturbance.

All the officials studied all my letters, and did a little swanking, too, as they pretended to be able to read 'em. Their bluff was really glorious. The U. S. N. letterheads impressed them a bit, but it was the publisher's blurb that really set the capstone on the arch of acceptance. Might that not, after all, be something highly official? *Quien sabe?* Anyhow, governmental suspicions collapsed at the feet of the Americanos. I was initiated, raised and passed, shaken hands with six times all round, O. K.'d, received as a man and brother, given the keys of Cozumel and even a flowery letter of welcome, crammed with international amity. I had met the enemy and it was mine. Saved!

In the Mayan tongue, still spoken on the island—for nearly all the inhabitants are Yucateran Indians—Cozumel means The Island of Swallows. The captain and I were invited to try several of these swallows without delay. I won't speak for him, but as for me, I pronounce the Cozumel swallows strictly 100 per cent. Adams, the chicle king, however, presently led me away.

Today the Maya Can Tell You Nothing of the History of His Great Race, Save That Los Antiguos Built These Stupendous Temples and Pyramids



Some of the Stones That, in Ages Long Gone, "Took Wings and Flew to Their Appointed Places"

Civilization's Bulwark

"OF COURSE you'll stay at our diggings," he asserted. "We're the only English-speaking people here. The hotel simply won't do, don't you know? Our house is yours, old chap."

And so it was; and—oh, miracle!—inside of a quarter hour I was sitting in an English home with wicker furniture, a tiger skin and everything—just like a scene in a play—with the chicle king and his queen and little Princess Mary—as English as any Wonderland Alice—having afternoon tea. A long way, that, from being butchered for a quarter and eaten on the beach!

The Adamses live in a real English garden with a lawn and orchids and gorgeous flowers of all sorts; and, moreover, a Mayan stone god or idol standing amid the shrubbery.

"That's our monkey god," said the Princess Mary, with an engaging, toothy smile. "I love him, and I love Dingo, too—he's my dog—and if I could only get a jig-saw puzzle I'd love Cozumel, even though there's not a soul to talk to but mother and father, and it's sometimes rather odd."

All my time on the island I stayed with those kindest, most generous of people. All alone, their house a tiny oasis of our-kind-of-life in a desert of other-kind-of-life, they carry on in a manner most amazing. Just themselves to talk with, few papers and scant news, almost total isolation from the world—nothing matters. Rigorously they maintain all standards.

"Of course we have afternoon tea every day," Adams explained. "I always come home for it. If we let down one peg we'd slump right to the bottom—go native and presently be running barefoot. Tea is our bulwark."

Isn't that English for you? With plenty of tea and white flannel, one can go immensely far.

Without Adams, I couldn't have penetrated far beneath the surface of Cozumel. Just that surface, though, would fill an artist with strange delights. "Queer" is the most fitting word to describe this tropical island, so different from any other I've ever seen. Different, because here the Maya still lives, descendant of that half-fabulous and mighty race which built the ruined wonder cities of Yucatan; which offered human hearts to Kukulkan, the Feathered Serpent God, at Uxmal; which flung sacrificial maidens, decked with jade and gold and flowers, into the deep subterranean pool at Chichen-Itza. Having seen those mystery cities, those sacrificial altars and that pool, it gives you a start—as if you had miraculously pulled aside the curtain of Time to behold Maya faces in the living flesh. Faces that we so often call Aztec. Yet there on Cozumel those faces still by the hundred exist. The sloping foreheads, full lips, strongly aquiline noses, tiptilted Mongolian eyes—yes, many a time already you have noticed such on monuments. But never till you really see the Mayas can you realize their wonderful color. Sometimes it's a silken coppery hue; again a clear yellow—a lustrous golden yellow such as I have never found anywhere else.

Save for the Adams family and a handful of Spaniards, Cozumel is Maya. The people are integrally part of the Maya race of between three and four hundred thousand that today labors for foreign masters in the Yucatan henequen plantations or gathers chicle in deadly forests for American jaws to chew. A short and stocky race, almost beardless and with coarse black hair, they remind you of the Japanese. How can they be other than of Asiatic stock? This question, though, about which such tempests rage, I wisely let alone.

Amusement for the Mayas

THOUGH all memory of their former imperial glory has utterly departed, they still speak the ancient Maya tongue, just as for thousands of years even before the Spanish conquest. This tongue, by the way, is one of the very few aboriginal languages that have ever stood off a white men's speech. Even today, Spanish controls only the cities of Yucatan. The country at large still conducts its business—especially the chicle business—in Maya, and on Cozumel you hear it everywhere.

How strange a language! It's full of jerks, pauses, chokings, efforts, of amazing starts and quivers, as if the Indians were in pain; and every sentence seems to end on a rising note of inquiry. Those who know claim no white man can ever successfully pronounce the Mayan sounds.

Many times when Mayas have told me words and I have tried to utter them, my hearers have been moved to merriment. To them it seems a huge joke, hearing a foreigner attempting to imitate their syllables. Stolid Indians? Not a bit of it!

And how they laughed one day when I ventured too near a chained spider monkey in a tree on the plaza, and when the monkey leaped on me, snatched my panama and tried to tear the brim off.

A certain ancient Maya, barelegged and with a vast sombrero, one blazing noontime brought me a printed specimen of their ancient speech. We had a drink together and then sat on the high, raised sidewalk in front of the whitewashed chicle warehouse, with long surfs curving off at either hand—surfs where pelicans dived and fishermen waded as they cast their nets. Here now is a bit of what he

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"The Lion of the Seas," Which Finally Carried Me Away From Cozumel

A Hundred and Fifty Pounds of Chicle on Its Way to the Warehouse

BASIL AND CLEOPATRA

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

WHEREVER she was, became a beautiful and enchanted place to Basil, but he did not think of it that way. He thought the fascination was inherent in the locality, and long afterward a commonplace street or the mere name of a city would exude a peculiar glow, a sustained sound, that struck his soul alert with delight. In her presence he was too absorbed to notice his surroundings; so that her absence never made them empty, but, rather, sent him seeking for her through haunted rooms and gardens that he had never really seen before.

This time, as usual, he saw only the expression of her face, the mouth that gave an attractive interpretation of any emotion she felt or pretended to feel—oh, invaluable mouth—and the rest of her, new as a peach and old as sixteen. He was almost unconscious that they stood in a railroad station and entirely unconscious that she had just glanced over his shoulder and fallen in love with another young man. Turning to walk with the rest to the car, she was already acting for the stranger; no less so because her voice was pitched for Basil and she clung to him, squeezing his arm.

Had Basil noticed this other young man that the train discharged he would merely have been sorry for him—as he had been sorry for the wretched people in the villages along the railroad and for his fellow travelers—they were not entering Yale in a fortnight nor were they about to spend three days in the same town with Miss Erminie Gilbert Labouisse Bibble. There was something dense, hopeless and a little contemptible about them all.

At the End of Four Days He Was Reconciling Himself to Obscurity for the Rest of the Season When the Voice of Carson, Assistant Coach, Singled Him Suddenly Out of a Crowd of Scrub Backs

Basil had come to visit here because Erminie Bibble was visiting here. On the sad eve of her departure from his native Western city a month before, she had said, with all the promise one could ask in her urgent voice:

"If you know a boy in Mobile, why don't you make him invite you down when I'll be there?"

He had followed this suggestion. And now with the soft, unfamiliar Southern city actually flowing around him, his excitement led him to believe that Fat Gaspar's car floated off immediately they entered it. A voice from the curb came as a surprise:

"Hi, Bessie Belle. Hi, William. How you all?"

The newcomer was tall and lean and a year or so older than Basil. He wore a white linen suit and a panama hat, under which burned fierce, undefeated Southern eyes.

"Why, Littleboy Le Moyne!" exclaimed Miss Cheever. "When did you get home?"

"Jus' now, Bessie Belle. Saw you lookin' so fine and pretty, had to come and see closer."

He was introduced to Minnie and Basil.

"Drop you somewhere, Littleboy?" asked Fat—on his native heath, William.

"Why ——" Le Moyne hesitated. "You're very kind, but the man ought to be here with the car."

"Jump in."

Le Moyne swung his bag on top of Basil's and with courteous formality got in the back seat beside them. Basil caught Minnie's eye and she smiled quickly back, as if to say, "This is too bad, but it'll soon be over."

"Do you happen to come from New Orleans, Miss Bibble?" asked Le Moyne.

"Sure do."

"'Cause I just came from there and they told me one of their mos' celebrated heartbreakers was visiting up here, and meanwhile her suitors were shooting themselves all over the city. That's the truth. I used to help pick 'em up myself sometimes when they got littering the streets."

"This must be Mobile Bay on the left," Basil thought; "Down Mobile," and the Dixie moonlight and darky stevedores singing. The houses on either side of the street were gently faded behind proud, protecting vines; there had been crinolines on these balconies, and guitars by night in these broken gardens.

It was so warm; the voices were so sure they had time to say everything—even Minnie's voice, answering the banter of the youth with the odd nickname, seemed slower and lazier—he had scarcely ever thought of her as a Southern girl before. They stopped at a large gate where flickers of a yellow house showed through luscious trees. Le Moyne got out.

"I certainly hope you both enjoy your visit here. If you'll permit me I'll call around and see if there's anything I can do to add to your pleasure." He swooped his panama. "I bid you good day."

As they started off, Bessie Belle turned around and smiled at Minnie.

"Didn't I tell you?" she demanded.

"I guessed it in the station, before he came up to the car," said Minnie. "Something told me that was him."

"Did you think he was good-looking?"

"He was divine," Minnie said.

"Of course he's always gone with an older crowd."

To Basil, this prolonged discussion seemed a little out of place. After all, the young man was simply a local Southerner who lived here; add to that, that he went with an older crowd, and it seemed that his existence was being unnecessarily insisted upon.

But now Minnie turned to him, said, "Basil," wriggled invitingly and folded her hands in a humble, expectant way that invariably caused disturbances in his heart.

"I loved your letters," she said.

"You might have answered them."

"I haven't had a minute, Basil. I visited in Chicago and then in Nashville. I haven't even been home." She lowered her voice. "Father and mother are getting a divorce, Basil. Isn't that awful?"

He was startled; then, after a moment, he adjusted the idea to her and she became doubly poignant; because of its romantic connection with her, the thought of divorce would never shock him again.

"That's why I didn't write. But I've thought of you so much. You're the best friend I have, Basil. You always understand."

This was decidedly not the note upon which they had parted in St. Paul. A dreadful rumor that he hadn't intended to mention rose to his lips.

"Who is this fellow Bailey you met at Lake Forest?" he inquired lightly.

"Buzz Bailey!" Her big eyes opened in surprise. "He's very attractive and a divine dancer, but we're just friends." She frowned. "I bet Connie Davies has been telling tales in St. Paul. Honestly, I'm so sick of girls that, just out of jealousy or nothing better to do, sit around and criticize you if you have a good time."

He was convinced now that something had occurred in Lake Forest, but he concealed the momentary pang from Minnie.

"Anyhow, you're a fine one to talk." She smiled suddenly. "I guess everybody knows how fickle you are, Mr. Basil Duke Lee."

Generally such an implication is considered flattering, but the lightness, almost the indifference, with which she

spoke increased his alarm—and then suddenly the bomb exploded.

"You needn't worry about Buzz Bailey. At present I'm absolutely heartwhole and fancy free."

Before he could even comprehend the enormity of what she had said, they stopped at Bessie Belle Cheever's door and the two girls ran up the steps, calling back, "We'll see you this afternoon."

Mechanically Basil climbed into the front seat beside his host.

"Going out for freshman football, Basil?" William asked.

"What? Oh, sure. If I can get off my two conditions." There was no if in his heart; it was the greatest ambition of his life.

"You'll probably make the freshman team easy. That fellow Littleboy Le Moyne you just met is going to Princeton this fall. He played end at V. M. I."

"Where'd he get that crazy name?"

"Why, his family always called him that and everybody picked it up." After a moment he added, "He asked them to the country-club dance with him tonight."

"When did he?" Basil demanded in surprise.

"Right then. That's what they were talking about. I meant to ask them and I was just leading up to it gradually, but he stepped in before I could get a chance." He sighed, blaming himself. "Well, anyhow, we'll see them there."

"Sure; it doesn't matter," said Basil. But was it Fat's mistake? Couldn't Minnie have said right out: "But Basil came all this way to see me and I ought to go with him on his first night here."

What had happened? One month ago, in the dim, thunderous Union Station at St. Paul, they had gone behind a baggage truck and he had kissed her, and her eyes had said: "Again." Up to the very end, when she disappeared in a swirl of vapor at the car window, she had been his—those weren't things you thought; they were things you knew. He was bewildered. It wasn't like Minnie, who, for all her glittering popularity, was invariably kind. He tried to think of something in his letters that might have offended her, and searched himself for new shortcomings. Perhaps she didn't like him the way he was in the morning. The joyous mood in which he had arrived was vanishing into air.

She was her familiar self when they played tennis that afternoon; she admired his strokes and once, when they were close at the net, she suddenly patted his hand. But later, as they drank lemonade on the Cheevers' wide, shady porch, he couldn't seem to be alone with her even for a minute. Was it by accident that, coming back from the courts, she had sat in front with Fat? Last summer she had made opportunities to be alone with him—made them out of nothing. It was in a state that seemed to border on some terrible realization that he dressed for the country-club dance.

The club lay in a little valley, almost roofed over by willows, and down through their black silhouettes, in irregular blobs and patches, dripped the light of a huge harvest moon. As they parked the car, Basil's tune of tunes, Chinatown, drifted from the windows and dissolved into its notes which thronged like elves through the glade. His heart quickened, suffocating him; the throbbing tropical darkness held a promise of such romance as he had dreamed of; but faced with it, he felt himself too small and impotent to seize the felicity he desired. When he danced with Minnie he was ashamed of inflicting his merely mortal presence on her in this fairyland whose unfamiliar figures reached towering proportions of magnificence and beauty. To make him king here, she would have to reach forth and draw him close to her with soft words; but she only said, "Isn't it wonderful, Basil? Did you ever have a better time?"

Talking for a moment with Le Moyne in the stag line, Basil was hesitantly jealous and oddly shy. He resented the tall form that stooped down so fiercely over Minnie as they danced, but he found it impossible to dislike him or not to be amused by the line of sober-faced banter he kept up with passing girls. He and William Gaspar were the youngest boys here, as Bessie Belle and Minnie were the youngest girls, and for the first time in his life he wanted passionately to be older, less impressionable, less impressed. Quivering at every scent, sight or tune, he wanted to be blasé and calm. Wretchedly he felt the whole world of beauty pour down upon him like moonlight, pressing on him, making his breath now sighing, now short, as he wallowed helplessly in a superabundance of youth for which a hundred adults present would have given years of life.

Next day, meeting her in a world that had shrunk back to reality, things were more natural, but something was gone and he could not bring himself to be amusing and gay. It would be like being brave after the battle. He should have been all that the night before. They went downtown in an unpaired foursome and called at a photographer's for some pictures of Minnie. Basil liked one proof that no one else liked—somehow, it reminded him of her as she had been in St. Paul -so he ordered two—one for her to keep and one to send after him to Yale. All afternoon she was distracted and vaguely singing, but back at the Cheevers' she sprang up the steps at the sound of the phone inside. Ten minutes later she appeared, sulky and lowering, and Basil heard a quick exchange between the two girls:

"He can't get out of it."

"—— a pity."

"—— back Friday."

It could only be Le Moyne who had gone away, and to Minnie it mattered. Presently, unable to endure her disappointment, he got up wretchedly and suggested to William that they go home. To his surprise, Minnie's hand on his arm arrested him.

"Don't go, Basil. It doesn't seem as if I've seen you a minute since you've been here."

He laughed unhappily.

"As if it mattered to you."

"Basil, don't be silly." She bit her lip as if she were hurt. "Let's go out to the swing."

He was suddenly radiant with hope and happiness. Her tender smile, which seemed to come from the heart of

(Continued on Page 166)

For a Moment He Glanced Around as if Blinded: Then His Glance Fell on Minnie Bibbie and an Unmistakable Love Light Came Into His Face

MONARCH

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

ONE quality made Joe Dokes distinctly different from the other lions of the Grand Amalgamated's menagerie. That was the fact that he had been born in Africa and had grown to adult strength a feline of the wild.

Such a thing among menagerie lions is somewhat unusual. One of the fables of animaldom is the story in which a lioness asserts to some lesser animal that while she may give birth to only one cub, that cub is a lion. The truth is that baby lions arrive by twos and triplets, and with sufficient frequency to label the leonine strain as prolific. The menagerie cages frequently form the sole sources of leonine supply for every need; many lions live and die with no knowledge that anything else exists but the blatter of the white tops, the roar of trains at night and the warmth of the cat house during the season at winter quarters. Certainly, there are exceptions. Joe Dokes was an outstanding one.

Joe was old now—fourteen, in fact—and he had been a part of the Grand Amalgamated circus for eleven years of his life. He was knotty at the joints, and rheumatic, and his back had a queer dip in it, like a sway-backed horse; this had become much more pronounced in the last few years. His tremendous teeth were still good, but his digestion was bad, so they fed him carefully; the old days of excitement at the sight of the meat barrow were gone. So, for that matter, were his performing days; Old Joe Dokes was a traveling pensioner. He was a pet as well; even the rush of a late arrival, the difficulties and activities of a bad lot or rotten weather did not hinder at least a few of the menagerie men from hanging around his cage for a little while each day. Circus people get that way about animals; especially persons close to them, like the menagerie superintendent and Shorty Allerton.

"That away's gettin' a lot worse in his back, ain't it?" Shorty asked his superior one afternoon following the matinée. "Spose he's got any pain there?"

"Think it's all in his joints," answered the superintendent professionally. "His back's always seemed sort o' numb; remember how it used to give out on him when he was doin' the leaps? That's how they come to get him, you know. Some hunters had shot him, and he'd crawled off. Then a Benson party came along after leopard cats and found him, half dead and almost paralyzed. So, you see, it was his back ——"

"Yeah, uh-huh," said Shorty Allerton. He had heard this same story for eleven years. "His back's bound to hurt him, though, swayin' down like that. I think I'll ——"

"Ain't I telling you his back don't hurt?" asked the superintendent. "If his back hadn't been numb, so he couldn't fight 'em or nothing, how would they ever have caught him? Didn't Benson tell me the story himself?"

"Uh-huh," said Shorty again, and jammed his hands in his hip pockets. "I guess oil o' wintergreen would be best. Just rub it up an' down his spine."

"Benson says they come on him all stretched out, an' some o' the fellows wanted to kill him. But Benson, he says not for nobody to shoot him, but to get him in a cage an' try to get him well. So they did and that's why he's always been so tractable. Learned human beings could be kind if they wanted to. Finally he got to be pals with everybody."

"I could use reg'lar horse liniment up there along his spine where he couldn't lick it," said Shorty Allerton.

The menagerie superintendent scowled.

"Ain't I told you a million times his back don't hurt him?"

"Yeh, and ain't I told you the same million times you don't know what you're talking about?"

"I know it's his rheumatism," said the menagerie superintendent.

"An' where's his rheumatism comin' from?" asked Shorty Allerton. "How would he walk if his spinal column was hurt? It's them big muscles up by his shoulders that got jammed up when he was shot. That's what breeds his rheumatism."

"Yeh, and he could get rheumatism from feedin' him too much meat. What he needs is a tonic. That's what I'm goin' to give him."

"What he needs is a good rub along that back," said Shorty Allerton. "He's goin' to get it too."

"Yeh, an' he'll have a tonic," said the menagerie superintendent.

For a moment after that they were silent, each with the conviction of victory. It had been this way for years whenever Old Joe Dokes was concerned; a continuous quarrel, based not so much upon what should be done for Old Joe Dokes as upon who should have the joy of doing it.

Now, they merely stood staring past the heavy bars of the cage to where Old Joe Dokes paced thumpily upon his sore, knotted legs. There was something besides concern in their glance; there was pride. For in spite of the sway of his back, which gave his hind quarters an unusual appearance of thin weakness, in spite of the heaviness of his tread and the rheum of his old eyes, Old Joe Dokes still possessed the bearing and carriage of a lion.

To and fro he weaved against the bars, his heavy, black-maned neck arched and his old head erect, at last to halt at the far end of his prison and gaze out between the fretted steel. It was as though he were looking at something of sudden interest; the dimmed eyes had centered. His lower jaw had dropped slightly from the upper lips and their heavy bristles. Shorty Allerton cocked his cap and shifted his stance to a sloping attitude of attention.

"Seems to be doin' that a lot lately," he said to the menagerie superintendent. "Like he was lookin' out at somethin', but there ain't nothin' in front o' him but the other side o' th' tent."

"He's got a right to look out if he wants to."

"Yeh, I know, but he's kind o' got an air about him. You know, like there was somethin' away off. I've seen old soldiers look like that, when they get to talkin' about their fightin' days."

"Oh, yeah?" asked the menagerie superintendent without interest, finally to turn with the shouted news that the hippopotamus den had mired down outside the kid show. "I'll send up that tonic," he said over his shoulder as he walked away. Shorty sulked.

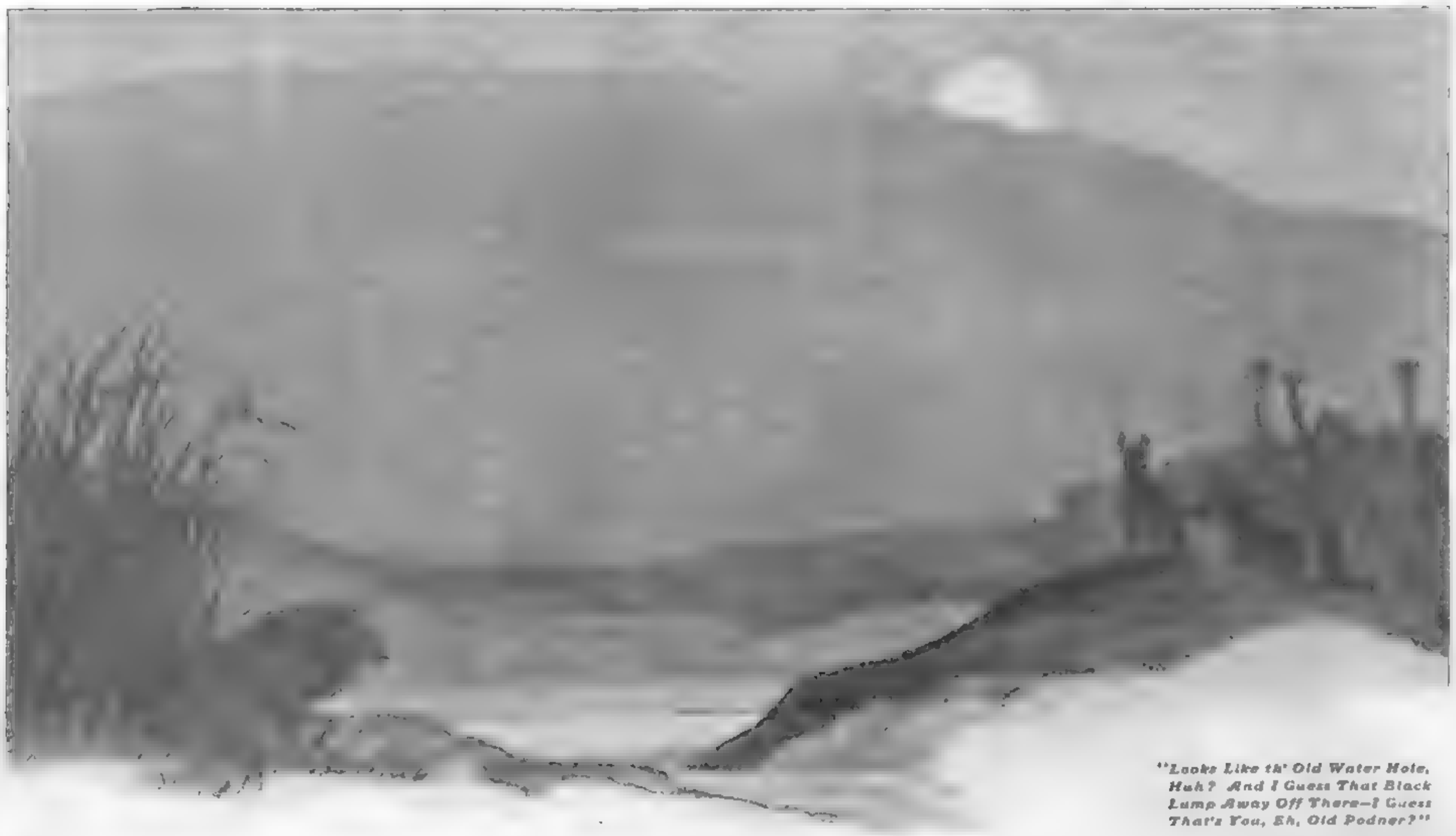
"Suppose I'll have to give it to him," he growled. "He's a reg'lar old woman about that lion."

Outside the menagerie tent, the superintendent paused and frowned a summons to the circus doctor.

"The settin' hen in there's talking about rubbing Joe Dokes with wintergreen," he said. "Suppose stuff like that'd upset his stomach if he'd lick it?"

"Whose—Shorty's?" laughed the circus doctor. Then he reached for his prescription pad. "Going downtown anyway," he said. "I'll send up a mixture that'll be better than just the straight stuff."

His Hind Quarters Strengthened in New Life. With One Foreleg Braced Upon the Ground, He Sent the Other Out in a



"Looks Like th' Old Water Hole, Huh? And I Guess That Black Lump Away Off There—I Guess That's You, Eh, Old Podner?"

For Shorty Allerton and the menagerie superintendent were not the only ones who took the ailments of Old Joe Dokes as a serious matter. The word had traveled around that a beloved lion had not much longer to live.

A successful circus is much like a great many successful men; there is a prideful memory of other days, when life was more of a struggle; the things and beings which played their part in those formative times speedily take on a value of sentimentality as the institution progresses. More than one circus lugs a decrepit band wagon or some old performer about the country—a luck piece long bereft of intrinsic value, but enhanced, nevertheless, with every passing year. So it was with Old Joe Dokes.

This ancient lion had been a bulwark in less prosperous days. One can find every sort of mentality in the cages of a menagerie; there are dullards and star gazers, mediocre mentalities, animal morons, brilliant but flighty personalities, even the criminally inclined. There are insane animals and dangerous epileptics; there are lazy animals and workers; there are playful ones and the morose. The leonine family as it exists behind bars is an especial field for all of these, owing to the opportunities for close inbreeding and its dangerous results. But there are also the finer characters—the quick-thinking types, the business brains possessed of balance and common sense, which often are as responsible for the success of an act as the work of the trainer himself. Joe Dokes had possessed this kind of mentality.

The bullet which had felled him in Africa had been fired by an unseen enemy. The succor he had received had come from beings whom he had instinctively hated, but who had proved themselves gentle and kindly. Instead of a roaring, vicious, intractable prisoner, Joe Dokes had come to the steel arena with a strange feeling of understanding—as if anything these two-legged friends desired was proper and just. His had not been training; in fact, it had been a coeducational affair, in which trainers had learned as much about animal intelligence when properly approached as a lion had gained of the things expected of him—efforts appreciated because they took the form of pleasurable exercise. He had been one of the greatest of trained lions; he had brought many dollars through the front door of the Grand Amalgamated during its transition from a wandering, ten-car aggregation to one of the largest of outdoor attractions. And now that the creeping death of old age threatened Joe Dokes, it was a matter of personal interest with everyone. But, of course, that interest rose to a pinnacle with the menagerie superintendent, and to its peak with red-haired Shorty Allerton, who had taught Old Joe to obey his first arena command.

So Shorty dosed the lion with the menagerie superintendent's tonic, and he rubbed the ancient, swayed back with the concoction which the circus doctor prescribed; he kept the cage supplied with fresh, clean straw to form a resting place for aged bones. Then, as time passed and Old Joe Dokes became slowly weaker, he adopted the habit of going into the cage and just sitting there, talking to the animal or stroking his ancient back. It was during one of these visits that the decrepit lion rose, as if in answer to a command, and, walking to the bars, stared dimly through them for a long moment. At last his heavy throat filled and a querulous, low roar sounded against the other noises of the menagerie. Shorty Allerton went beside him and squatted there.

"What do you see out there, old podner?" he asked.

Of course, Old Joe Dokes did not answer. He could not have answered, even had he possessed the power of speech. He could only stare into the distance; then after a time, thump back to his bed of straw and ease himself to its softness. Shorty Allerton shook his head; again he had found himself thinking of feeble old soldiers dreaming of swords and youth.

The show was on the Pacific Coast now, moving down into California in quest of warm weather for a final clean-up of performances before the end of the season. One afternoon Shorty Allerton and the menagerie superintendent wrangled for half an hour in front of the cage as to whether Old Joe would be able to stick it out until they got back to winter quarters. The menagerie superintendent didn't think he'd make the grade. Shorty Allerton said he'd have to.

"It'd be a lot better if he could pass out at home," he argued.

The menagerie superintendent scowled. "What difference does it make to him?"

"Well, I don't know as if it'd make any. Only he's worryin' about somethin'. Now, look; he's gettin' up. Now you just watch him when he walks to the bars and looks out. Like it was something important."

"Any cat'll do that."

"Yeh, I know," said Shorty Allerton, with a pull at his cap. "But there's something different about Joe there—like there was somethin' that had to be done. You get what I mean, don't you?" he asked his friendly adversary. "There's something that's got to be attended to before he can kick over."

"Ash cans!" said the menagerie superintendent. But Shorty Allerton believed sufficiently in his theory to give even a little more time to Old Joe Dokes during the day. And often at night, when the show was making a long run and there was nothing to do except to play pinochle with the gang in the sleeper, he would make the dangerous journey over the rocking flats to Old Joe's cage and just sit with him awhile.

They were traveling toward the desert one night as he went back for a visit. It was warm, with the soft, clinging warmth of Southern California. There was a full moon, blending shadow and brightness into a mellow beauty. There was the perfume of final growths of luxuriant flowers, sufficiently pungent to overcome even the hand-cap of roadbed dust, the hot smell of steel on steel and the oil odors of the journals as the train highballed it along a stretch of straightaway track. There was beauty and the lure of far places; Shorty Allerton felt a strange, melancholy tugging as he pulled the bar of Old Joe's cage door and, going within, slumped down beside the lion. Beautiful things always made Shorty feel that way.

Far away, the ragged tops of the Sierras cut sharply back against the platinum sky. Nearer, upon a slight eminence, the black fronds of palms waved softly, as with lazy contentment. After a while there was nothing except semi-arid land, with shadowy clumps of trees in the distance, or jagged lines of blackness, denoting the course of a half-dry stream. Finally Old Joe Dokes stirred beneath the caressing hand of his master.

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Swift Half Circle as a Coyote Leaped Within His Range

THE BAG OF TRICKS

By John E. Hazzard and Robert Gordon Anderson

Bessie McCoy as "The Yama-Yama Girl"

TONIGHT the leading lady and I, the comedian, are puzzled. We have lost something invaluable to the play. She stands on the stage in the blaze of the footlights before a host of faces; the first four rows outlined with fair clearness, the rest a blur of shadowy heads. Her line has been read and confidently she listens for the following crackle of laughter. It does not follow. We had it in Washington, in Boston. Now, in New York, it is gone.

A few minutes later I am in the same spot. My line has been tossed off with the same confidence and the laugh is not there. I look everywhere for it—in wings, gallery, under the proscenium arch—but that little maverick giggle does not come home to the fold. There is no way of rounding it up and there is no central office for lost laughs and found.

Naturally, we do not stand on the stage and wait; no old trouper would do that. We railroad on to the next lines and, before we are through, win other laughs. Still, there is more sorrow in our hearts over the laugh that is lost than joy over the ninety and nine that are saved.

The show is over, the curtain falls, and the famous leading lady comes across from her dressing room and knocks at my door.

"I think," she says as soon as she is inside, "you'd get back that laugh if you twisted your line this way"—and she indicates it—then a disturbed but lovely picture adds: "I wonder what's the trouble with that line of mine. It got over at the Tremont."

Isn't He a Scream?

"IN BOSTON," I tell her in turn, "you stood still. Tonight you flirted with it, fussed with your hair and fan, distracted attention. Try standing still again."

Now, the matinée, and we take each other's tip. The little lost laughs are back and joy reigns supreme.

Which leads one directly, if you follow the arrow, to the twister most often put to those of us who romp nightly on the stage to your delight or distress: "How do you get lines over—do your stuff?" If it's a comedian thus given the third degree, it runs thus: "How do comedians get laughs?" Though sometimes I think this should be changed to "Why do comedians get laughs?" or—and still better—"Do comedians get laughs?" And this should go to a manager reading the salary list of his latest failure.

But however the query is phrased, no more difficult one was ever asked of a victim. All one can do is to give instances, cases, suggestions, illustrations, and leave the conclusions to you. But perhaps that's not such a bad way after all, for the greatest in any art may get to the heights by degrees, but not by those won at college. The Garricks, Shaksperes, Villons and O. Henrys are more likely to be found in some inn or speak-easy up some alley than behind the ivy in English PDQ; and when they die, they die, not for dear old Rutgers, as the old song says, but for some red-haired Kate, or Bacchus, and not so infrequently from downright hard work. Not that you cannot profitably acquire diction, enunciation, grace, from some excellent teacher; but most of the necessary knowledge, the bag of tricks, comes, not from prescribed courses or correspondence schools but from study and absorption out front, in the wings, carrying spears; from watching how the great strut their stuff, and then putting it into practice in the tanks, stock, or on the Subway circuit.

The first part of the answer to that comic question—and a big part too—is that they are born that way—which, by the way, is not always a blessing. At my first parties the girls would giggle and say: "Isn't he the funniest man?" "Isn't he a scream?" and the other boys would answer: "Yeah, the funniest felluh in the world." And they would laugh their heads off. But when the last cake was eaten, the last dance danced, the other fellows would go home with the girls. Governor Al Smith knows all about that. He was darned entertaining, but Herbert went home with the girl. But with most of them it's a fact.

All the actors whom I have sung with, danced with, lunched with, known or touched—De Wolf Hopper, Nat Goodwin, Dave Warfield, Ed Wynn, Marie Tempest, George Marion, Arthur Byron, Jack and Ethel Barrymore, May Irwin, Leon Errol, Raymond Hitchcock, Fay Templeton, Willie Collier, Arnold Daly, Fritzi Scheff, William Danforth, Marie Dressler, Richard Carle, Jim Corbett, William Farnum, Jeff de Angelis, dear old Tom Wise and John Drew, and a host of others—all who played in comedy, high or low—got laughs in their cradles or the trays of trunks that served for their trundle beds.

Admitting all that, as one must with, perhaps, some qualifications, the first in the actor's bag is no trick at all; simply, strange as it may seem, a fundamental sincerity.

Years ago, Franz Liszt, that pious musician who became an *abbé* to escape the girls, told an inquiring tyro who asked for the three basic principles of success: "First, technic; second, technic; third, technic."

Well, possibly Mr. Liszt was right, but Winchell Smith, that expert playwright and doctor, better expressed it, as far as our art is concerned, when we were collaborating on Turn to the Right. "Make 'em believe it, kid," he used to exclaim. "That's the beginning and the end."

And to "make 'em believe it" you must be fundamentally sincere, whether you work in farce, tragedy or comedy. Which does not mean, in turn, that you must heavily emote at every performance, feel to the full the joy or sorrow of a rôle. That might wreck you. On the three hundred and thirty-second night the actor is so used to the business and mechanics of a part that maybe he can express the emotion persuasively and between lines tickle the leading lady in the ribs. But certainly he has had to feel the spirit of the part at the start and still feels it in his bones; though he does indulge in that little comic relief. Even in a house of sorrow one can smile at some passing fancy and still very genuinely feel sadness at the bereavement.

Laurette Taylor is an excellent example of this truth. She was one of the first of the present-day stars to play a love scene in a light-comedy key, with an underlying suggestion of tenderness that was very touching and convincing, as anyone who can think as far back as Alias Jimmy Valentine will remember. But underlying her art, too, was a fundamental sincerity.

The author of that play just mentioned, and of The Heir to the Hoorah, and Salomy Jane, not to mention a score of other hits—Paul Armstrong—used to "make himself believe it" so strongly that he could make even hard-boiled managers believe it too. He boasted that he could sell any of his scripts if he could buttonhole a manager long enough to read the script to him. That he made it good I know from the way I used to see producers duck round the Broadway corners when they saw him coming: he'd read plays to them, if he caught them, under a lamppost. And he made me believe in him; in fact, had me buffaloed so that, as a kid of eighteen, I used to follow him all the way from his theater down Broadway to his quarters in the old Hotel Bartholdi, listen with open mouth while he told me his plots, and copied his walk, stories, and even dressed so much like him that I was called on the Big Lane, "Paul Armstrong's watch charm."

Low Comedy at High Prices

EVEN with what we call the "physical laugh," the oldest in the world, the actor must play fair. In burlesque you will find, in any show, any night, these two situations: First, the comedian about to be hit by brickbat or slapstick, but quite unaware of it, while the audience is thoroughly aware and keenly relishes his predicament. Second, the comedian inviting the big girthy blonde to a beer and a sandwich, and she, the original gold-digger, ordering caviar and *pâté de fois gras*. In every rendering of these time-honored situations you will find the actors, unless the show's to close that night, playing their parts with a convincing gusto and sincerity. Silly, you say? Of course. But we are dealing with things that make people laugh. For that matter, you can put slapstick and old wheezes into fashionable revues, if they fit naturally into the plot or sketches—that is, provided you charge $8.80 for it. The price merely adds to the enjoyment.

Edith Wynne Matthison

Perhaps you doubt that. I used to myself, being very keen on originality and fond of Wilde, Sydney Smith, and all those wits, until I made an experiment. It was in Very Good, Eddie quite a hit a few years back. As the comedian of the piece, playing the hotel clerk, I shoved the register at a guest and then tried the old ink-and-eye trick—handed him the pen with a jerk, so that the ink did a grapefruit sashay into his eye. It was outrageous, and as soon as I had committed the blunder I blushed under my make-up, waiting for the hisses. But did they come? No, they did not. Instead I was greeted by an audience rocking with laughter—a mink and dinner-coat, first-night audience too. And though there were more refined pieces of business in this hit, none was received with more mirth. We left it in for the remainder of a long run.

If you still doubt the almost universal appeal of the fundamentally physical, try it yourself. Invite some very serious people, Judge Hughes, Margaret Sanger, and those two dealers in the fourth dimension, Doctors Freud and Einstein, to hear a lecture. Then wax the floor very sincerely, and with equal sincerity, as you enter, stage a fall. There'll be no mirth control then; the learned doctors will

come back with a jerk from the fourth dimension to the first; and Mr. Einstein will be delighted with the relativity of your nose and the floor.

Or, for a second proof and wager, pick some inaugural, with the Nick Longworths and all the rear admirals in the stands; then let the wind blow your hat off and, again with sincerity, chase after it. It's better than even money you'll break up that august show in March.

Of course to be effective—and beneath all these apparently ribald illustrations we have our own underlying note of sincerity—you must be sparing in introducing such stunts before such audiences or in Ziegfeld or Greenwich Follies revues. Much of the laughter rises from their admiration of your nerve in resorting to things so ancient, but the element of surprise must enter in. Above all, you must, in the choicest lowbrow of the day, be yourself, be your age—in short, be sincere. Your fall, its awkwardness and your embarrassment and surprise are simulated, but they must seem natural. And you must make the audience feel with you the pain, the shock to your dignity, and inferiority complex. That is no easy task, as a long line of Lupinos, those famous comedy tumblers, the Martinettis—one of whom, Ignacio, is still playing on Broadway—or the later Will Mahony will tell you. It takes years of practice to polish neck falls and to refine the vulgar.

Before mounting from the lower rung of slapstick up the ladder to subtler tricks, we must tell a story about this

Marie Tempest in "The Tyrolean"

same Paul Armstrong. It was only a practical joke, but nothing can better point the moral or adorn the tale.

It was at Jack's, the famous all-night hostelry on Sixth Avenue, New York, opposite the Hippodrome; Wilson Mizner, author of The Deep Purple, was with us, and Wilton Lackaye, the famous star. Both were noted as wits and practical jokers, and their reputations put Armstrong on his mettle. Anyway, when he saw a man who could have doubled for John Bunny asleep at an adjoining table, head back and mouth open, Paul called for a dozen oysters, also a pan of hot water. We guessed vaguely about the oysters, but we were in the dark about the hot water, and asked him about it.

"Just to make him believe it," said Paul as he dipped the oysters in.

Just This Side of Tragedy

THEN with a fork he very skillfully flipped an oyster, then another and another, into the open mouth of the sleeping fat man, at the same time yelling "Mouse!" The man opened his eyes, heard the cry of "Mouse!" and at the very same time felt the warm succulent things slipping down, down. He shivered, gasped, clapped hands to his stomach and made for the curb—the rest is silence.

But Armstrong was right. His sincerity, the pains he took, that artistic touch of the hot water had made him believe it.

There, the fact stares you right in the face that in seven cases out of ten the comedian is the victim. Put that practical joke on the stage and the fat man, not the joker, would have been the real comedian. From Punch, Pagliacci, Grimaldi, down the long line through John Bunny and Charlie Chaplin, the clown, the comedian, is funny chiefly because he is the butt, the goat. He is the object of persecution, the man who may wield the slapstick for his little moment at first, but who is inevitably felled with it in the end—just He Who Gets Slapped.

Even in the more subtle French farce, the husband may philander around and cheat a little at the start, but before the curtain falls and you catch the 11:11, he loses the girl, gets his comeuppance or is led around by the nose by friend wife.

As laughter is near to tears, so is comedy to tragedy, the funny situation to cruelty. Ed Wynn tells the whole story better than in words by action alone in one of his inimitable scenes at the Winter Garden.

His straight, with stick, straw hat and soup-and-fish, advances to the footlights.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wynn, but there's an argument backstage as to just why people laugh."

"Why ask me?" retorts Wynn. "I'm sure I can't tell you."

"Huh!" says the straight. "You're supposed to be funny, to make people laugh. You get paid for making them laugh. How do you do it?"

For answer Wynn takes the straw hat, tears off the brim and hands it back, getting a flock of "belly laughs" from floor to roof.

"Do you think that's funny?" he asks the man.

"I should say I don't. That's my new hat."

"Well," replied Wynn, shrugging his shoulders. "The folks out there laughed, didn't they? They think it's funny. But why, I don't know."

Perhaps you can tell him after you've staged that fall, chased your hat, or slipped on a banana peel—unless you're too sore.

There will be one thing absolutely sure, though—you can't be funny if you think you're funny yourself. If you do, keep it dark or the theater you're playing soon will be dark, as we say. There are exceptions, of course, when a man deliberately calls attention to his stuff, stalks down to the footlights and lets the audience in on something; but as a rule a comedy rôle, to be effective, must be played straight—that is, seriously. The comedian must not laugh at himself, unless ironically, or appear to be conscious of anybody but the people of the cast.

Almost as elemental in its appeal as slapstick is the ridiculous costume and make-up. However, a man with either exaggerated too broadly works under a handicap. On his first entrance he may get an uproarious welcome, but he has started too well. Rarely can his lines match his get-up; they won't seem nearly so amusing and the scene is apt to peter out.

The costume and make-up should accentuate and carry out a character or type, but one should never let the costumer have the rôle. His attitude, you see, is different from that of the average theatergoer, as I found out when I gave my tailor a pass to see The Lilac Domino. When I asked how he had enjoyed the show he shook his head.

"It was terrible," he said. "Your pants, Mr. Hazzard, was too long in the first act."

In search of a costume that should suggest but not burlesque a rôle, I once visited all the chain clothing stores on upper and lower Broadway. I wanted something they advertised as Kwite Klassily Kollegiate, but not too darned Kollegiate—a suit, say, just an inch or two short at ankles and wrists. Now, if I had wanted something awful and thoroughly grotesque, they might have understood me, but they could not understand this, to them, crazy requirement that it should be only a trifle off; and they insisted on a perfect fit and called in all the head clerks, floorwalkers and bosses, until I had a whole army around me giving a new version to the old Mlle. Modiste song—what I wanted was not what I wanted when I wanted it. It took the seventeenth clerk in the eighteenth store to make that sale.

Marie Dressler

But the day of the fright wig and big putty nose is almost gone; fortunately, too, for not only did it take a lot of time to mold a proboscis properly and untangle crêpe hair, which came braided in ropes like oakum, but whiskers and false noses killed expression. Experienced artists are equally afraid of heavy make-up, which beginners love. Heavy layers are apt to cake and prevent free play of the facial muscles; and some stars go so far as to use only a dry make-up—a little powder, a shadow or two, but no grease paint at all.

Going in deeper and getting under the skin, one of the most important assets is repose. The statement may seem quaint in this hustling, jazzed-up age, but without this quality no actor can really qualify as fine.

"Harry," I once heard Raymond Hitchcock say to his juvenile, "won't you please stand still before that line?"

"Why, Mr. Hitchcock," the boy said, "I thought you'd forgotten the cue."

"Good Lord, Harry! It took me twenty years to learn to stand still, and now you won't let me do it!"

Try, Try Again

BY HIS repose Hitchcock could hold an audience in the hollow of his hand. They would hang on his silences as well as on his words, and more intently than before almost any comedian I have known.

Closely related to this finest of tricks are poise, presence of mind and fast thinking. For example, the Chancellor's song in Iolanthe has something like nine hundred and ninety-nine words; though I never counted them—like sheep over the fence when you're trying to get to sleep, they never stop coming—but anyway, Hitchcock got stumped one night somewhere about the hundred and seventeenth. Coolly he looked down at the orchestra.

"Well, boys, let's try that little thing again," he said.

They did, but again he was stopped in the same spot. So he bent over with that inimitably confidential air of his and said to the leader:

"Too bad, Fred; that didn't go so well, either."

And the third time he was floored, but this time he addressed the audience: "Nope, it can't be done"; then, solemnly shaking his head, stalked off the stage. Some of

(Continued on Page 202)

Frances Starr

HOW YOU GET TO BE A DUKE

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

YOUNG Mr. Wellington awoke and smiled. He had been in the habit of waking up in the morning and asking himself if he had fifteen cents with which to get breakfast at the Coffee Pot lunchroom downstairs. But this morning he knew he could eat breakfast. He knew he could eat breakfast all week, and next week, and the week after that. The prospect of not eating breakfast was so remote that it had ceased to exist.

He dressed to the sweet thunder of the Ninth Avenue Elevated, two yards from his window. And while he dressed he saw that it was really true. Money was freedom to do as you pleased. He was rich. He had thirty dollars in his pocket; and next week he would have another thirty dollars; and so on, indefinitely. Jake Levy had said so. He could actually do the things that till now he had only dreamed of doing.

His room contained a bed, a bureau, a small straight chair, and a single electric bulb hung from a short cord in the middle of the ceiling. The window looked on the girders supporting the tracks of the Elevated. He could get fresh air by opening the window, but not much light. There was light enough to read by, even in the daytime, only immediately under the electric bulb. And to use this light he had either to stand up or sit in the little straight chair.

He got his breakfast and walked down Ninth Avenue to the shop of an electrician. There he bought a plug, a lamp socket, a fresh electric bulb, and a green tin shade. Back in his room he connected up these parts, put the plug in the socket overhead and hung the tin shade over the head of his bed. He had not only a reading light but a comfortable place to read.

He peeped into Barney's room. Barney was still asleep. Barney had a gift for sleeping. The boy walked across town to the secondhand bookshops of Fourth Avenue and priced encyclopedias. He wanted a large encyclopedia in which to look up those items he was always meeting in his reading which puzzled him. The authors of books expected you to know a thousand things that his life with the Happy Days Carnival had not taught him. Even the newspapers took it for granted you knew all the things you were supposed to learn in the grammar school. He found the large encyclopedia was beyond the reach of his new wealth, but he got a bargain in a small one. He got a set of which the last volume was missing, for two dollars. He went on hunting. He had decided that he could spend five dollars on books and still have enough money left to pay for his room and his meals and his laundry until another pay day. He found a fair-sized dictionary, mutilated but complete, for a dollar and a half. He hesitated over an English grammar at seventy-five cents. He had just discovered Rudyard Kipling. He had one volume of Kipling's short stories and he wanted more. But he was innocent enough to suppose that the grammar would be an ever-ready help in correcting his speech, and he wanted intensely to correct his speech. He bought the grammar.

He had seventy-five cents of his allotted five dollars left. He chose Plain Tales From the Hills, at a dollar. He had spent his money and he resolutely refused to look farther. He ordered his purchases wrapped up. They made a sizable, squarish package in heavy brown paper. He was shy about appearing in Ninth Avenue with an armful of books. But the brown paper package looked innocent enough. It looked like one of those brown paper packages a certain sort of bootlegger gives you for ten dollars.

"And in This Corner," the Announcer Continued, as the Boy Stood Up, "Arthur Wellington of New York"

The boy walked rapidly up Fourth Avenue. But he could not wholly resist the next secondhand bookstore. He paused for a moment to glance at the books displayed on the sidewalk at twenty-five cents and was lost.

Before he realized what he was doing he was inside the shop. He found more volumes of Kipling. But he also found a book which he unhappily guessed must be more worth while than any single volume of Kipling. It was called The Best Short Stories of Nineteen-Twenty-One. He paid a dollar for it and tucked it into his overcoat pocket. He could keep on washing out his own shirts and drying them on the radiator and save that dollar. He walked happily home, anticipating a whole day with books.

But halfway up the stairs to his room he heard Barney's voice raised in belligerent protest. Barney was asserting that the kid never drank anything stronger than milk. The boy listened. He heard a rich guttural voice replying, "So? That is good. That is fine." It was Jake Levy. Nobody else in the world could put so many meanings into the one word "So." Jake had said he would drop in some day this week. He had certainly not said he would be in before noon of the first day. The boy walked on upstairs and placed his package of books in the dark corridor beside the door jamb and entered the room.

"Good morning," Jake Levy said. He was sitting in the one chair, which he overflowed, and balancing himself with the aid of a most elegant stick of Malacca, ornamented with bands of braided gold. "I was just passing by," Jake continued, with transparent mendacity, "and I thought I should stop once and see how are you." Barney slipped out of the room. The boy took off his overcoat and sat on the bed.

"I'm all right," he said. He did not want to see Jake Levy. He wanted to read.

Jake smiled a most ingratiating smile. "We should get better acquainted," Jake said. "We should talk over many things. We should know how we stand."

"You mean we ought to sign a contract?"

Jake waved his hand, the big diamond on his little finger flashed, dismissing contracts. "Why not? Sure we should sign a contract. But I mean other things. We should know each other better."

The boy waited.

"F'rinstance," Jake continued, "I should first know how you take care of yourself. I should know how you eat, how you sleep, what you do when you are not working, how much you drink."

"I do not drink," the boy said.

Jake raised his eyebrows. "So!" he said. "So! That is good. That is very good."

"I usually go to bed about twelve o'clock and get up about half-past eight," the boy said.

Jake managed to cross his short legs and lean back in the straight chair. It creaked, but it did not collapse.

"So!" Jake said. "And what do you till twelve o'clock yet? Hang around the poolroom next door? Or do you maybe go to a show, or maybe to a night club?"

The boy shook his head. "I've been too broke to do that sort of thing, and besides, I am not interested."

"You are a fighter and you are not interested in night clubs?" Jake asked. "How come?"

"I'm not interested—that's all," the boy said.

Jake threw out his hands in an expressive gesture. "But what do you do with your time?"

"In the morning I take a long walk. In the afternoon I go to Millman's and train—punch the light bag and the heavy bag and skip rope and box."

"But at night!" Jake cried. "What do you do nights?"

"I read," the boy said.

"F'rinstance," Jake said. "You read the newspapers?"

"Yes, the newspapers and other things."

"Books—do you read books?"

"Sometimes," the boy admitted.

"F'rinstance?" Jake Levy insisted.

"For instance, that book on the bureau."

Jake raised himself to his feet and advanced ponderously on the bureau. He picked up the book on the bureau and examined it. "That's a funny name," he said. "Rudyard Kipling," he pronounced slowly.

"It isn't any funnier than Hype Igoe," the boy said.

Jake looked up. "You mean this fellow, now, who writes about fighters in the paper?"

The boy nodded.

"He is all right," Jake Levy said. "Hype Igoe, he kids me, but he writes about me. The kidding I can stand so long as my name is in the paper."

Jake laid the book down and opened the top bureau drawer. The boy was outraged by this invasion of his privacy, but he said nothing.

"Soon we will have him writing about you in the paper," Jake said, opening the second bureau drawer. "But first you must have a name. To get anywhere and make real money a fighter should have a name." Jake paused, finding it difficult to bend over low enough to open the bottom drawer of the bureau. "Like Cannonball Eddie or Gentleman Jim or Lanky Bob." Jake straightened up painfully and moved toward the closet door. "The customers, they like a name." Jake opened the closet and peered within. The closet contained the boy's old suit and a pile of magazines.

Jake sat down again in the chair and smiled at the boy. "That is one thing we got to think up—a name for you."

"My name is Wellington," the boy said, "and so far I have fought under the name Kid Wellington."

"What is your first name, now?" Jake asked.

"Arthur."

Jake shook his head. "No good," he said. "But we will not worry about it yet. We will find a name. We will find a good name for you. What we should worry about right now is where you should train. You should go to the country. You should go where there is a good place to do road work and it is not so noisy." Jake frowned as the Elevated went by, shaking the building. "This noise is not good. You should be where it is quiet."

"I like it here," the boy said. "I'm used to it."

"Sure," Jake admitted. "Sure. All boys like New York. Nobody likes the country. But boys should be in the country."

The boy saw that Jake was contorting himself in a violent and fruitless effort to peer under the bed. He had looked everywhere else in that room and now he was trying to see under the bed. The boy got up. He was beginning to get angry with Jake.

"Listen," the boy said sharply: "What are you trying to do? What are you looking for?"

Jake looked up at him and smiled his disarming smile. "I was looking to see where you keep your booze," he said.

"Didn't I tell you I didn't drink?"

"Sure you did," Jake said.

"Didn't you believe me?"

Jake raised his eyebrows. "Sure I believe you. Why wouldn't I believe you? At first I always believe everybody."

"Well, then?"

"I said at first I believe everybody," Jake explained. "But then I think, 'Jake, do not be a dumkopf—do not believe anything but certified checks.'"

The boy grinned in spite of himself. Jake saw that he grinned. He rose and held out his hand. The boy took his hand and shook it.

"Listen," Jake said: "Could you be ready to go to the country this afternoon—by maybe the two o'clock train?"

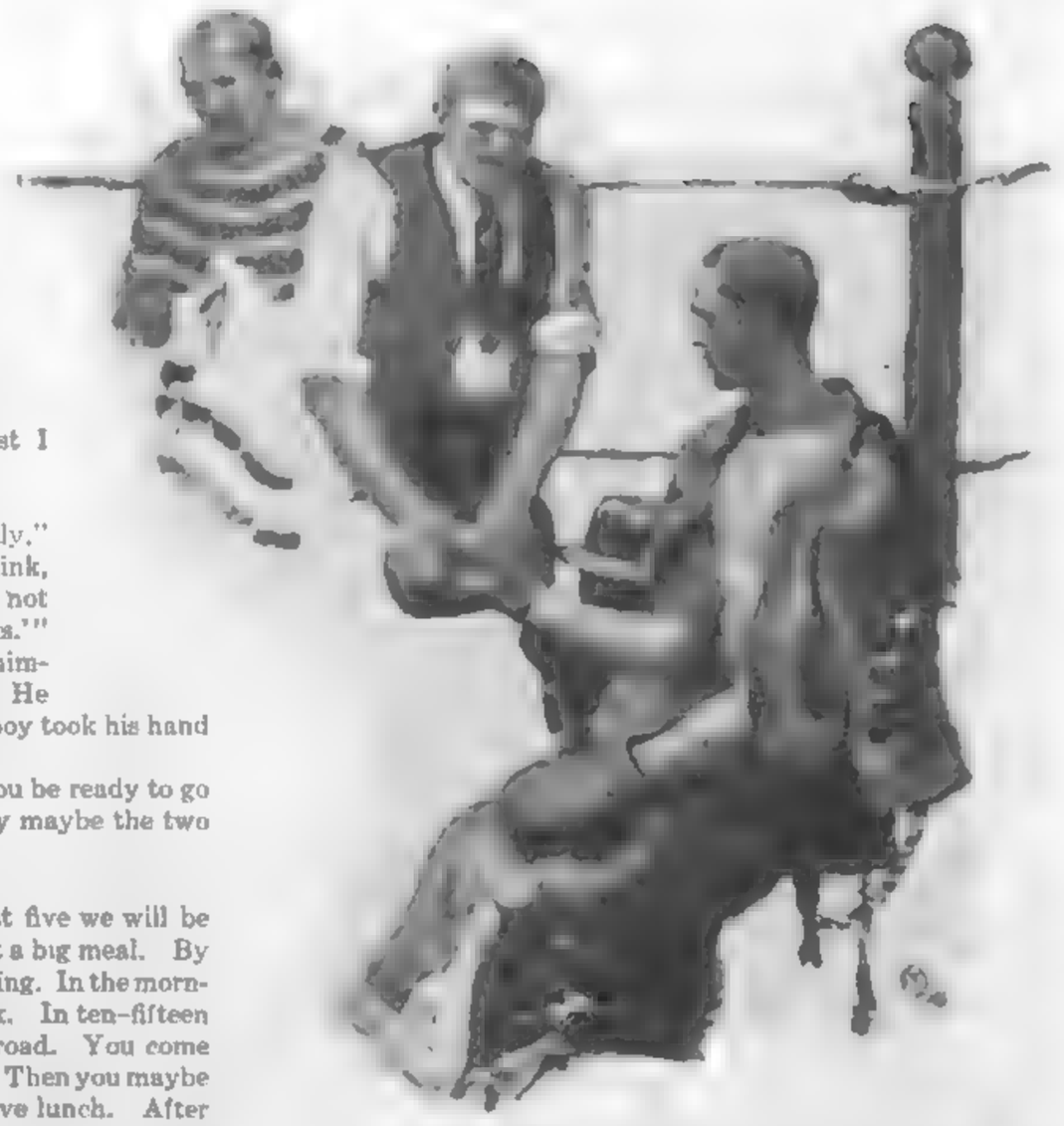
"Today?" the boy said.

"Sure. Why not? By half-past five we will be there. By six o'clock you will eat a big meal. By nine o'clock you will be in bed sleeping. In the morning the big bell rings at six o'clock. In ten-fifteen minutes everybody is out on the road. You come in sweating—have a good shower. Then you maybe play cards a while. Then you have lunch. After lunch you train. After you get through training you have a good rubdown. Then you eat a big steak. Then you go to bed. It is good."

"You mean some health farm?" the boy said. He hated to go, because he would have no time to himself. He could not indulge his passion for getting an education.

"Sure it is a health farm. It is Doc Blodgett's health farm."

"Doc Blodgett, the trainer of fighters?"



"The Lightweight Champion of Europe, Napoleon Perault of Paris"

"Sure, he trains fighters. Doc Blodgett is the best trainer in the whole world."

"All right," the boy said. "I'll be ready at two o'clock."

He would give up anything, even books, for the chance to work under Doc Blodgett.

Jake backed out of the door smiling, and as he did so he kicked the brown paper package the boy had put beside the jamb. Jake looked down.

"So!" he said, and his tone carried both his triumph over having caught the boy at last and his regret over the eternal duplicity of this world. "So that is why old Jake cannot find anything yet under your bed. You had just been out buying your booze when old Jake came along."

"That isn't booze," the boy said.

"So!" Jake said. He picked up the package and carried it into the room and set it on the chair and opened it. He looked at the books. He picked them up one by one and leafed through them. They were indubitably books.

"Sure, it is not booze," he admitted. "It is true. They are books."

"Can't you get it through your head that I don't lie?" the boy asked.

"Give me time," Jake said. "Give me a little time. I got to get used to the idea." He looked up and saw that the boy was tense with anger. He put his hand on the boy's arm. "After while you will get used to old Jake. He is not so bad when you get used to him. You have not to be so proud."

The boy hesitated, cherishing his anger a little. He foresaw that Jake Levy would rule his life, and he hated to be ruled.

"Forget it," Jake said. He waved his hand. "It is always better to forget it. When you are as old as I am you will not be so serious about life."

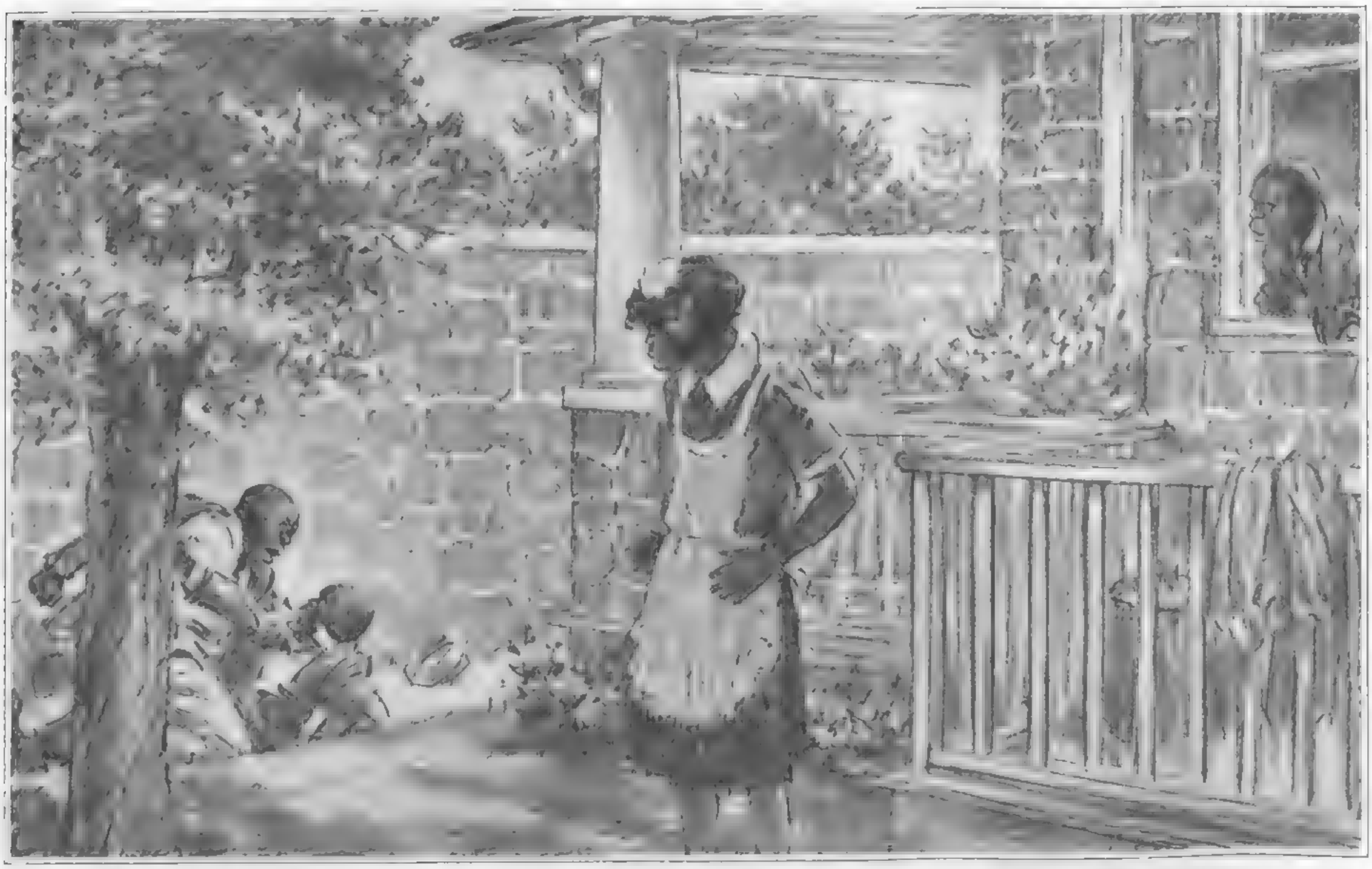
The boy grinned.

"That is right," Jake said—"smile. You can afford to smile. This is a

(Continued on Page 118)

"Good Morning," Jake Levy Said. "I Was Just Passing By and I Thought I Should Stop Once and See How are You"

DARK AND DREARY



Andiron's Fingers Closed About the Key Just as Jim Cotic's Big Fist Thudded Against His Jaw. And Then, in Mr. Willets' Driveway, There Started a Battle of Epic Proportions

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THESIS PRATT did not recognize trouble when its shadow fell across his path. He only knew that his way was blocked by a very large dark person who was—and always had been—excessively distasteful to him. Andiron Smith was one of Thesis' most enthusiastic detestations. He was of enormous bulk and his habitual expression was that of a thundercloud about to explode. Furthermore, Andiron had been at great pains for several years to advertise throughout Birmingham his profound antipathy toward the dapper and debonair Thesis.

Unquestionably Andiron's hatred of Thesis was based upon an inferiority complex. Barring only Mr. Pratt's lack of physique, he was everything that Andiron wished to be. He was suave, cultured, popular and the possessor of the best chauffeuring job in all Birmingham. Furthermore, Thesis was popular with his brethren, an important figure in dusky social and fraternal circles and a colored person who proudly boasted a number of important white friends.

Yet today, when Andiron dropped a heavy hand on Mr. Pratt's narrow shoulder and Thesis quivered with perfectly justifiable apprehension before looking up, he was astounded to hear friendly words emanating from the lips of the big man.

"Well, I'll be dawg-bit if it ain't my ol' buddy Thesis!"

Mr. Pratt was assailed by a certain natural skepticism. He knew from bitter experience that he was not Andiron's ol' buddy, and he recalled one ghastly occasion when such a friendly overture had been a taunting prelude to public discomfiture. And so he drew away from Andiron and stared suspiciously into the ebony face of that gentleman.

"Says which?" he inquired cautiously.

"I says I sho am delighted to meet up with you, Thesis." Mr. Smith's countenance beamed with geniality. "An' never befo' has I observed you lookin' so han'some."

"Humph! What you up to now, Andiron?"

"Up to? Me? What you mean, Thesis?"

Mr. Pratt was thoroughly frightened, but he met the issue squarely: "You know good an' well I an' you ain't friends, Andiron. Us never was an' never ain't gwine be. Ev'y time you has spoke sweet in the past th'ee years somethin' terrible has happened to me right afterward."

The large man threw back his head and gave vent to a roar of laughter.

"You remember that time I tripped you in the gutter in front of the Champeen Theater when you was wearin' yo' new gray suit?"

Thesis frowned. "Tha's the most thing I is recollectin' at present."

"Golla! How come you got such a mem'ry?"

"Things like that ain't easy forgot."

"I know. But cain't you take a joke?"

"A joke!" A wave of fury surged through the puny bosom of Thesis Pratt. "I reckon it was a joke to ruin my new fifty-dollar suit by flingin' me in a muddy gutter. An' I reckon it was terrible funny that you walked home with my gal that night 'cause I looked like such a disgracement. An' I guess it was awful humorous ev'y time you has low-rated me to my face just 'cause you is a big feller an' I is a li'l' one." Thesis had worked himself into a fine fever of indignation. "Nos-suh, Mistuh Smith, I cain't appreciate no such jokes as you play. I sholy cain't."

"But, feller, you don't understan'. I never play pranks on nobody 'ceptin' my bes' friends."

"Fumadiddles!"

"I mean it, Thesis. You always has been the fondest man I is of."

Mr. Pratt's brain was commencing to function. Andiron was not exactly subtle; there was something elephantine in his sudden change of front, and Thesis was interested.

"What you want, Andiron?"

"Me?"—innocently. "Nothin' at all, 'cept to be friends with you, Brother Pratt. You is the most prominentest cullud man in Bumminham, an' there ain't no reason why us should always be quarrelin'. Cain't us be buddies?"

"We-e-ell, I never has yearned fo' no trouble with you."

"Tha's great! S'posin' we go git us a barbecue san'wich an' a cup of coffee."

Thesis suffered himself to be led down Eighteenth Street and thence into the odorous confines of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. They seated themselves at the counter and Andiron waved a generous hand toward the menu.

"Order yo'se'f a swell meal, brother. I crave to buy you plenty eatments."

Thesis ordered and continued to think. He was beginning to see a light and was more than a trifle amused. The big man was crude. Did he fancy for a moment that so keen a person as Mr. Pratt was fooled by this eleventh-hour proffer of friendship? Did he kid himself that Thesis could forget the three-year procession of public indignities? A faint sneer settled upon the lips of Mr. Pratt as he permitted Andiron to orate long and loudly upon the depth of his affection for the little man.

Eventually Andiron detoured to the subject which most interested him: "I heah that you is goin' to leave Bumminham, Thesis."

"Tha's the one thing I ain't gwine do nothin' else but, Andiron."

"When you goin'?"

"Friday mawnin'."

"Where to?"

"Cleveland."

"Gosh! I wisht I was you."

Conversation languished. Thesis waited patiently for his companion to continue.

"You—you sure is leavin' a good job," observed Andiron, and there was a covetous note in his voice. "In fack, I reckon you is leavin' the best job in Bumminham."

And now, for the first time, Thesis had a crystal-clear understanding of Andiron's sudden personal enthusiasm. It was unmistakable that Mr. Smith desired to acquire the position which Thesis was abandoning in favor of the uncertainties of Cleveland

No doubt that Thesis had the best job in Birmingham. He chauffeured for Mr. Willets, president of the Third National Bank. He received a salary of thirty dollars a week in a city where the general average for chauffeurs was fifteen and there weren't more than half a dozen who earned as much as twenty.

Nor was that all. Mr. Willets was known far and wide as one of the finest white gentlemen in all Alabama. He paid tremendous salaries to his servants, furnished them with fine comfortable rooms, distributed bonuses with a free hand and gave plenty of time off.

The result was that Thesis Pratt had long been envied by his less fortunate colored brothers. There were other fine jobs in Birmingham, but none quite so desirable as his. It seemed now that Andiron understood the personal bond which existed between Thesis and Mr. Willets.

Andiron knew—and Thesis knew that he knew—that Mr. Willets would employ, without question, any colored man recommended by Thesis. Mr. Smith ordered a large slice of lemon meringue pie for his erstwhile enemy and eyed the little man hopefully.

"Uh-huh," he repeated, "you sho has got the best chauffeurin' job in Bumminham."

"Ain't I, just?"

"How come you to leave it, Thesis?"

"Got the itch—kind of crave to see some of them Nawthe'n cities."

"Bet you is gwine make heaps of money up yonder, swell feller like you."

"Bet I is too. 'Co'se I hate to leave Mistuh an' Mis' Willets—don't hahdly know what they is gwine do without me."

"I reckon," sighed Andiron, "that they mos' likely is gwine hire them a swell chauffeur to take yo' place."

"Maybe."

"What you mean—maybe? Ain't they done such yet?"

"No, not yet."

Mr. Smith became animated. "You an' me is buddies, ain't we, Thesis?"

"Tha's what you say."

"We is. Ise positive 'bout that. Now listen! Whyn't you give me a recommend fo' that job with the Willetses?"

"You?" Thesis turned surprised eyes upon his Gargantuan companion. "Shuh! Man, you woul'n't want no such of a job."

"How come not?"

"Too much work. Mistuh Willets pays plenty money an' treats us swell, but he sholy gives us plenty labor."

"Me an' work is brothers. I don't know nothin' that makes me happier than a good hahd job."

"H'm—you wasn't always thataway."

"Ise changed, Thesis. I didn't maybe used to like you so much, but I does now. An' work is the most thing I crave. Honest, was that job easy, I woul'n't even be askin' you to git it fo' me."

Thesis lost himself in thought. "I depreciate all the nice things you been sayin', Andiron, but I reckon they ain't hardly nothin' I can do 'bout it."

"Foolishment you talks! Ain't it the troof that was you to tell Mistuh Willets that I was yo' friend an' a swell man fo' the job, he'd hire me? Ain't it?"

"P'raps."

"It is—tha's what! I know. Mistuh Willets thinks you is swell an' anybody you recommends to him would be also swell." He placed a pleading hand on Thesis' arm. "C'mon now, buddy, be a good sport. Git Mistuh Willets to gimme them job."

Thesis shook his head. "I cain't hahdly do that, Andiron. 'Co'se I like you, but ——"

"Has you got somebody else in mind?"

"No-o."

"Then there ain't no reason ——" Mr. Smith's face became radiant and his voice dropped to a whisper. "Git me that job, an' I give you twenty-five dollars cash money."

For the first time Thesis became genuinely interested. Twenty-five dollars! He was canny.

"Tha's chicken foods," he observed.

Andiron groaned. "Thirty."

"Not enough."

"Forty"

Ideas were crowding thick in the Pratt brain. He was leaving Birmingham Friday noon to be gone forever and ever—and possibly longer. Never again would he see his local friends, and, what was more important, he never expected to set eyes again upon Andiron Smith.

For three long and bitter years Andiron had gone out of his way to inflict indignities upon the inoffensive Thesis. He several times had overstepped the bounds of mental affront and resorted to the physical. Thesis hated the big man with a deep and abiding hatred which—until this moment—he had regarded as futile. Never before had it occurred to him that he might obtain even a modicum of revenge upon the herculean Mr. Smith. But now —— Physical reprisal could not be his, but if he could deprive Andiron of a large sum of money and leave that gentleman stony broke and utterly jobless, there would be occasion for smiles whenever the atmosphere of Cleveland happened to grow depressing.

It was not that he measured insult in terms of money, but rather that this seemed to afford his only chance to square accounts with Andiron. Of course he had no idea whatsoever of permitting Mr. Willets to be saddled with such a liability as Andiron. But if he took Andiron's money, promised him the job and ordered him to report for work at the Willets mansion on Saturday morning ——

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated Thesis happily.

"Says which?"

"Nothin'." Mr. Pratt eyed the larger man speculatively. "Fifty dollars, Andiron, an' not a penny less."

Out shot the big man's hand. "Done with you!"

"Where's the cash?"

It was in Andiron's pocket. Fifty dollars and just five dollars over. "That leaves me mos' broke, Thesis, but gittin' that job is wuth any price. An' Ise plumb grateful to you, Thesis. All the time you is up in Cleveland Ise gwine remember you."

Mr. Pratt grinned broadly. "I bet you is," he prophesied.

"When is you gwine make speechment with Mistuh Willets?"

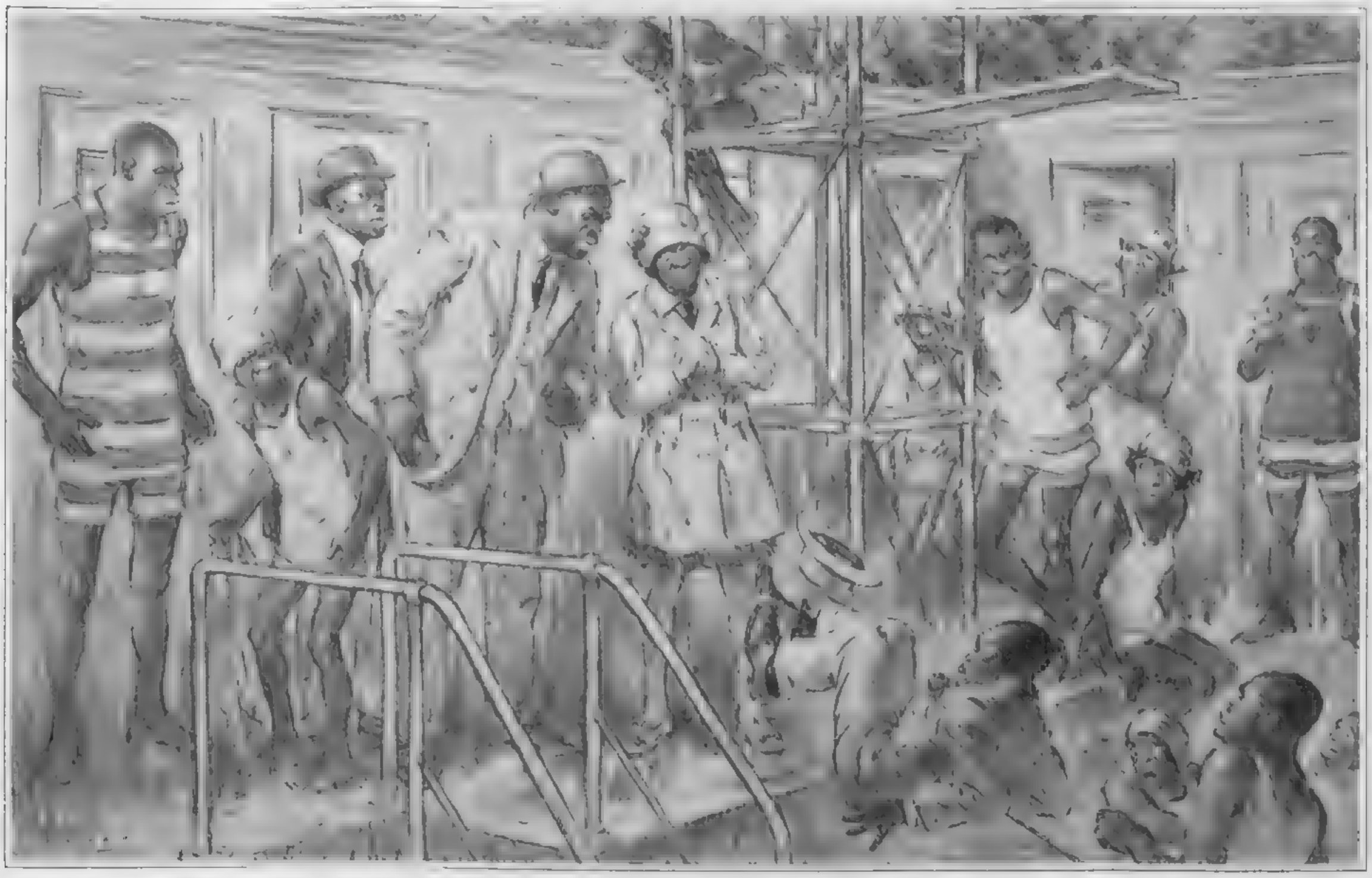
"Right now. He's up at the bank."

"Want me to go along?"

"Nos-suh. He don't like to be bothered. I talks to him an' lets you know."

All the way up to Twenty-first Street, Thesis was chuckling delightedly. Not the revenge that he might

(Continued on Page 175)



With a Deft and Totally Unexpected Motion, Mr. Colic Shoved the Magnificently Appareled Thesis Into the Swimming Pool

THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN BANKING—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IF YOU have read the preceding articles of this series you have seen how the dollar has evolved from casual participant to dominant factor in the international money scheme, with New York contesting the supremacy of London as money capital. This could not have been possible without an adequate banking system. Though the necessities of the great war were partly responsible for our fiscal projection on a major scale, the fact remains that, thanks to the Federal Reserve structure, we were able to meet the stupendous war emergency and its no-less-exacting aftermath which made us a world banker. During the past five years our banking has so fortified itself that it is an effective unity, with facilities to compete with older European organizations.

A little more than a century ago there were only 300 banks in the United States, with a total capital of approximately $100,000,000. Today we have 26,213 banks officially reported, with combined capital funds of $8,897,412,000, which means capital stock paid in, surplus and undivided profits, and resources aggregating $71,574,328,000. The greatest of our institutions alone had deposits on the first of this year of $1,349,024,386.

The Home of the Greatest Bank Merger Outside of New York

These massive figures tell only part of the story. The urge to merge, about which you will learn more later on, has brought about consolidations from coast to coast that attune our banks to the billion-dollar tempo of these expanding times. We have three billion-dollar institutions and one with assets twice this much.

Invested With Inhuman Interest

REENFORCING enhanced solidarity is a newborn international sense. Our banks, like our industries, think in universal terms. One complements the other. Combined they have put the dollar at the top of the money heap. We no longer lean upon London or Amsterdam to finance our mounting exports. Lack of institutional personality, such as surrounds the Bank of England and her mates of the Big Five, as the leading London joint-stock banks are called, is made up by aggressive enterprise which has no geographical limitations. One New York bank has eighty-nine branches in twenty-three countries and will invade two more this year. The American banker has passed out of the provincial class. The whole globe is his field.

It means that after decades of currency cross-purpose which kept us in a dark financial age, banking in the United States has finally grown to full stature. It is a matured economic instrumentality geared to every need from that of humble savings depositor to huge mass-output producer. Money famines with attendant dislocations are now part of a troubled past. Elastic sectional mobilization of credit has been achieved and with it country-wide freedom from the old dictatorship of Wall Street. We are panic-proof as far as it is scientifically possible to bring about this state of economic stability.

Traditionally a bank is invested with inhuman rather than human interest. It grows out of the idea still persistent in the popular mind that trouble and a bank are synonymous. To the average man borrowing means an ordeal. In the stage thriller of yesterday the hard-fisted banker was invariably represented as a Shylock getting his pound of flesh or foreclosing the mortgage on the familiar family home. The gallery always hissed. Picturesqueness was remote from the scene.

Yet no American narrative, especially the earlier chapters, is more replete with human interest than the story of our banking. Caught up from the start in the turmoil of political agitation, it remained the storm center of bitter sectionalism for years. Sound money was as acute an issue as the tariff or foreign relations. Financial states' rights, largely born of the state-bank movement, complicated domestic fiscal intercourse in the hectic era before political states' rights temporarily sundered the Union. Prior to the time when Bryan indulged in his oratorical acrobatics about silver, we had survived a succession of money crises that went back to the prerevolutionary day.

The rise of banking has necessitated a statesmanship as keen as was demanded by the evolution of the nation itself. Great names and momentous circumstance are interwoven with its progress. It invoked the genius of Hamilton, the astuteness of Burr, the eloquence of Clay and the thunder of Jackson.

As in England, it represents the evolution of merchant prince into banking overlord spanning the whole era of our development from infant republic to world power. At every stage, whether in war or in peace, the bank registered an outstanding contribution to the drama of the times.

If we are to make a full measure of the American banking advance we must take a brief look at the Colonial period. It is worth rehearsing because the currency convulsions of that formative day had repercussions in more modern times. Massachusetts introduced a form of paper money as early as 1690. It was called a bill of credit and was the forerunner of the avalanche of evidences of payment which became the bane of the country.

While the colonies were under British rule the British symbols of exchange were, of course, standard. It is interesting to note that a motley array of other coins was in circulation. When a rich Manhattan burgher died, most of his assets—mainly in cash—were not only in pounds and pence but also in Spanish doubloons and pistoles, French guineas, Italian chequins, Dutch dollars, German carolins and Portuguese johanneses. One explanation is that the loot of pirates like Captain Kidd found its way to the Atlantic seaboard. Colonial trade with the rest of the world is another. Since banks were then unknown on this side of the Atlantic, all transactions had to be in coin. Our financial resources were so limited that for several years after the Revolution American currency was expressed in pounds, shillings and pence.

Banking and Politics

THE Revolutionary War produced a flood of so-called Continental currency authorized by Congress. It had no equity and soon became worthless. In connection with this avalanche of bills of credit the phrase "not worth a continental" came into being. It is still used to characterize an object without value. While we were fighting for freedom the first banking institution in this country—the Pennsylvania Bank of Philadelphia—was established to act as fiscal agent for the precarious young government. Its work ended, however, in 1870. The need of a national bank was apparent if the currency was to be put on any kind of stable basis. Largely through the efforts of Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance for the United States, the Bank of North America was set up at Philadelphia in 1781. It helped to finance the closing period of the war.

Alexander Hamilton

The Bank of North America represented more than the cornerstone of our banking structure. Around it gathered the first of the many political storms that successively impeded financial development. In this enlightened age, when a bank is regarded as indispensable to the pursuit of life and business, it seems well-nigh incredible that its expansion should have been so long hindered by petty partisanship. Such, however, was the case from the close of the Revolution until long after we had found ourselves as a nation.

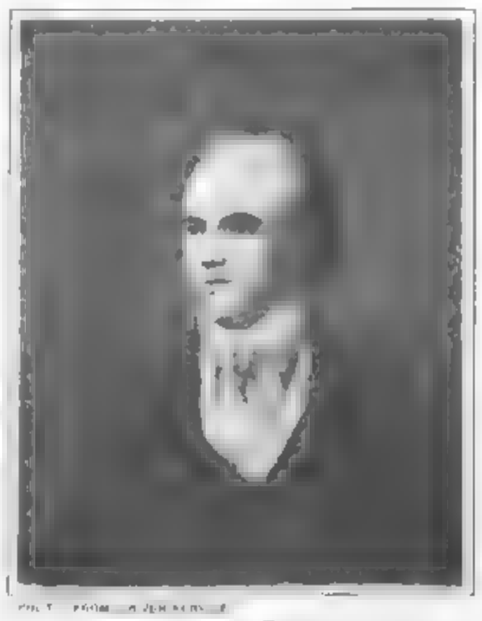
With the peace of 1783 an antagonistic state of mind, influenced perhaps by the spirit that had plunged France into bloody upheaval, developed toward banks. They were regarded as monopolies and therefore incompatible with democracy.

This attitude projected banking into the ken of politics, there to remain for many turbulent years. As the necessity for banks grew, the hostility to them seemed to grow apace. In those days every merchant was a banker of sorts because banking was regarded as a common-law right. There were no legal prohibitions to restrain any individual from accepting funds on deposit. He could also issue his own notes for circulation. The ultra-democrats regarded these homely bankers as sufficient.

The final decade of the eighteenth century found banking a red-hot party issue. The larger political struggle was

between the Federalist, or conservative party, whose brilliant spokesman was the gifted Alexander Hamilton, and the so-called Republican, or liberal, group, which enlisted the acumen of Aaron Burr. What most people these days do not stop to consider is that the rivalry of these two forceful men, whose names are written large in the annals of the country, was as bitter in the banking field as in the more spectacular arena of national affairs. The animosities engendered over the establishment of some of our first banking institutions were largely responsible for the duel which snuffed out Hamilton's life in 1804.

The fate of a bank, therefore, was bound up in the turmoil of contending political forces. When a Federalist group wanted to establish a bank, it was opposed by the Republicans and every effort was made to defeat the purpose. If this state of affairs obtained today, a coterie of Southern Democrats could not start a bank because a Republican Administration happened to be in power.



Aaron Burr

On a Larger Stage

NOWHERE was banking more embroiled in politics than in New York. The Federalists had sought to maintain a monopoly on banking privileges. The fact that it was sponsored by the Conservatives made it a public menace in the eyes of the Republicans. As William O. Scroggs points out in his A Century of Banking Progress, banking in New York "ceased to be a function which any individual or association might exercise at pleasure and became a special privilege or franchise." Because of the situation which I have briefly outlined, the beginnings of American banking were alive with factional tumult. The rise of some of the pioneer institutions will serve to show how politics and subterfuge, not unmixed with a degree of romance, contributed to the foundation of what has become the billion-bulwarked giant of today.

The case of the Bank of New York will illustrate. Although it opened its doors in 1784, it was not until 1791 that a reluctant legislature confirmed its charter. In this institution the financial genius of Hamilton revealed itself for the first time as far as public benefit was concerned. It antedated his historic service as first Secretary of the Treasury.

New York was an important commercial center and the need of a bank was imperative. The Bank of North America had given Philadelphia a peculiar prestige, accentuating the rivalry between the two cities. In those days our states and larger communities developed the same kind of tendencies which cropped out nationalistically in later-day Europe. New York, for example, imposed drastic customs duties on essential commodities brought in from Connecticut and Massachusetts. Even so vital a product as timber was heavily taxed. It became an import, although cut on American soil.

The first New York suggestion was for a land bank. Hamilton, who was all-powerful in the Federalist Party, then in control of the legislature, opposed the idea, which was abandoned. A public meeting was held at the Merchants Coffee House—these coffeehouses were the popular clubs of the day—and subscriptions for a bank started. Hamilton was asked to join the enterprise and accepted. Out of that conference held around well-worn tavern tables emerged the Bank of New York, which is still going strong, although the name has been changed to the Bank of New York and Trust Company. It occupies the site at 48 Wall Street acquired in 1798.

This bank is notable in our banking history for three reasons. One is that it was the first institution of the kind in New York. The second is that Hamilton wrote the constitution and was conspicuously associated with it until his public duties, which were to shape the financial destiny of the republic, absorbed practically all his time. Third is the fact that connected with it as directors or stockholders were the earlier Roosevelts and Vanderbilts, whose descendants loomed large in our subsequent political and financial history.

The Bank of New York was not launched without a struggle, as the hiatus in its charter confirmation indicates. Because Hamilton was sponsor, Burr and his allies opposed it tooth and nail. The vanguard of our soap-box oratorical phalanx piloried the institution as a monopolistic step to enrich the few at the expense of the many. Then, as throughout all succeeding times, sound economics were crucified to create a political issue. The fact that the Bank of New York did not receive its legislative right to exist until 1791 shows the extent to which partisan politics blocked progress.

The year 1791 was also notable in the evolution of American banking because it witnessed the rise of the first Bank of the United States in Philadelphia. By this time Hamilton had found a larger stage for the dramatization of his peculiar gifts.

The Federal Reserve Bank in New York

He saw the necessity for a great national bank. Entirely through his efforts the Bank of the United States came into being.

For forty years—it had two periods of official life—the Bank of the United States rode the whirlwind. Its checkered career duplicated on a national scale the turmoil which swirled around the earlier banks of New York City. Again you had the onslaught of political partisanship, this time linked on occasion with more or less unscrupulous manipulation.

Having owed its origin to the Federalists, its charter failed of renewal in 1811 because of Republican attack, aided and abetted by the various state banks which had meantime arisen throughout the country on the high tide of our initial speculative mania.

A Typical New York Bank Building, With the Sub-Treasury in the Foreground

A New Lease on Life

THE death of the first Bank of the United States was the ill wind that blew Stephen Girard good. This one-time French immigrant had landed penniless in Philadelphia and made himself supreme among the revolutionary and postrevolutionary merchants and shipping magnates. He exerted a strong influence upon his time. He bought the assets of the Bank of the United States and organized the Girard Bank, which enhanced his fame and fortune.

In 1816 the second Bank of the United States was chartered and became the government fiscal agent, with branches in twenty-five cities. Its second span of life was far more turbulent than the first and had a much larger significance. It was not until the advent of Andrew Jackson, however, that it developed into an acrimonious countrywide issue. *(Continued on Page 210)*

MR. HANNA—By THOMAS BEER

The Bullet-Headed Generals

IN MARCH of 1862 the legislators, profiteers and officers smoking in Willard's Hotel at Washington were often able to admire a tall, magnificent gentleman who strolled past their chairs. He was not old, but his hair seemed almost white, and the straight eyebrows showed gray above his dark blue eyes. Some of them knew the face, or remembered that they had seen it as an engraving in bookshops. Young John Hay, the President's secretary, walked timidly after the stranger for a block on Pennsylvania Avenue, one morning, but did not dare to speak to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hanna

Mr. Hawthorne had tired of the chatter and the noise of the telegraph up yonder outside Boston and had come down to examine this war. His musings on Willard's Hotel were soon printed in The Atlantic Monthly. "You are mixed up," he said, "with office seekers, wire pullers, inventors, artists, poets, prosers, clerks, diplomatists, mail contractors, railway directors, until your own identity is lost among them. . . . You adopt the universal habit of the place and call for a mint julep, a whisky-skin, a gin cocktail, a brandy smash or a glass of Pure Old Rye." He saw venerables in frilled shirts absorbing Bourbon by the horn and mused on the feebleness of modern topers. All these mild little diluted drinks were so weak alongside that consumption of eight liquid inches of red fire!

His musings were realistic and prophetic, but his report to readers of The Atlantic Monthly is not a dramatic affair. He seemed merely to be describing General McClellan's camp, or the prisoners in the roundhouse at Harper's Ferry, a "heap of unwashed human bodies," or the Monitor at anchor, a sort of iron rat trap. Nothing is stressed except his flashing taunt to his friends at Concord who had compared the gallows of John Brown to the cross. His own intellectual satisfaction in seeing Brown hanged for a fool is underscored by an apologetic footnote supposed to express the editor's disagreement, although Mr. Hawthorne wrote it himself. But he serenely foresaw a great deal. The iron rat trap meant the end of naval warfare in the grand style. He pondered for one sentence on future duels of submarines. He saw that something must come of the Southern poor white when slavery was abolished. As to the future of this nation, revealed to him through the smoke of Willard's Hotel, why, "one bullet-headed general will succeed another in the presidential chair; and veterans will hold the offices, at home and abroad, and sit in Congress and the state legislatures, and fill all the avenues of public life. . . ."

He was really writing a dry little dirge for his New England. These railway directors were enemies of the close order that had produced Nathaniel Hawthorne. The nation spread. The Western regiments hurried to the East by rail and presently the rails would slide more young men away from the decaying villages to the West It was "the downfall of the Bostonian Empire" that appeared in the smoke at Willard's. But for Mr. Hawthorne, his territory had been America. He was not really much interested in this large, raw, awkward collection of states that claimed his devotion only to "an airy mode of law" and had "no symbol but a flag." It did not worry him that the Presidents would now be "bullet-headed generals." Something good might come of them: "It may substitute something more real and genuine, instead of the many shams on which men heretofore have founded their claims to public regard."

He had always seen into shams. The boys at college fancied a mystery behind his stare and christened him Oberon as much for this strange quality as for his beauty. And now he perfected the strangeness of his life by beginning to die at the age of fifty-seven in a graceful protest against the weariness of living. He grew weaker, thinner, smilingly. Even Doctor Holmes could not say what was wrong. Mr. Hawthorne was simply selecting the right end to a grave fantasy about a being who had stared out at man from the shadows of a bewitched wood, gazing at hypocrisies and vain emotions, and then withdrawing into secrecy. He vanished. Oberon withdrew, as was most right, while a dog howled below his windows among the silent hills, in a cool midnight.

Four years and a day from Mr. Hawthorne's death a Republican convention in Chicago began to fulfill his prophecies. General Ulysses Grant was nominated for the presidency in a roar. And then the delegates at Chicago behaved unbecomingly toward New England. The Bostonians learned in their newspapers that the West, this region beyond Buffalo, wanted a Western Vice President. There is an old lady living who recollects raucous delegates yelling, "Take yer damn codfish home!" when the names of Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, were proposed. On the fifth ballot the gay Schuyler Colfax was nominated, and the Republican convention of 1868 was over.

An unled, formless resentment of some Yankee attitudes had developed and was now crystallized. Something of this may be judged by the letters of a commonplace, kindly woman from Illinois, a Mrs. Dix, who worked in the hospitals at Washington through the whole war. There was only one person from Boston way who seemed a human being to Mrs. Dix. She loved Louisa May Alcott. But the wives of the cotton-spinning and blanket-weaving congressmen annoyed her, reading tracts to the ailing lads in the wards and "squealing" when some tortured invalid brought out an oath; and so did the senators, iced and done up in tight black bindings, patronizing Mrs. Lincoln at evening parties. She could not bear them! "We," she wrote, "are fighting for Union, and all they want is to see the Rebels humiliated!" She was not just, but she was aggressively human. There was Ben in the cavalry and Geordie in the Navy, and her husband a chaplain. "I hope never to hear the name of Massachusetts again when this ordeal is over. . . ." The Yankees had shoved the nation into this hell, she decided, and now they were sniffing at the Westerners who did most of the fighting! The rise of Grant and Sherman was a victory for the West. Mrs. Dix died just after General Grant was nominated at Chicago, but she possibly died in a state of revengeful content. Grant would show 'em!

Something, too, of this resentment was working in the mind of Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna on July 3, 1868. He wrote:

Dear Cap: Lillian just remembered to tell us that you brought those firecrackers for the best baby in Ohio. Dan says to tell you that you are a gentleman. Mr. Rhodes was just putting up a high fence at dinner. He does not want to see Pendleton nominated against Grant. I hope they—"the Democratic Party"—put up somebody from Mass. or New York, so we can all turn out and lick him. I am awfully sorry about the sheep.

M. A. HANNA.

This autograph is here and there mysterious, unless Lillian Hanna Baldwin remembers who Cap was, among her brother's friends, and why he was sorry about the sheep. The second sentence is mendacity. Master Daniel Rhodes Hanna said nothing of the kind. He was only eighteen months old. The rest is simple. Mr. Daniel Rhodes has been bluffing at dinner about wanting to see the Democrats nominate General George Pendleton, of Ohio, against General Ulysses Grant, of Ohio. Mr. Rhodes as a sound financier really wants nothing less. General Pendleton's faction of the Democratic Party is the "soft-money set" which wants to pay the Government's debts in greenbacks, the inconvertible paper currency born in 1862, by necessity, and now crumpled everywhere in cash drawers and pockets. Mr. Hanna, whose son is the best baby in Ohio, hopes that the Democracy will put up a ghastly Easterner, so that the state's loyalty will not be divided between two native heroes.

Mr. Hanna had learned more of finance since 1865. A little after his marriage the oil fever took him and he built a refinery for petroleum. Then he made himself responsible to the firm of Robert Hanna & Co. for the building of the Lac La Belle, the swiftest and smartest of Lake steamers, throwing his own money into the venture. But the refinery burned, as his wife's father had been saying it would, and the Lac La Belle sank. One morning in 1867, Mr. Hanna, just convalescent from typhoid fever, found himself a pauper.

Mr. Daniel Rhodes pretended to be amused and

Opening of the Centennial Year at Philadelphia: Raising the Old Colonial Flag on Independence Hall

pleased when his daughter brought her son and husband meekly home. The old humorist teased Marcus Alonzo viciously, and planned to make use of him. In the meantime, a wonderful English perambulator bloomed on Franklin Avenue. Master Daniel Rhodes Hanna was the most eminent baby on the rich street. His grandfather affected no concern with the perambulator or its contents. But in March, when young Charles Nolan was sent from New York to get Mr. Rhodes' important signature to a contract for pig iron, he had to wait three days, until he tired of the furniture in the office of Rhodes, Card & Co. and invaded Franklin Avenue. Mr. Rhodes came down from the nursery, signed his name four times, and went up to resume his studies of croup. The messenger talked for an hour with his son-in-law, and did not catch the man's name. Yet, in 1888, a burly person, whose whiskers were now mere strips close to his ears, stared at him in a hotel at Chicago and then shouted, "Hi, Mr. Nolan!" Mr. Hanna had remembered an agreeable caller for twenty-one years.

This memory and his other capabilities were put to use in April of 1867, when the renovated firm of Rhodes & Co. was announced, with George Warmington, Robert Rhodes and Marcus Hanna as partners. Mr. Daniel Rhodes retired. His son and son-in-law were to assume all his side of the business. Thus Mark Hanna shifted from wholesale groceries to dealing in soft coal and pig iron. He was almost thirty. For the remainder of his life as a business man he was to be Mr. Hanna of Rhodes & Co., until the famous firm became M. A. Hanna & Co.

FROM A PAINTING BY CHAPPEL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, JOHNSON, FRY & CO., N. Y. C.

Schuyler Colfax

COURTESY OF THE MACMILLAN CO. COPYRIGHT 1916

Mark Hanna About 1871

As Mr. Hanna of Rhodes & Co. he learned just a little of international finance before General Grant was nominated in 1868. The Canadians who dealt with the firm had no patience with American paper currency; it was accepted at thirty-nine or forty cents for a dollar in the Canadian ports. So Mr. Hanna understood what General James Garfield, of Ohio, was talking about in his fine address to Congress on May 15, 1868. "We are cut off from the money currents of the world. Our currency resembles rather the waters of an artificial lake," General Garfield said, "which lie in stagnation or rise to full banks at the caprice of the gatekeeper. Gold and silver abhor a depreciated paper money and will not keep company with it. If our currency be more abundant than business demands, not a dollar of it can go abroad; if deficient, not a dollar of gold will come in to supply the lack. There is no legislation on earth wise enough to adjust such a currency to the wants of the country."

This made sense to Mr. Hanna, but it was idiotic gabble to farmers and small editors all through the country. They were used to the greenback. A sentiment had gathered on Lincoln's paper currency. This was good money. Of course the Government could pay its debts in greenbacks, and of course the Europeans should accept them! Anyhow, it was the capitalists of State Street and Wall Street who wanted the Government to redeem its bonds in gold, and who owed bills payable in gold to Europe. An orator named Chidsey settled the matter comfortably in Southern Illinois one day: "If Europe wants none of our greenbacks, we can blow them on Europe from the cannon's mouth!" That arranged everything, and it would still be an applauded manner of settling debts in Europe by the mouths of orators in 1896.

The American connection with European affairs had been so shaken between 1861 and 1868 that such attitudes passed without amusing anybody. Our period of mental isolation had begun. Before 1860, through literary influences, the American had become more conscious of Europe, as distinct from England. Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor and a quantity of lecturers who had seen the tower at Pisa leaning and examined Napoleon's tomb, pushed this perception along. But the war had cut short the drift toward an alliance of cultivations. The American was now just what Mr. Lewis Mumford calls him in The Golden Day, "a stripped European," and he was proud of it, by jing! His state of mind did him undeniable good, and harm. He was unable to see, while he talked of his exports and his trade with Europe in tones that were scarcely modest, that this liaison carried him into the world's financial pool. He could not be made to see it until 1896, and even after that crisis, some of him did not want to see it.

In this situation of 1868 the pleasing General Pendleton rose as a real expression of the national isolation. He was dangerous because he was wholly sincere. Nobody could make him understand that fiat money—a money not convertible to gold and silver—was a menace to American commerce. He towered as the presumptive candidate on July 4, 1868, when the delegates convened in Tammany Hall. But Tammany Hall was adjacent to the offices of many smart men. An amusing and complicated intrigue lasted for some days. Then the nomination passed to Mr. Horatio Seymour, of New York. The farmers deserted the Democratic candidate by regiments to vote for Grant. Next March, as per prophetic schedule, the first of Mr. Hawthorne's "bullet-headed generals" entered the White House.

II

A SOCIETY of neurotics waited to welcome Ulysses Grant as President of the United States. Many of the sufferers were soldiers who had served under the silent general, and others had caught malaria in the Virginia marshes with McClellan. For four years their nerves had been kept at a certain palpitating pitch, and now they drank deeply and gamed high to keep themselves at the tension to which they had grown used along the Potomac. Some of them alarmed ladies at dinners by twitchings and bursts of tearfulness over nothing. The phrase "shell shock" was not invented. One member of Congress always left the chamber when the Battle of Gettysburg was mentioned, and another was afraid to be alone in the dark. Nothing seemed outwardly amiss with the whiskered men drinking champagne and gin cocktails in Willard's Hotel or at the St. Nicholas in New York. They wore their loose jackets with velvet collars smartly and kept rosebuds in their coats, in the manner of the Duc de Morny. Their grandsons, after 1919, were just as good companions, with the whole vocabulary of psychiatric excuse to explain themselves. It was simply the pay day of a vast military exploit. Only, in the latter 60's, men were not supposed to have nerves, and there was no talk about neuroses.

PAINTED BY ALONZO CHAPPEL FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE JOHNSON, FRY & CO., PUBLISHERS, N. Y. C.

General George B. McClellan

Anything for a thrill, though! They turned to ferocious amusements of finance and legislation, and laughed in Congress when James Blaine told Roscoe Conkling that he was a dunghill, a singed cat, a whining puppy and some other things. Their taste in oratory had been formed by the sickening, rhythmic vituperations that preceded the war, and their logic had not been increased by fifty months of subjection to mere command. It did not annoy them to hear Lincoln and "the dead of a thousand fields" summoned up against a bill to deflate the currency, and they did not mind—it was exciting!—if some orator asked God to strike the Postmaster-General dead for not giving somebody's pet orderly a job in Iowa. Something must amuse

(Continued on Page 184)

PHOTO BY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

General Ulysses S. Grant

The Million-Pound Deposit

"It Will Just Arrive. You Will Have No Power to Avert it. You Will Get From Me What You Deserve"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VI

I DO wish," Dutley said peevishly, in the course of one of the dances at the Embassy an hour or so later, "that that fellow De Brest wouldn't keep on staring at you, Lucille. I call him jolly rude. He's only danced once with anyone else of the party, does nothing but drink champagne and ogle you. Yet you tell me these foreigners have manners."

She drew a little back from his arms to laugh at him.

"You silly boy!" she scolded. "I'm very sorry for Sigismund de Brest. Can't you see that he's hopelessly in love with me, and that your return from the East unmauled by any wild animal is a terrible blow to him?"

Dutley brought the dance to an abrupt conclusion. Afterward he realized that his behavior had been childish, but the undernote of suspense with which he had started the evening every now and then asserted itself.

"Tired?" Lucille asked, a little mockingly.

"Perhaps I am," he admitted. "Anyway, there's an awful crowd, isn't there? And I'd rather talk."

They reached their table. The Baron de Brest was already on his feet. He bent down toward Lucille.

"May I finish this?" he begged in a half whisper.

She hesitated. The music was intriguing, the situation not without its appeal. There had been an undercurrent of resentment all the time in her mind against Dutley's prolonged absence, which was not yet fully dissipated, and De Brest, during the past few months, had been her very faithful and assiduous companion. It was scarcely playing the game to drop him too suddenly. She smiled assent and turned back into the room again, eagerly followed by her new partner. Dutley watched them for a moment with a queer expression on his face. Then he resumed his seat.

"Who is that Dutchman anyway?" he asked Ronnie.

"A new financial star," the young man replied. "For a fellow of his age he's rather a marvel. He owns a bank in Amsterdam. He has offices in Berlin, Paris and here, and he's at the back of half a dozen companies who do your stunt. They say that he made a million before he was twenty-five."

"Give me some champagne," Dutley begged. "I don't like him. I shouldn't be surprised if I told him so before long."

"What's the fellow done? You couldn't mind his dancing with Lucille. It was you who gave up."

Dutley pulled himself together.

"You're right, Ronnie," he admitted. "I'm very nearly making an ass of myself. Still, he annoyed me during dinner—couldn't keep his eyes off Lucille."

"Lucille," Ronnie remarked, lighting a cigarette, "although I say it who am her brother, is very good-looking."

"So he's been hanging round, has he?"

The young man nodded. "No use denying it, Charles. If it hadn't been for you I expect he'd have had a shot with Lucille before now."

"What about her?"

"Oh, she's all right. Lucille flirts a bit, of course—all girls do nowadays—especially if they have a lover who goes off big-game shooting half the year—but she's all right. She's never encouraged the fellow beyond making use of him for dances and that. A girl must have someone to take her round, you know. Here they come."

Lucille and her partner made an unexpectedly early return.

"We can't move," Lucille explained. "The music's lovely, but it's like dancing on a tablecloth. A peer of the realm has trodden on my toe and I have felt the mustache of a Guardsman against my cheek. I thought it was time to retire."

"Let us go where there is more room," De Brest suggested. "What about the Kentucky?"

Everyone agreed. The party moved toward the doorway.

"I have my car here," De Brest ventured, leaning hopefully toward Lucille.

"So have I, as it happens," Dutley observed quietly. "I'll take you, Lucille, if you don't mind. With De Brest's car, there'll be plenty of room for everyone."

Lucille laughed as she leaned back in a corner of the limousine.

"I don't think you like the Baron de Brest, Charles."

"I loathe the brute," was the frank reply. "If he'd behave like an ordinary human being or an ordinary Anglo-Saxon, when he's asked out to a party, I wouldn't mind. As it is, he never takes his eyes off you and hasn't the common decency to dance with either of the other two girls. He knows that we are engaged, I suppose?"

"Of course he does."

"Then, if he goes on behaving like this, he's asking for trouble."

He drew her toward him. She yielded unresistingly, but without fervor.

"You've neglected me for a long time, Charles," she reminded him.

"For too long?" he asked tersely.

Her lips met his then with a little more feeling. A moment later, however, she pushed him back.

"No, I don't say that," she replied, "but you must have some patience. You can't come home after nine months of amusement and sweep everyone else off the board."

"I see," he murmured. "What you mean is that you've been amusing yourself too."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Not with Sigismund de Brest particularly. You didn't expect me to go through the season without attention, I suppose?"

"Of course I didn't. It's only that Dutch fellow I object to. Anyhow, we're going to wipe him out."

"Are we?" Lucille murmured.

"You can't mean to tell me that you like the fellow?" he demanded.

She deliberated for a moment. "I am not sure whether I like or dislike him. In a way he is attractive, and he's certainly good-looking. Then, he must be awfully clever."

"Must he?"

"To be a successful banker at his age needs brains, doesn't it?"

"Of a certain type," he conceded. "Oh, let's forget the fellow!"

He drew her closer to him once more. Outside the Kentucky, she sat for a moment in the car, looking into her mirror and touching up her lips.

"You're terribly rough, Charles," she complained.

"You're so wickedly intriguing," he apologized.

They danced almost as they entered the room. The others found a table and occupied themselves with the usual tiresome deliberation as to what one could eat. When the music stopped, Dutley drew his companion to one side and led her to the little bar. She climbed willingly onto a stool.

"Lucille dear," he confided, "I'm afraid I haven't got the party spirit tonight. That fellow has got on my nerves. Let's sit here for a few minutes."

"I should love to," she rejoined. "We'll drink champagne cocktails from a real bottle of champagne, and you can hold my hand. You will soon feel better."

"The cure," he assured her, "has commenced already."

They sat together for twenty minutes, and by degrees the little barriers of nervous irritation which had crept up between the two disappeared. They were seated arm in arm when presently, just as the strains of a peculiarly seductive waltz crept into the room, De Brest appeared.

"We are all deserted," he complained, bowing. "May I have the pleasure, Miss Bessiter?"

"Miss Bessiter is not dancing for the present," Dutley interposed quickly.

She nodded confirmation, smiling at her would-be partner, however, very graciously. He bowed.

"I will wait then."

"Yes, and you'll wait a long time," Dutley muttered, as he watched the tall, retreating form. "What does he think I've come back for—to look on while he dances with you?"

"Don't be an idiot!" she laughed. "You can't really wonder at his not taking our engagement too seriously. I don't suppose he's ever seen me alone with you in his life."

"I'll teach him to take it seriously," Dutley observed, making signs to the barman. "I don't think one more champagne cocktail would hurt us."

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I hope I'm not doing much tomorrow!"

"I am," he groaned. "I am seeing old Sir Matthew at eight o'clock."

"I can't see why they bother you," she reflected, tapping a cigarette end upon the counter. "It isn't as though you knew anything about the business."

"I don't," he admitted, "but I'm still supposed to be the head of the concern. I wish I weren't. I think I shall resign after we're married. I couldn't stand the sight of another table heaped up with letters as mine is at the present moment."

"Even an idle millionaire has his responsibilities"

"Well, I may not be a millionaire before long. Should you care much? I don't think I should."

"I like money," she confessed frankly, "and I don't see how you're ever going to help being a millionaire. When one mentions the name of Boothroyd, everyone shivers with excitement. You've got such a marvelous man there, too, at the head of things—old Sir Matthew Parkinson. I never saw such a wonderful representation of Croesus as his portrait in this year's Academy."

"Sir Matthew is a shrewd fellow," Dutley agreed. . . . "Oh, confound it!"

De Brest, his hair smoother than ever, his smile more intense, his bow the studious effort of a courtier, presented himself for the second time. Dutley scowled at him, unmoved.

"I make once more my request," he announced. "Miss Bessiter will not remain unkind all the evening."

Afterward Dutley marveled at himself. He was a long-suffering man, and the occasions upon which he had lost his temper during his life had been few. He had had large numbers of natives under his control, and a great many white men, who were trying enough at times to look after; he had kept cool in critical moments, and put up with all sorts of disappointments and hardships without grumbling. He had a reputation among his friends for imperturbability, and yet, on what was really very slight provocation, there is no doubt that during the next few seconds he completely lost command of himself.

"Oh, do leave us alone," he begged angrily "Why do you keep on butting in?"

There was a moment's silence. Lucille was astonished. The young man went paler than ever.

"Do you hear what I say?" Dutley demanded, sliding from his stool. "Go back to the others and leave us alone. Can't you understand that you're a nuisance?"

"You are very rude," De Brest said, with rising truculence.

"If I am, what are you going to do about it?" was the prompt retort.

Dutley was standing now clear of the counter, facing the intruder, than whom he was two or three inches shorter. Perhaps it was not De Brest's intention really to strike a blow, but he certainly moved a little forward, his head lowered, his fists clenched, and a very ugly expression upon his face. Dutley, who was nothing if not quick, and who had just come back from an expedition where a scrap was nearly a daily occurrence, lunged forward, his fist landing squarely upon De Brest's jaw. The floor was slippery, and De Brest went over, clutching wildly at the air. He half saved himself, but finally lost his balance completely. Dutley stood over him and held out his hand to assist him to arise.

"I'm sorry," he apologized

(Continued on Page 60

"That's the Fellow I Knocked Down at the Kentucky Club," Dutley Exclaimed

YESTER THOUGHTS

By Edith Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE house manager of the San Francisco Golden Gate Theater ran his eye critically over the printer's proof of his opening program:

THE FORD FAMILY
Aristocrats of the Sawdust Ring

TRIXIE SISTERS
In "Old Songs and New"

Al, Lou and Dave Gordon Present
The International Film Star
APRIL CAPRICE
(In person)
in
"Retribution"
A One-act Comedy Melodrama
By Ed Edwin
Miss Caprice is supported by Porter Meredith and Thais Johns

BIRDIE MAY
"The Kid Herself"

MARCELL LAMONT AND ART CLAIRE
in
"Yester Thoughts"

[10 Minute Intermission]

The Visual News of the World

THE COEDS
Speed, Style and Steps

PIETRO
Wizard of the Strings

JEWELL DODY
Vaudeville's Sweetheart
In Her Return Appearance

BERT CONNELLY
"Our Own Nut Wonder"
In a Riot of Fun, Speed and Thrills

GEORGE LEWIS
And His Greater Orchestra
Unique, Extraordinary, Preëminent

"There's going to be some fighting over spots," the manager chuckled, "with all those headliners on the bill. But we got to have a good strong bill for the opening."

On various trains—just leaving the Grand Central, stopping over six hours in Chicago, crossing the Great Salt Lake, pulling into Sacramento—the lucky headliners were making their way, eager to start the new season that would bring them more laurels. Before the end of the tour they would be tired of the profession and ready to walk right in to Max Gordon and tell him they were quitting cold, but after a summer of taking it easy in their homes in Freeport, back on the farm, or at their apartment in New York City they were ready for the battle, curious to know who would be opening with them, their positions on the bill, eager to pass judgment on the new acts.

"I saw old lady Ford and her two girls in the parlor car, hon; so it looks like I open with the horses," Bert Connelly confided dismally to Jewell Dody, his missus, who was booked with him as far as Denver. Last season one of the famous white horses had given Bert a neat kick in the shins while he was having an innocent little argument with the stage manager, who, he claimed, ought to know a fellow couldn't do his act right with horses kicking the drops behind him.

"Well, don't worry, Bert; maybe they'll be at the Hillside, or maybe first on the bill," Jewell comforted.

"No such luck," Bert insisted dolorously. "If it isn't a swimming tank going up with a lot a banging, it's seals squawkin' around, or horses. Why is it I always draw the dumb acts followin' me?"

"Guess who else is on the train," Jewell said, and Bert quickly forgot the horses. "Marcell Lamont and Art Claire."

"No!"

"Yeh, I ran into Art in the diner. He said Marcell has a drawing-room and is havin' all her meals in it."

"She would," was Bert's disgusted comment.

"Can you imagine, Bert, all the way to San Francisco? Must 'a' cost a hundred dollars, don't you think?"

But Bert was lost in sad thoughts. He shook his head now, pondering.

"I can't never make out why he ditched a great girl like Birdie for Marcell," he said sadly.

"Me neither, Bert," Jewell agreed. "Gee, will you ever forget how blue she was when she came to Rest Haven last summer? She says to me, 'Jewell,' she says, 'why is it some people have all the luck and others have all the heartaches?' She says, 'How is it you could get a man like Bert—a gentleman if ever there was one—while I had to draw a bum like Art?'"

Bert smiled, well pleased.

"I always liked Birdie," he conceded generously.

"Aw, Marcell, Don't be Foolish," Was All Art Said. But He Brushed Her Hair, and Rubbed in the Scalp Medicine Besides

"I tell you, Bert, I could cry when I think of it, she was that blue. And her having to perform twice a day, with her heart breaking over him all the time. It made me think of that sad picture we saw in Jamaica—Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Bert became self-righteous: "Believe me, if I get a chance, I'm goin' to tell him a thing or so."

Jewell sat on this resolution quickly: "You'll do no such thing, Bert Connelly. You can't monkey in Art's affairs. It's none of your business, is it, if Art Claire wants to be a sap? Don't you be startin' anything."

"Who said I was goin' to start anything?" Bert asked with some belligerence. "I only said if he makes any cracks at me, I'll tell him."

"Why should he make cracks at you, I'd like to know?"

"I'm only sayin' if he does, ain't I?"

"You keep out of it, that's all I say."

"Listen, Jewell, don't be tellin' me to mind my business." Bert held up a solemn warning hand, which meant her own cracks had gone far enough. "I got my back hair, ain't I?"

"Well, you keep out of it," Jewell persisted, to show him she meant it.

"I'll keep out of it all right," Bert said stubbornly, "but let him open ——"

Fortunately for him, Jewell talked on his last remark and it was lost: "He says they got a swell new ack."

"Yeh?" Bert quickly forgot his animosity. "What?"

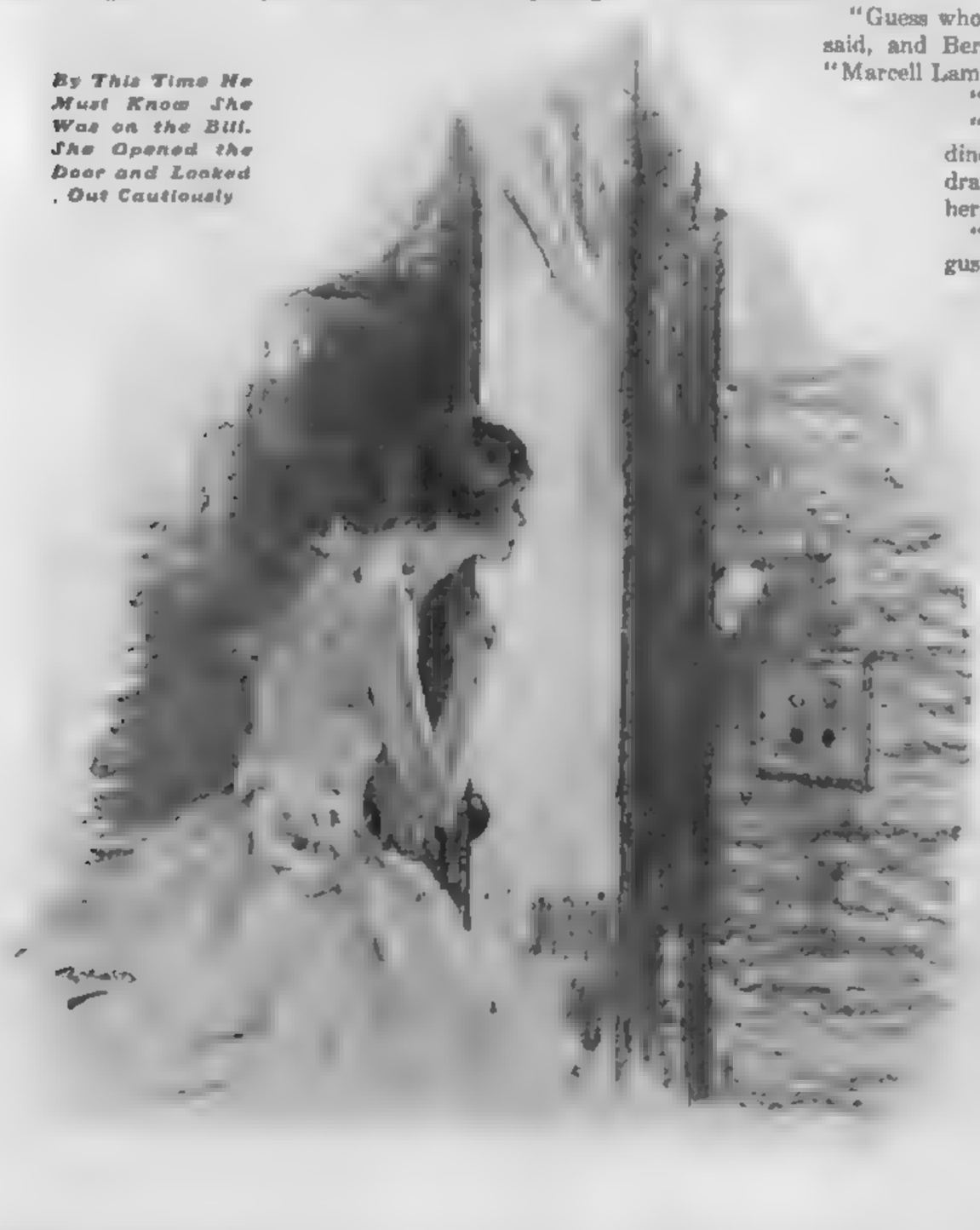
"Yester Thoughts, they call it."

"Yester Thoughts? What does it mean?"

"Well, Yester is yesterday and ——"

"Oh, yeh, I know now. Fanny and Jack Martin done a ack called Memories of Yester Year."

"Well, it's kinda like theirs, only funny. They begin all dressed up in classy modern clothes, see, like a flapper and a college boy ——"



By This Time He Must Know She Was on the Bill. She Opened the Door and Looked Out Cautiously

"I see Art a college boy, with them whisky rings under his eyes," Bert said sarcastically.

"And doin' a nifty patter, like two young folks," Jewell continued, disregarding the interruption. "He said Edgar Allen Wolf charged them a thousand dollars for writing it. After the patter, they go into a dance—comedy, Bert, like the kids dance nowadays, fallin' all over each other like—and after that they make a quick change, right on the stage ——"

"And flash back?" Bert had it ready proudly.

"Yeh, doin' the same thing like it was back in the days when girls wore Merry Widows and the men wore tight pants and they talk just like they used to then; funny things like 'Go away back and sit down' and things like that."

"Some people say that now," was Bert's unenthusiastic comment.

"Well, they sing real old songs like After the Ball, and dance stifflike, the way they did. And they keep goin' back, gettin' funnier all the time."

"What's their finish?" Bert asked skeptically.

"They got a great finish. They're underdressed, see, and the last thing they pull off nearly everything, and Art has on little short pants with ruffles like girls' and she has on a man's coat and derby, and they do a comedy finish."

"Like it will be," Bert supplied, "a hundred years from now."

"Yeh. It sounds good, don't it?"

"Sounds all right," Bert admitted grudgingly.

"You know what Art says to me, Bert?"

"Am I a mind reader?"

"He says, after he told me all about the ack, kinda bitter-like, Bert, he says, 'Well, it's better than playing straight for a comic all your life.' Kinda like he was sore on Birdie 'cause he was her straight."

Bert, being a comic himself, understood this.

"Well, I wouldn't like to feed anybody myself," he conceded. "You don't never get credit for it." After a little pondering, he said, "You know, Jewell, that might 'a' been the trouble between him and Birdie. You know, Birdie ain't partin' with any laughs for anybody."

"And why should she?" Jewell took up the defense of her sex loyally. "It was her ack, wasn't it? Art was only a basso horn player when she give him a chance."

"Well, what of it?" Bert asked indignantly. "A basso horn player's got a heart as well as anybody."

With which generous remark Bert got up to go and find Art, thinking maybe they could kill time to Salt Lake City with a round or two. Maybe Art wasn't such a bum after all. Bert remembered the acute suffering of the old days when he played straights for Mabel Wilson, and how she would give him the devil every time he'd put in any little thing that would improve the ack and get a laugh.

They had been playing poker for some time before Bert disobeyed the injunctions of the missus. But in the meantime he and Art had become quite friendly and found out they had like opinions of several performers they knew who thought they were a one-man bill by themselves; so Bert took advantage of their friendly state by remarking casually:

"Jewell tell you Birdie was down to see us last summer, Art?"

"No, she didn't say anything about it." Art passed it off crisply. "Your deal, Bert."

Bert dealt, talking carelessly, "Yeh, she came down for a few days. She didn't look so well, I thought."

Art was apparently indifferent to the state of Birdie's health, for he did not reply.

Bert went on, regardless: "No, she didn't look so well, Art. She had a nervous breakdown every night she was there. I and Jewell was worried about her. I told her she was workin' too hard. Whadda you think?"

"Yeh," was Art's contribution.

After a little while Bert started on a new attack: "You know, Art, I got an apology to make to you."

"Yeh?" Art looked up, flattered.

"Well, I don't mind tellin' you, Art, since you're a pal a mine, that I thought you was a pretty lowdown bum awhile back. Me and Jewell both. But I sure am sorry I ever felt like that, because I realize now I was all wrong."

Art's curiosity got the best of him: "How do you mean, Bert?"

"Well, after I talked to Birdie I realized my mistake. She put me wise."

"Wise about what?" Art was suddenly suspicious.

"Well, she told me the truth about you and she—that's all, Art. 'S why I realized I had made a mistake thinkin' it was your fault." Art played the wrong card.

"Is that what she said—it wasn't my fault?"

"Sure, it was. She said to me one day when we was walkin' in the woods together, pickin' flowers. . . . Say, you wasn't down, was you, Art? You should 'a' seen how beautiful it was down there, with the trees and all. Birdie went crazy about it."

"What was it she said, Bert?"

"Well, she says to me, sadlike—only I don't know if I should tell you or not. Maybe Birdie wouldn't want me to."

"All right, don't then." Art said somewhat crossly, which was not what Bert had counted upon.

"Well, as long as you and she don't mean a lot to each other, I guess it's all right, Art," he placated. "She says to me, 'Bert, I only wish I had had your sense.'"

Art looked up sharply at this, as though he doubted this important ingredient in Bert's composition.

"She says, 'If I had had your sense, Bert, Art and me would never 'a' parted.' She says, 'If I had gave Art an even break, maybe I and he might 'a' had a little home like this, instead of a lonely room in the Langwell.'"

"What did she mean—an even break?"

"Don't ask me, Art; she didn't tell me. And a course I wouldn't ast her. I wouldn't pry in where it's none a my business. I don't believe in it."

"Maybe she meant about the ack."

"No, I don't think so, Art. I don't remember her sayin' a word about the ack."

"Well, it must 'a' bin, because we got along about everything else." Bert appeared to be skeptical, so he explained: "She wanted to keep me playin' straights to her all the time and I got sick of it."

"Well, I don't blame you for that, Art. I know how it is. I used to play straight to Mabel Wilson."

"You did?" *(Continued on Page 125*

"Yeh, I Should Go to Birdie," She Said Sarcastically. "Any Time You Catch Me Butting In Anybody's Affairs. I Thought You Had More Sense"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 27, 1929

Academic Vagaries

AS A RULE, college professors enjoy a security of position unknown in most other walks of life. Yet an occasional faculty shake-up does occur and the peaceful shades are shattered for a time. It may be only one professor who incurs the wrath of president and trustees, or several may be asked to leave for identical or similar reasons. Usually a considerable outcry arises, and does not subside at once. Academic freedom is precious, and professors the country over guard it jealously. Naturally, each case must be judged on its merits. There have been cases of persecution because of the views expressed by teachers; but then, too, there have been not a few instances where presidents and trustees could be described accurately as more than long-suffering.

Men and women in all walks of life are under obligation to teachers for their intelligence, devotion and inspiration. But professors are not a sacrosanct class. They have their weaklings, misfits, ignoramuses and irresponsibles. Not all school-teachers or even professors are persons of superlative ability, special fitness or even devotion. As a whole, the profession makes a good showing. Probably the number of professors who make fools of themselves is no larger than the number of lawyers or bankers who prove to be knaves. Now and then even a judge or a governor is impeached.

But professors meet with difficulties for reasons quite other than those which prove the undoing of weak lawyers and bankers. In the one case temptations are intellectual, in the other pecuniary. Academic vagaries concern theories, lectures, ideas, questionnaires, articles, speeches, and the like. The undesirable professor does not embezzle or misappropriate trust funds; he makes a silly ass of himself. He does not run away with a client's money; he lets a fool idea run away with him.

It is said that professors would be more competent and responsible if paid larger salaries. Probably the general scale of salaries is too low. College presidents and trustees do not seem to make the same effort in securing funds for larger salaries that they show in persuading rich men to give new buildings. People in general are too complaisant toward the underpay of the teaching profession. But the condition is hard and is slow to change.

Many drift into teaching along the line of least resistance, as the easiest way to earn a living. The salary of a beginner in this profession compares well with other lines, and it is only later on that the contrasts appear. To many it represents the most accessible path to a modest living. Though no large rewards are to be expected in after years, the degree of security of tenure keeps in many misfits.

Thus deans, presidents and trustees are handicapped, much as are government officials, in the weeding out of incompetent personnel. There is blame on both sides. College professors, from the nature of their work, are individualistic and sensitive of their importance and functions; administrative officers, intent upon the glory of the institution, may ride roughshod over individual pride. Professors, on the other hand, too often show a contempt for the necessary administrative functions, and even in a few instances seek to embarrass them. There is a type of professor who attempts to be as silly, sensational and shocking as possible.

It is no wonder that presidents and trustees lose their patience now and then. In those rare instances when this patience does end, the public must not conclude rashly that the professor is a victim of narrow persecution or bigotry. It may be a case where fools can be suffered gladly no longer.

Confidence

BUSINESS men commonly say that confidence lies at the base of prosperity. But it does more than that; confidence is essential to any sort of human coöperation. Commerce would be impossible without it and industry would dwindle to small proportions if devoid of faith and trust. But what is confidence? Of what does it consist? It is a feeling of trust in or reliance upon another person or thing. One may have confidence in a principle or cause; more often there is belief in a person or persons. Credit rests upon faith in persons as well as in principles. Whatever qualities of suspicion, hardness or distrust a business man may show, it is difficult for him to trade at all unless he places trust in many persons.

A personal factor in bringing about business confidence has been the long service as Secretary of the Treasury of Mr. Mellon. This position has been one of prime importance since the founding of the Government, but its magnitude and consequence have multiplied with the years and with the rise of a financial civilization. Bankers, and business men in turn, are very sensitive to the competence and attitude of the Secretary of the Treasury, and in a way take their cue from his lead.

Mr. Mellon has, during his long incumbency of office, been by no means free from attack. He has been criticized for the way prohibition is administered, for the way income taxes are collected, for the fact that he is wealthy and because he presumably owns stock in large corporations. The attack has been long continued and has never let up for long. His critics are always at his heels, but they never have been able to close in.

Now this is all very interesting. It is said often enough that rich men are not wanted in public office and are not available for one reason or another. But Mr. Mellon is without question a very rich man, and he has served year after year. The striking thing is that he has gone on calmly doing his work, quietly, serenely and but little disturbed, as far as the public could see, by all the attacks on him. Certainly misconstruction of motive, unpleasant though it may be, has not hindered him in his work to any substantial degree.

German Farm Relief

A SHORT time ago the German Reichstag indulged in an open debate on farm relief. Not long since we commented in these columns on the increase of farm debt in Germany. It is regrettable that details of the recent parliamentary debate on farm distress and farm relief in Germany cannot be made available to American farmers, since it is important for farmers in surplus-producing countries to realize that farmers in deficiency countries also face difficulties which they regard as critical.

German landowners are seeking, and apparently will secure, national legislation for credit comparable to that already enjoyed by American farmers. The request of the powerful Socialist party for establishment of a state monopoly on grain, which would control both domestic and imported supplies, did not result in parliamentary action—not on account of opposition by producers especially, but because of the conviction that the experiences with breadgrain control in Norway and Switzerland have not been such as to arouse expectations of success in Germany. The tariff came in for an extended debate, especially in application to sugar. The reconstruction of the eastern boundary of Germany, as a result of the war, transferred to Poland a considerable acreage in Posen that previously contributed substantial sugar production for Germany. Perhaps it is not too much to say that on account of loss of territory, Germany, a sugar-export state, became a sugar-import state. The proposed tariff legislation would protect German beet growers and at the same time entail control upon the retail price of sugar, thus safeguarding the interests of consumers.

The parliamentary debates on agriculture in the German Reichstag would seem to leave little doubt that it is to be the policy of Germany to produce as large a proportion of her food supply as practicable.

Mr. Howe's Plain People

MR. E. W. HOWE'S new volume, Plain People, which was published serially in these columns last year, is more than a mere personal narrative, more than a mere chronicle of the fortunes of a Middle Western family. It is an almost photographic record of homely and typical American life during the years in which America was coming of age. It bridges the gap between the era of the covered wagon and the era of the automobile.

In all the world's history there is no story more remarkable than that of the American pioneers and the wonders they wrought; and yet it has never been fully told and bodied forth. The historical nearness of its most glowing chapters, the familiarity of its scenes, the drab settings of its stage and the crude simplicity of its chief actors are all factors which have made for the disguise or the concealment of its epic qualities and have led many of us to undervalue the achievements of our forbears; for most of us like our history to be like our musical comedies—sumptuously staged, gorgeously costumed, vivid with color and suffused with a golden haze of unreality.

American history is not like that. It is as rich as any in dramatic situations, in plot and counterplot, in human emotion, in courage, daring, and in all the high qualities that can be stirred together into the stuff of which romance is made; but it is drably lacking in color and brilliancy. Dramas involving struggles with Nature, with the elements, with savages, with poverty and with virgin soil are never costumed after the resplendent models of Broadway. Epics such as ours must have men like Mr. Howe to bring them into our ken. The people Ed Howe writes about are those who have been his neighbors all his life. His outlook upon them is simple and basic, and his writing style is plain and unpretentious.

His pleasant, homely style is not Mr. Howe's only gift. He has also something to write about; and he has been gathering that something ever since he went to work in a printing establishment as a lad of twelve. He is approaching his seventy-sixth year and the mild tang of printer's ink has never long been absent from his nostrils. There seems to be something about printing offices which makes it as impossible for a bright boy to remain in them without absorbing education as it would be for him to jump into the sea without getting wet.

Best of all, Mr. Howe has the one great gift which goes further than any other to make a happy and interesting life: He likes people. Liking people helps him to understand them, to sympathize with them, to appraise their motives, to perceive the miniature dramas going on everywhere about him. Such is the source of his power to write interestingly about the commonplace affairs of commonplace people and to invest them with dignity and human importance.

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

By T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

AMERICAN naval operations in Europe covered a wide area during the greater period of our participation in the World War. Before hostilities ended, approximately 400 naval vessels and 81,000 men were serving in localities scattered from Murmansk in the Arctic to Corfu in the Mediterranean. If to this naval force are added the Naval Overseas Transportation Service, the Cruiser and Transport Force, the Marine Corps and the merchant ships carrying naval guards and navy guns, the total mounts to more than 800 vessels and 200,000 officers and men.

In command of the American naval forces in European waters was Admiral William S. Sims, from whose headquarters in London control and direction of our extensive European operations were exercised. The extent and importance of this duty may be realized from the fact that between April, 1917, and the end of the war the headquarters staff had expanded from two officers—Admiral Sims and an aide—to an organization of 1200 persons functioning in separate divisions devoted to intelligence service, convoy operations, antisubmarine activities, aviation, personnel, communications, material, repairs, ordnance, medicine, plans, legal and scientific questions, and various other responsibilities of the work abroad.

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting and important of these divisions was the American planning section, organized to study the problems confronting our forces, to prepare projects for future operations, and to suggest methods for the practical coöperation of our own naval activities with those of the Allies. In many ways the idea was a new one in naval warfare, though not in industry, and, in the opinion of competent observers, it proved of tremendous value.

The need of a planning section at the London headquarters, where the most comprehensive information was available, was suggested by Admiral Sims shortly after our entry into the war.

A Board of Naval Strategists

WHEN Admiral Mayo, commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet, was sent abroad in August, 1917, to observe conditions, his report verified the need for such an organization. It indicated that the war was being carried on from day to day without a definite policy or comprehensive plans for coördination of Allied effort, and with no definite group of men assigned to the important work of looking forward, or even backward, to discover the causes of success or failure. Still later, Admiral Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, reached the same conclusion after observing conditions abroad, and on November 19, 1917, cabled the Navy Department that satisfactory plans for joint operations could not be developed until a United States planning section had been established in London. Finally, on December twenty-sixth, the section was organized and established at Admiral Sims' headquarters as a part of his staff.

Admiral Benson specified that officers selected for this duty should be fully imbued with our national and naval policies, and the personnel as appointed included the ablest available strategists. All were graduates of the Naval War College at Newport. The original section was composed of Captain Nathan C. Twining, chief of staff to Admiral Sims; Captain Frank H. Schofield, Captain Dudley W. Knox, Captain Harry E. Yarnell, and Colonel R. H. Dunlap of the Marine Corps. Later Captain Luke McNamee of the plans section of the Navy Department exchanged places with Captain Yarnell, and Colonel L. McC. Little succeeded Colonel Dunlap, who was ordered to command a regiment of Marines in France. The officers were relieved from the burden of administrative duties so they could devote their entire attention and energy to the solution of problems of effective naval action.

Shortly after the planning section had convened, the First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty suggested that one member be attached to the staff of the commander of the Dover Patrol, another to the material section and a third to the operations section of the British Admiralty. This, however, did not accord with the American idea of an American planning section, whose members recommended instead that: It work as a unit; all members considering the same subject simultaneously. Its duties be more general than proposed by the First Sea Lord. It be free to consider questions that seemed most urgent to the force commander and to members of the section. It be accorded the privileges of the Admiralty, with complete freedom of action so far as the Admiralty was concerned.

The recommendations were approved by Admiral Sims and put into immediate effect.

A Squadron of Battleships Holding Long-Range Battle Practice

In addition to the duties concerned with the preparation of plans, one or more members of the section attended, with Admiral Sims, all meetings of the Interallied Naval Council. This kept the section informed of the policy and strategy of the Allies and was of inestimable value in the solution of the various problems arising in the course of the war. Members also coöperated freely with the plans division of the British Admiralty, which, incidentally, acquired enhanced importance after the American organization had been completed. Many problems were solved jointly, and where the work was done separately, each kept the other informed of its decisions.

In all, more than seventy recommendations, applying to every phase of the war at sea, were made by the American planning section. From the beginning it urged constantly that the principal naval mission was antisubmarine; that completion of the northern barrage was of primary importance; that there was pressing need for developing and adopting antisubmarine operations, even, if necessary, at some detriment to the convoy system and to the readiness of the Grand Fleet to attack the High Seas Fleet of Germany.

A Survey

ALTHOUGH the British high command seemed reluctant to adopt many of the proposals, the great majority were approved by the British plans division and, in the opinion of naval officers, did much to influence the general campaign.

Among the first problems considered by the planning section was an "estimate of the general naval situation in relation to the war as a whole." Its purpose was partly to familiarize members thoroughly with the existing situation, partly to make a useful contribution toward the prosecution of the war.

After considering at length and in detail the strength, disposition and probable intentions of the opposing forces, and the military and political policies involved, the planning section arrived at and announced its conclusions as to the best methods to be employed. Among the most important methods recommended were the following:

GENERAL

To provide for united action of Allied naval effort, in conformity with the naval missions and irrespective of local situations and special interests.

To unify commands where desirable in certain areas, such as the English Channel and the Adriatic.

To reënforce the Grand Fleet with Japanese battle cruisers.

To reënforce the Grand Fleet with United States battleships if the barrage operations require it, or if thereby troops in Great Britain can be released for service in France.

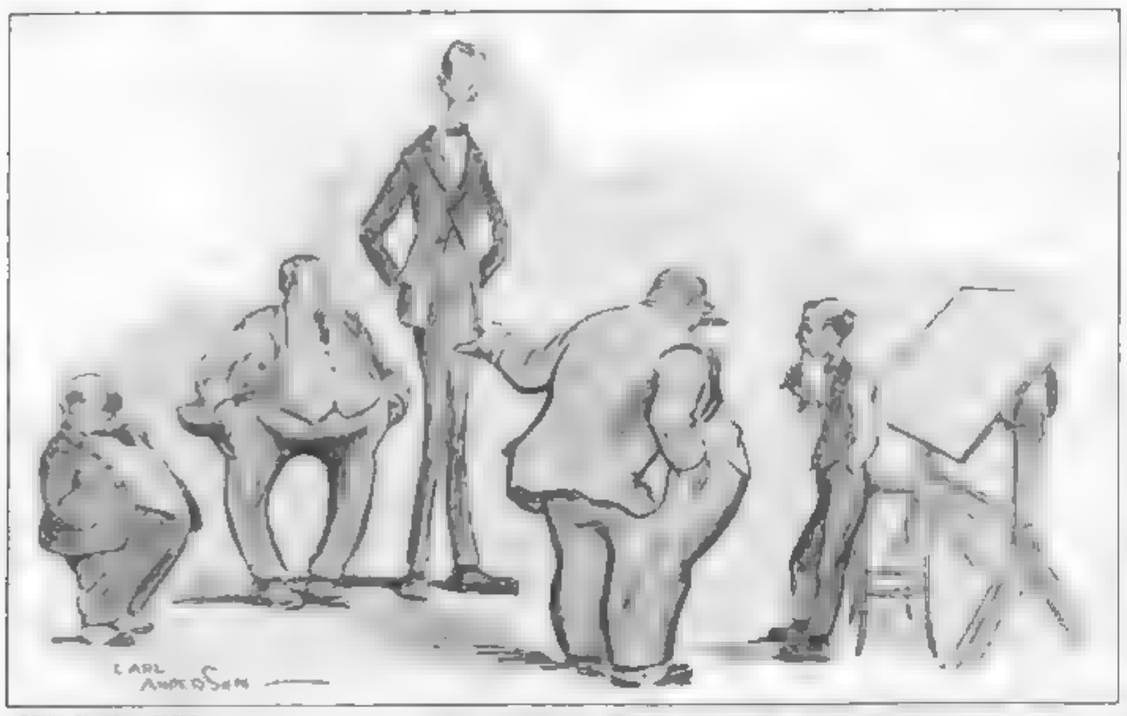
To develop plans for concentrated air attacks on enemy submarine bases in the North Sea and the Adriatic.

ANTISUBMARINE

To devote the maximum possible antisubmarine force to offensive operations.

(Continued on Page 54)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Automobile Manufacturer: "Now I Want You to Design a Small Car That Will Accommodate an Average Group, Such as We Have Gathered Here, Comfortably"

Edwin and Angelina

DOWN beside the rippling streamlet
Angelina dreamed her dreamlet

When, across the grassy lealet,
Edwin came to plead his plealet.

Where the thrushlet tuned his flutelet
Thus the lover urged his suitlet:

"Sweetest flower in all the hamlet,
There, beyond the second damlet,

"In the brooklet's silver armlet
Lies my peaceful little farmlet.

"Every pebblet on the shorelet
Waits to see you pass my doorlet.

"Yours is every barnlet, shedlet,
Potlet, panlet, roomlet, bedlet.

"Yours is every flocklet, herdlet,
Troutlet, froglet, beastlet, birdlet.

"Yours is every housslet, hutlet,
Hidelet, hornlet, choplet, cutlet.

"Every chicklet, ducklet, pullet,
Sheeplet, piglet, cowlet, bullet.

"Are You Homesick, Little Boy?"
"No—it Ain't That, But I Could Put Away a Couple o' More Eclairs!"

"Say you'll bless the gladdest homelet
Under heaven's azure domelet!"

Angelina fetched a sighlet
While a tear begemmed her eyelet;

Twisting up a golden tresslet,
Soft she breathed a bashful "Yeslet."

On the digit of her handlet
Edwin slipped a golden bandlet.

Now she rules the rustic scenelet,
Bridelet, bosslet, wifelet, queenlet.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

"Shame? You Have No Shame! Here I Haven't Slept a Wink All Night and You Come Home With That Old Fairy Tale of Watching at a Rat Hole Until Morning, and Bring That Same Old Scotch Liar to Substantiate It"

"Over Hill, Over Dale"

"NEW YORK calling San Francisco." A string of toll operators from coast to coast stopped chewing their gum and talking about their boy friends. The call must go through. Not in vain had Alexander Bell toiled and pondered in his laboratories. Not in vain had the hardy pioneers trekked their torturous way through the barren Western deserts. Not in vain had an army of linesmen strung three thousand miles of wire from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The call must go through.

(Continued on Page 136)

The Son of the President of the Hicksburg Boosters Club Got Married and Settled in Another Town

"Buy a Balloon, Missis?"

A delicious way to eat the needed vegetables!

I simply can't tell you
How hungry I grow
Just thinking of Campbell's
As homeward I go!

With all the food experts advising you to eat plenty of vegetables, you naturally welcome suggestions for attractive ways to include more of these healthful foods in your meals.

Nothing tempts the appetite like good hot soup. And in Campbell's Vegetable Soup you enjoy fifteen different vegetables —whole, diced or strained. Here is a delightful and easy way to insure your family getting more vegetables.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so hearty and substantial that it makes an ideal luncheon or supper. And it's so convenient. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes!

And it's just as easy and convenient to prepare all the famous Campbell's Soups—21 listed on every label. Let them aid you in giving greater variety and charm to your meals. 12 cents a can.

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

TOMAHAWK RIGHTS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Did You Think, Kemper, That These Shawnees Would Not Observe That You Planned Murder?" Buckner Demanded

XI

DESPITE the thirty-year peace between England and the United States, the allied tribes of the Ohio and Illinois wilderness carried on a war of their own against the encroaching settlers of the latter nation, ceaseless save for a few brief periods of unstable peace. Meanwhile they regarded England as a friend, though no longer as an active ally, and permitted those of British allegiance to prowl through the Indian country.

Desperate criminals, fleeing from justice in the United States, entered the Indian country and posed to the Indians as deserters to the British cause, as if assuming that the two nations were still at war.

Almost a half century of border warfare had developed a breed of men so inured to hardship, constant danger and the free and reckless life of the woods that life in the settlements proved intolerably slow and irksome. The majority of them joined the brotherhood of the border fringe as the frontier was pushed farther and farther into the land of the setting sun. They became perhaps the most useful body of men on successive frontiers.

Others had become so steeped in bloodshed, violence and pillage that they had lost all sense of nationality. Outlawed from the settlements for crimes of violence, which they perpetrated upon those of their own race with as little compunction as formerly they had committed outrages upon the Indians, they took to the wilderness. There they lived in little groups, vicious and depraved beyond all understanding.

As the Indians were pushed on to the West, a new menace took the place of former savage forays. The desperate outcast whites grouped themselves into larger units, some operating as mere pillaging mobs, others as organizations led by chiefs more terrible and bloody minded than any that the red nations had produced, preying upon those of their own race and leaving a trail of blood and desolation in their wake.

For a generation after the close of the Revolution, commerce in the more westerly settlements was almost exclusively a matter of barter and exchange—a trading of surplus commodities for other necessities between individuals and communities. The settlements of Kentucky and Tennessee could be supplied with the merchandise of the East only by means of pack outfits operating through the passes of the Cumberlands from Southern Virginia and the Carolinas and by flatboats coming down the Ohio from Pennsylvania. By the close of the Revolution, pack-train commerce, particularly, was already well established. Shortly thereafter, desirous of opening trade with the Spaniards of the South, communities clubbed together to ship surplus commodities down the Ohio to the Mississippi and down that stream to New Orleans, there to be traded for Spanish merchandise. Thus the clan of the keel boaters came into existence, living a wild, hard life of exceeding toil that either killed or developed physiques of tremendous strength and endurance. A reckless lot, proud of their calling, in which only the most perfect human animals could survive, the keel boaters upheld the traditions of their clan as a fighting, hard-drinking breed. They took their pay largely in liquor and drank it where they found it, enlivening the sprees in their camps by fighting among themselves for no other purpose than that of proving physical superiority.

The pack outfitters were scarcely less rough and fierce, though not making a cult of their toughness as did the brotherhood of the keel boats. Naturally such men were not easily preyed upon, for when attacked by outside enemies they shot and knifed as expertly as they fought with fist and foot for pastime or to determine physical supremacy among themselves. No men were better equipped than the drovers of the pack trains and the crews of the keel boats to defend themselves against the perils of their calling.

Nevertheless, tempted by the prizes to be reaped by plundering such richly laden outfits, the vicious whites, outcasts from the United States, Canada and Spanish and French America, banded together in powerful organizations to prey upon the inland commerce of all nations. These freebooters of the interior were no less bloody and ruthless in their methods than those of their kind who had followed the trade of piracy and floated the black flag on the high seas. With strongholds in the canebrakes of Tennessee, the swamps of Louisiana and Arkansas, and the hills of Missouri as the frontier moved westward, they swooped forth to commit every sort of fiendish depredation known to mankind—murdering, outraging, torturing and terrorizing. They murdered harmless travelers for sheer lust of blood. They terrorized isolated communities into paying tribute in food and horses in return for a precarious immunity.

Hardy and competent as were the men of the pack trains and the keel boats, it became necessary to conduct all such commerce under heavily armed escorts.

In the beginning, before the Indians had been moved beyond the Mississippi, these groups of depraved whites operated with much greater secrecy, garbing themselves as savages so their depredations would be fastened upon the Indians. Among the first such vicious crews to operate as organized bands was one composed of the renegade whites who had congregated near Kemper's post on a stream that flowed to the Wabash.

Buckner's first intimation of the activities of this nefarious crew was derived from piecing together scraps of Shawnee conversation. During the summer a particularly atrocious affair occurred well down the Ohio. Two flatboats, loaded with the families and effects of several settlers, were decoyed ashore and captured. A woodsman, viewing the affair from far off on the Kentucky shore, slipped over to the Indian side later to discover that of the twenty-odd occupants of the boats all had been slain on the spot except two young women. Evidently they had been led into captivity. The news had been common knowledge among the settlements of Kentucky for some time, but the Shawnees had heard nothing of the matter until a war party returned from Kentucky some two months later with several prisoners. One of the latter inquired what tribe had taken the two boats and slaughtered the occupants. Such captures were by no means infrequent, but each instance of the sort was soon known in every detail to all the tribes of the Ohio. The Shawnees told the captive that he must be mistaken. Later a few Delawares, returning along the Ohio from far to the westward, chanced across signs of the outrage and made inquiry of the Shawnees as to what war parties had captured the boats.

Buckner heard all that within a few days after rejoining the Shawnees. A week later a small party of Wyandottes reported having found the remains of two women that had been excavated by wolves from a shallow grave in the forest. Indians seldom, if ever, buried their victims. It

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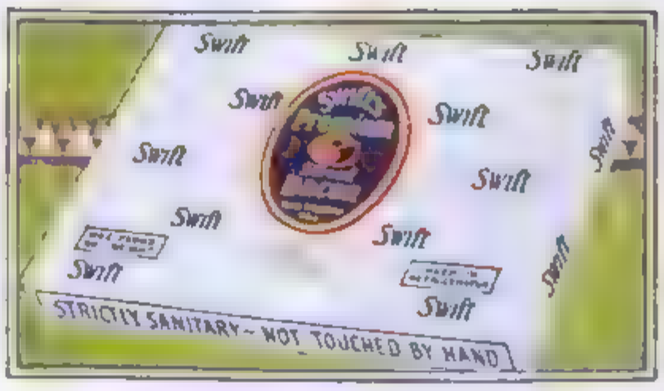
Now, to insure getting that extra goodness of Premium, a *new* identifying mark has been added. The name "Swift" is now branded in dots in the fat, in a rich brown suggestive of broiled ham and bacon. Repeated like the links of a chain down the whole length of Premium Ham or Bacon. Every slice bears some part of it in dots.



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Swift & Company

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was odd, too, that the raiding party had killed all the captives on the spot save two young women. Then, quite suddenly, as if the details had worked themselves into a perfect pattern without any conscious help on his part, Buckner knew that the atrocity had been perpetrated by the renegade whites that headquartered near Kemper's post in the Wabash country. The spot where the wolves had excavated the bodies of the two young women was within a day's march of Kemper's post. No witness had been left alive to testify. It was common knowledge that Kemper incited the savages to plunder flatboats and traded rum to them for the goods secured. What could be easier than for Kemper and his associates to garb themselves as Indians and capture an occasional rich prize on their own account? Bloody monsters, all of them, it was their natural tendency to slay and pillage. But why should they have kept their activities in that line a secret from the Indians? The answer was formulated even before Buckner put that query to himself.

Those men posed as British subjects. Some few of them were. England was at peace with the United States. If men posing as British traders made war against citizens of the rival nation, it would constitute an act of aggression for which England would have to compensate—or rectify by the summary punishment of the offenders. Many of those men in the wilderness of the Wabash were outcasts from the United States, with a price on their heads in case they should return. They had no desire to become embroiled with the British authorities. Their activities, therefore, must be kept secret. Buckner was convinced that the renegades of the Wabash country had been responsible in person for that particular outrage. But his conviction was unsupported by a shred of proof.

Winter was the time of famine among the red nations of the Ohio. Warriors must turn hunters to provide food for their households. Many of them scattered, a few lodges traveling together to winter in some favored hunting ground. Buckner accompanied the lodge of Standing Bear, consisting of the Shawnee, his squaw and two children and his widowed mother, Winnebanca. With them went the lodges of Gray Wolf and Tonk-a-naw, numbering some thirty souls all told. For the purpose of further perfecting himself in the English tongue by conversing with Buckner, Tecumseh elected to accompany them instead of remaining with his own people.

The party made a winter camp some twenty miles from the Shawnee town and erected quarters. At first the hunters found game in plenty, but a few weeks of hunting served to diminish the supply. This scarcity became more pronounced as the winter advanced and there were long periods when the camp was in actual want. Bones were roasted and cracked open for the marrow.

Despite the pinch of hunger and the arduous labor of following the meat trail day after day, Buckner found himself occupied with exactly the sort of life that appealed to him above all others. His proximity to White Fawn in the winter camp was a source of constant satisfaction as he planned their life together when peace should come again and they could return to the frontier settlements.

Game was very scarce and famine was at its height as the winter dragged to an end. Buckner and Tecumseh, after three days of hunting from a bivouac, were fortunate enough to kill two does. They started back at once to relieve the famine in the main camp.

"Each year the Shawnees are closer to starvation," Tecumseh said. "We have lost forever our ancestral hunting grounds in Kentucky. We must subsist more and more upon the game near our towns, which grows scarcer yearly from overmuch hunting. Scarcely a summer passes but what a large body of soldiers makes a swift march and lays waste our crops, which forces us to rely upon the game that is disappearing."

It was true that the Shawnees suffered heavily from such expeditions. The most southerly of the Shawnee towns were within a day's forced march of the Ohio. It was customary to send large bodies of troops from Kentucky. The inhabitants of the towns fled. The soldiers cut down the green corn with their sabers and retreated before the tribes could muster a sufficient body of warriors to oppose them. The white losses were considerable because small parties of Shawnee braves harassed the rear and flanks of all such columns and took heavy toll without suffering any considerable loss on the Indian side. But the loss of the crops was always a severe blow. Gradually the red men of the Ohio were being starved into submission or retreat.

"For twenty years we have taken ten scalps for every one that we have lost," Tecumseh said. "But the Longknives are many, the Shawnees but few. They are too strong for us. Soon, now, we will be forced to fall back and give up the Ohio from sheer starvation. Not for much longer will the Ohio River be the dead line."

"It is true," Buckner agreed. "Perhaps if you cede the Ohio country to the whites by treaty, they will agree to give the red nations the Illinois region for all time."

"Treaties are but wind. The white men make promises to the red men, only to break them when they see fit. Never since the first white man set foot on American shores have they kept a treaty. And they never will. The Indians are a vanishing race, my friend. They are doomed to perish from the earth. Tecumseh sees it written. It will be my mission to counsel against further treaties, which are made only to be broken, and to lead the red nations in war to delay the inevitable end as long as possible."

Buckner had been expecting a visit from Kemper and Benoit at any time. But the Indians traveled little in winter and news did not spread rapidly. It was not until spring that word of White Fawn's return to the Shawnees reached the distant post in the wilderness of the Wabash. The three lodges of Shawnees had left the winter hunting camp and returned to their town before Kemper put in an appearance.

He came with Benoit and two other renegade whites. They brought a pack train loaded with liquor and trade goods. There could be little doubt as to Kemper's purpose. His regular trading territory was many days' travel to the westward and he had little to gain in a material way from a trading trip to the Shawnees. Their country was full of

(Continued on Page 41)

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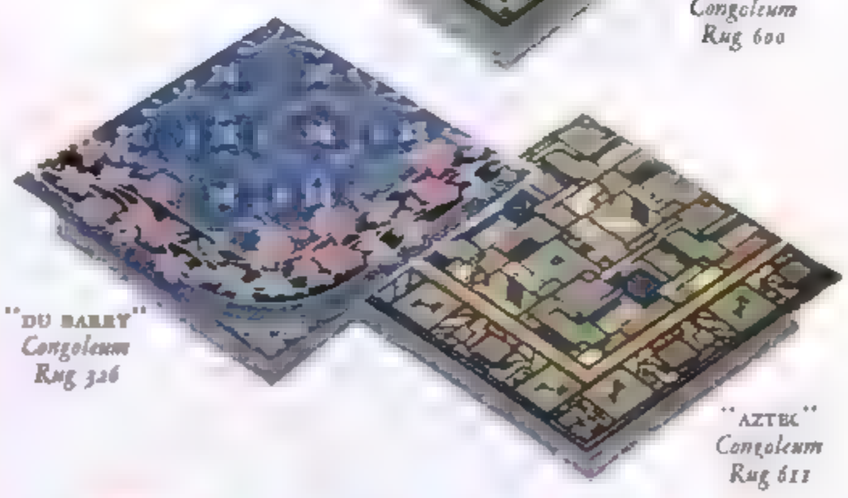

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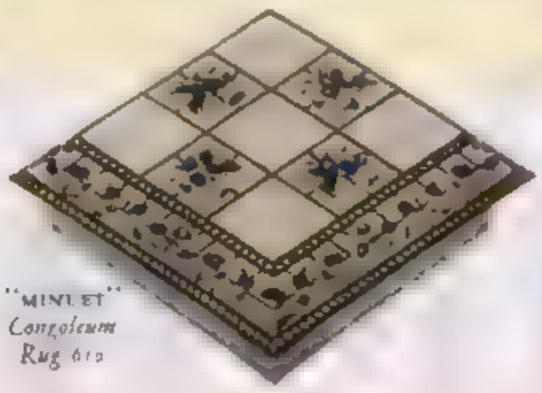

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traders, and at this time of year the Shawnees were destitute of furs, having traded in all they possessed for food and liquor during the winter months.

Knowing this, Kemper had brought coffee, sugar and other concentrated foods. He made many small presents of sugar to hungry squaws and children. Particularly was he generous to Tonk-a-naw and those of his lodge in the matter of food and drink. Knowing little of Indian customs, he was annoyed at first because Tonk-a-naw seemingly did not respond in the same friendly spirit and invite him to stay as a guest in his lodge. Benoit, versed in every detail of savage life and customs, explained that the suitor for the hand of any maiden never visited as a guest in her lodge, nor did she visit in the lodge where the suitor was domiciled.

Kemper believed that the only feature in obtaining the hand of a girl among the Indians was to outbid all competitors. He knew that Buckner was practically pauperized, for the present at least, so he had no doubt of the outcome.

Benoit knew otherwise. At first he was not quite sure of Buckner's present status among the Shawnees, thinking that perhaps he was merely on a precarious probation among them. But on the first day, observing that Buckner was fully armed and free to come and go as he chose without being watched, he knew that the woodsman was considered a Shawnee in good standing. He knew, too, that while all courting among the Indians was conducted through the head of the lodge, the maiden herself apparently having no hand in the decision, it was very seldom that a girl went to any save the suitor for whom she evinced the greatest preference. All such under-the-surface customs were unknown to Kemper. In the final analysis, with many women to be had through the simple expedient of capturing flatboats, Benoit had small sympathy for Kemper's obsession to own this one woman despite all obstacles. The mission was not to Benoit's fancy and he made no secret of it. Savage and conscienceless as a wild boar, he, nevertheless, was endowed with too much practical wisdom to jeopardize his life to no purpose.

"Keep your head," he growled to Kemper. "Buckner's on his own ground here. You can't pick a quarrel with a Shawnee and kill him in his own town and escape with your hair. Remember that."

"Shawnee!" Kemper scoffed. "He's no more Shawnee than I am. He's a white refugee from the United States."

"Once a man's been adopted into an Indian tribe, he is considered one of them, the same as if he'd been born in their lodges. There's even a ceremony of rebirth—meaning that he has been reborn an Indian. I'm an adopted Ojibwa myself, so I know."

Kemper shrugged his indifference.

"Mark me! Buckner will sit back and offer no offense to you as a guest of the Shawnees," Benoit said. "If you lose your ugly temper and give public offense to him, it will be his excuse to kill you. And if you should kill him it would be as the aggressor, and the Shawnees would take our scalps. Never doubt it."

Meanwhile, no longer rated as an enemy but as a Shawnee in good standing and with Tonk-a-naw's agreement common knowledge throughout the tribe, Buckner pursued his course as placidly as Benoit had predicted. Kemper, without Benoit's knowledge, set in motion a scheme of his own for Buckner's undoing. Benoit, knowing the kinks of Indian nature, would have vetoed it flatly had he known of it.

Twice, when passing Buckner, Kemper made slurring remarks pertaining to the sorry lot of an outcast who was forced to seek refuge among the savages. On each occasion Buckner noted that one or another of the white renegades was close at hand, as if strolling past by accident. Kemper's plan was instantly apparent—to taunt Buckner into making an assault upon him. Then one of the renegades would shoot the woodsman down and the visiting party would proclaim that Buckner had been the aggressor. Buckner ignored the insults and Kemper believed that his enemy feared to take issue with him.

Tonk-a-naw now visited interminably at the lodge in which Kemper was housed as a guest. The old Shawnee tippled on the trader's brandy and partook freely of his coffee and sugar. It was Kemper's privilege to invite the woman who obsessed him to walk with him in the forest. But whenever he presented himself outside her lodge and issued such an invitation, her voice came from within, declining it. He was subjected to the added humiliation of watching her come forth to wander into the forest with Buckner whenever the latter called to her. When Tonk-a-naw declined Kemper's offer for White Fawn's hand, as Benoit had confidently predicted would be the case, the trader's rage boiled to the surface. For the third time he accosted Buckner.

"There was a time when your lies caused me to be dropped from the British army," he snarled. "But there never was a price offered for my arrest as a fugitive from justice, as there is now for one Buckner in the state of Pennsylvania. How do you like it?"

Buckner's eyes swept the vicinity. Just within the door of an empty lodge one of the renegade whites was sitting with his rifle across his knees, his eyes trained upon Buckner. Buckner's gaze came back to rest upon Kemper. His eyes bored into those of the trader.

"I am a Virginian," he said, "and so am little concerned as to how they view me in Pennsylvania." His eyes continued to hold Kemper's. "Look about you," he advised at last.

That the Shawnees had been prepared for some such occurrence was evident. A dozen braves had appeared as if by magic and were eying Kemper bleakly from various near-by points. Standing Bear and another warrior had entered the empty lodge and were standing directly behind the seated renegade. Another of Kemper's men appeared round a lodge and two Shawnees quietly ranged themselves on either side of him.

"Did you think, Kemper, that these Shawnees would not observe that you planned murder?" Buckner demanded.

Without warning, he leaped upon Kemper and swung a heavy fist to the point of his jaw. The trader measured his length on the ground. Before he could recover, Buckner had disarmed him and jerked him to his feet. The man's face was white with anger. He saw his two men, each of them disarmed and standing between two savages. Benoit, arriving on the scene, surrendered his arms instantly as a Shawnee demanded them.

"You shall meet me for this, Buckner," Kemper said. "Benoit will act as my second. Choose yours from among the Shawnees."

Buckner's laugh had a rasp in it.

"A moment ago you proclaimed me an outcast," he said coldly. "Yet now you challenge me as one gentleman might another. If you still considered yourself a man of honor, which your challenge implies, you should not waive it to challenge one whom you have branded an outcast. Knowing myself for a man of honor, I decline to waive it to accept the challenge of one whom I know for a cutthroat dog. Therefore I forgo the pleasure of ending your worthless life with pistol or sword, as I would much like to do, and will settle it in a manner much more fitting to one of your class."

His open palm struck the man's face with a report like that of a pistol shot. The burly trader leaped in with clenched fists; and Buckner's knuckles smashed him on his mouth and drove him back.

Coldly and mercilessly, the woodsman hammered the big trader's face. Some of Kemper's return blows found their mark on Buckner's head and body, but he seemed not to feel them and kept up his sledge-hammer punches until Kemper, three times knocked flat to earth, struggled to gain his feet after the third knockdown but collapsed with a groan.

"My brothers," Buckner said to the Shawnees, "you have seen. Grossly this man insulted me, and each time I held my peace because I would not violate the guest rules of the Shawnees. This time he planned to have me murdered, as you saw for yourselves. My knife would have found his black heart where he stood, but I would not bring trouble upon the Shawnees. The redcoats might be angry if these men were killed in our town. Therefore it is best that the murdering dogs be permitted to return to their kennels in the land of the Wabash."

"It is for you to say," Standing Bear decreed.

"Pack and be on your way," Buckner instructed the recovering Kemper.

The man started to offer some surly objection as he regained his feet, but Benoit, with a savage admonition to be quiet, led him away.

"Keep him in hand, Benoit," Buckner advised. "If he makes further trouble I shall certainly kill him."

"I'll get him away, never fear," Benoit said. "The bungling fool!"

As they rode from the Shawnee town Kemper turned on Benoit.

"I would think you were in league with Buckner instead of with me," he snarled. "You agreed to everything he said fast enough."

"Would you have me argue myself out of my hair?" Benoit demanded. "I told you he was waiting for you in ambush. But a man who knows nothing of Indians is always the last to take advice from a man who knows all about them. I've never been in favor of this lunatic mission from the start, and maybe now you see why."

"How could you have done better?" Kemper growled.

"Left to me, and without anyone suspecting me of having a hand in the matter, Buckner would soon have been deader than Pontiac," Benoit stated.

"And how would you have fixed it to send him on the trail of the departed Pontiac?" Kemper insisted.

"By the same simple means that Pontiac himself went over that trail," Benoit said. "There are bad Indians, same as there are bad white men, only not near so many. The whites bribed an Illinois Indian to pose as Pontiac's friend and brain him with a tomahawk, which he did. Thus ended the greatest chief the red men ever knew, and the most inveterate enemy of the whites. You recall yourself that the great Mingo chief, Logan, was slain by an Indian in this same Ohio wilderness quite recently. I suspect with good reasons that it wasn't just a personal feud but the result of bribery on the part of the whites. It's always been a favorite trick to dispose of great Indian leaders that way—time and again. If the greatest Indian chiefs have been put across that way it wouldn't have been any difficult trick to fix Buckner's departure for the happy hunting ground with a barrel of rum. There's any number of war parties from the northwest that head down through the Shawnee country to raid on the Ohio. I could easy have sorted out some of those wild northern braves who'd have agreed to pick a quarrel with him and rap him on the head with a tomahawk. But you would arrange things your own way."

Kemper cursed Buckner and all his antecedents in foulest terms.

"I'll kill him yet," he promised.

"My blessing," Benoit sneered. "But don't be fool enough to try and go into the Shawnee country to do it. I'd like well enough to put a knife in his ribs myself, but not to the point where I'll trade in my own hair for the privilege."

"I wouldn't have tried it that way without consulting you," Kemper said. "But I could see that I couldn't get the girl while he still lived among the Shawnees."

"Oh, forget the girl!" Benoit flared scornfully. "There's flatboats for the taking and a world full of women to choose from. Why risk your life over one? They're all the same in the end. Use some sense!"

Buckner had informed Kemper that, being a Virginian, he cared little how he was viewed in Pennsylvania. In the main, that was true. He had come to regard the people of the United States as divided into two general classes. One faction consisted of the populations of the old long-established communities, busily engaged in manufacturing civil laws and rules by which life must be lived in teeming communities. The other was composed of the woodsmen of the border fringe, the drovers of the pack trains, crews of the keel boats and the settlers of the outermost frontiers—people whose lives were automatically regulated by whatever rules of conduct were expedient to face the emergencies of the moment.

Those of the thickly settled regions tended more to group thought and to daily conduct that was cut to standard pattern, tending to take on community similarity of individuals from the very nature of their routine existence. Those of the other class, never knowing what deadly peril from savages, freebooters or the elements might be ushered in with each new sunrise, were similar in thought and conduct only in the respect that each individual was firmly convinced that it was his God-given privilege to regulate his actions to the emergencies of life as he found it. And he fiercely resented all efforts to curb that privilege. Buckner considered the latter class as his own.

The frontier would be back of him to a man, both as to the act for which he had been imprisoned and in the matter of his escape. But the authorities of Pennsylvania, no doubt, considered his departure without waiting to be tried for his act by the law of the people a far more serious offense than the commission of the act itself.

At first, knowing the sentiment of the entire frontier, as evidenced by the rally of frontiersmen to his aid, he felt only a rankling sense of anger at the injustice of the thing that had been inflicted upon him. The knowledge that Pennsylvania had offered a reward for his apprehension added to the hurt that stirred deep within him. No doubt the authorities classed him with such depraved and vicious gentry as had fled from justice and now were holding out in the Wabash wilderness. He knew, of course, that upon his return to Kentucky there was not a chance that the Kentuckians would even consider requesting him to return to Pennsylvania for trial. On the contrary, they would hotly resent any such suggestion. It was true, therefore, that he cared little for the viewpoint of the Pennsylvania communities behind the frontier, but it was equally true that he held that viewpoint responsible for the fact that he and White Fawn still dwelt in separate lodges.

The Shawnees took literally his statement that he would wait among them until peace came. Even the sending of emissaries to his uncle in Kentucky for the goods promised to Tonk-a-naw was waved aside when he suggested that measure. It could not be done without flatly breaking his

(Continued on Page 74)

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As Told to Mara Evans

WHEN demand for any object greatly exceeds supply, that object becomes a rarity. Likewise, when the production of an article is impeded by danger or by long and costly labor, its price soars upward like an autogyro. Connoisseurs, collectors and coddled millionaires then compete with one another in paying sums to obtain it that are prohibitive to the general public. The G. P., thereupon aiming an old familiar gesture of derision at those responsible for the rise in price, set skilled inventors and research workers to devise a substitute. If they submit a substitute that fills requirements its success is assured. It must be as nearly as possible an exact imitation of the original; it must be inexpensive to make and buy; it must be submissive to all demands of quantity and speed.

As natural resources have been more and more heavily drained to supply a world population increasing from the time Adam and Eve lived cave-rent free in a garden—planted "eastward in Eden" and more luxurious than the catalogue of a Western camp site—to the 1,900,000,000 individuals now swarming over the world in more or less desperate competition for sustenance, substitutes have replaced Nature. Substitutes for food, for clothing, for luxuries and necessaries—substitutes, probably, for everything but protoplasm. In times of war and want we turn to understudies of meat, sugar, white flour, butter, wool. A good substitute for hard rubber recently invaded the market with overwhelming success, and searchers for a substitute for gasoline are indefatigable. Caviar usually means sturgeon roe, but salted paddlefish and whitefish eggs have been found to make excellent imitations. Mahogany and marble have their less expensive imitations. The silkworm finds itself in a hard race with a plant, and soles made of soft-wood pulp are one of the latest enterprises of shoe-minded New England.

One of the Most Important of Animals to the Fur Industry

Changing the Leopard's Spots

PRECIOUS stones, of course, have long had their rhinestone counterparts. High luster on paste gives a shopgirl a diamond as big as Queen Mary's Koh-i-nur and makes a floorwalker look like the Maharajah of Indore. For more than 250 years Parisians guarded a secret formula by which beads were coated with a lustrous essence scraped from the scales of fish, that resulted in an excellent imitation pearl—a formula America has learned to apply to gizzard shad and Eastport herring.

Second only to precious stones in insistent demand for less expensive and more easily obtained imitations are furs. As many of the 120 animals of the world that are used for fur became more and more scarce—chinchilla, sable, seal and beaver, for example—the situation flurried the hearts and the pocketbooks of 2000 fur manufacturers and 20,000 fur retailers in the United States. Various measures were taken to protect the different species and stimulate the supply. Farms in Bolivia took to raising chinchillas, and there is even one such farm in the United States. Between six and seven million dollars is invested in some 275 blue-fox ranches in Alaska that are stocked with 36,000 foxes, and more than 600 foxes and vixens were marked and released for breeding on St. George and St. Paul islands. Nearly 100 fur farmers began to raise foxes, mink and marten in pens; and sea otters—larger members of the weasel family, with soft dark-brown fur, by this time almost commercially extinct—were officially protected. In 1910 the United States Government interfered with depletion of seal, and a year later effected a treaty prohibiting pelagic sealing. In 1926 the Government marked more than 9500 male seals three years old to be reserved for future breeding, clipping a patch of fur from the upper part of each animal so that it could be recognized. In one year $17,000,000 was made from the seal rookeries on the Pribilof Island seal farm.

In spite of measures protecting or artificially producing wild animals, it soon became expedient to find substitutes for them as well. The fur industry in America—especially after the invention, in 1895, of the fur-sewing machine—grew by leaps and bounds; processes of plucking and shearing and formulæ for dyeing furs by means of intricate chemical reactions approached greater and greater perfection. When dyed and sheared muskrat burst boldly upon the market under the alias Hudson Seal, that rodent rose in price from fifty cents for the best pelts in 1914 to five dollars for the best in 1920. Now Louisiana—the last state in the Union where you'd expect to find furs—leads the United States domestic fur catch because of her supply of muskrat. More than 7,000,000 skins were used last year. American opossum thereupon began to resemble stone marten, and similar substitutes appeared on the market from time to time.

A Sunny Day in a Seal Rookery

Various devices of advertisers disguised these less expensive furs under the pretense of more costly varieties. Spelling played its part: Fox-dyed hare became Fox Hair, and sable-dyed hare, Sable Hair. Many familiar domestic animals appeared under new names. Lamb shearlings were Australian Wombat. Black or brown Russian pony, with hair thicker and more furry than our American species, was very useful. Cats often became Genets, and kid skin Caracul; while bellies cut from squirrel skins, dyed and sewed, took the place of summer ermines that are taken in their tawny-brown warm-weather coats. Sometimes keeping a foreign name helped; Mouflon, for instance, is much more alluring than goat.

Probably most useful of all fur substitutes, however, are rabbit skins, and the same twenty-odd operations that the muskrat underwent turned cony, too, into seal. Millions of rabbit skins are used every year, and some fifteen of New York's fur dressing and dyeing plants are said to devote their activities exclusively to rabbit. Of the total used in America and Europe each year, Australia contributes about 52 per cent, France 22 per cent and Belgium and Holland 13 per cent. Here in the United States alone, 180,000,000 rabbit, hare and cony skins were used by manufacturers in 1927; 105,000,000 went to furriers, the remainder to hatters. Felt is a wool—or wool and fur or hair—cloth of ancient origin; it has been in existence, the story goes, since the distant day when a weary Judean shepherd, trudging home with his flock, pulled enough wool from one of the sheep to make a little wad that he could thrust between his foot and sandal to ease the pain of a broken blister. Pressure and perspiration matted the fibers of the wool together compactly and produced felt in much the same way we turn the soles of heavy woolen socks into a similar substance. Mechanical processes, successful since about 1825, have made the production of felt a simpler and more profitable matter, with the use of nitrate of mercury to unlock the tiny hooks on the fibers, and rollers to press and interlace them into a mat. Rabbit hair adapts itself readily to the process. Figuring three ounces of fur to one felt hat, and one ounce of fur to a rabbit skin, it takes three rabbits to produce enough felt for just one hat. The American hat trade in 1927 manufactured 25,000,000 felt hats, using 76,500,000 skins, of which 75,000,000 were the rabbit, hare or cony skins referred to, and the rest generally muskrat, nutria or beaver.

Br'er Rabbit's Many Aliases

THE importance of rabbit skin to the fur industry has increased until the substitute that once disguised itself under assumed names is now a staple product. It is dyed kit fox, leopard, kolinsky, black, brown, taupe; it has had more than sixty trade names, among them Arctic Seal, Baltic Black Fox, Baltic Tiger, Baltic Lion, Belgian Beaver, Chinchillette, Electric Mole, Erminette, French Leopard, French Sable. When, however, the Federal Trade Commission recently ruled out misleading trade names, requiring that in describing a fur the correct name must be the last name used and the word "dyed" or "blended" inserted between the name of the fur imitated and the fur actually used, as Mink-dyed Marmot, the fur trade welcomed an attempt to sell every fur under its own name, and retail sellers have been following their example with increased accuracy in newspaper advertising.

When my wife and I decided it would be wise to leave the little village in Southern France where we were born and seek our fortune in America, I left my brother-in-law, Pierre Lavalle, a half American some twelve years older than myself, engaged in a business that looked to me as reliable as it was interesting. He was a breeder of rabbits—domestic rabbits—and his income from the twelve to fifteen thousand rabbits he sold a year was by that time some 8000 francs. He kept about 2000 animals all the time, in a well-equipped little city of hutches on the grounds, and distributed young rabbits to the meat market, and pelts to furriers, to glove makers, to manufacturers of felt.

Some skins finally became gelatin and glue, or grease and oil for soaps. It was a very different matter from keeping a few pets in the back yard and giving them a half hour or so night and morning. It was constant hard work and care, but it was profitable and pleasant and out-of-doors.

For a time I expected to join him, but my wife was anxious to see the new country, and I decided to wait and establish my own rabbitry when we were settled in our new home.

Pierre was short and slight, with rather wistful blue eyes, and a manner, it seemed to me, almost as gentle and timid

as the little creatures he was so fond of. The commercial success of his enterprise had surprised no one so much as himself—it was due, I believe, to the energetic and thrifty assistance of his wife, my sister—but Pierre himself made you think of some wild animal caught in the toils of domesticity, and, at length, resigned. He was always a little out of the busy current, taking care of the housing, breeding and feeding, while my sister managed the market end. I often think of Pierre as he used to sit in the warm summer dusk on an old bench he had built under a hickory tree, smoothing the coat of a young Champagne d'Argent that glowed silvery in the rising moon, and talking to me about this animal or that—but usually rabbits. He was supposed to be teaching me English, but it was impossible to tell whether he talked about rabbits to teach me English or taught me English to talk about rabbits.

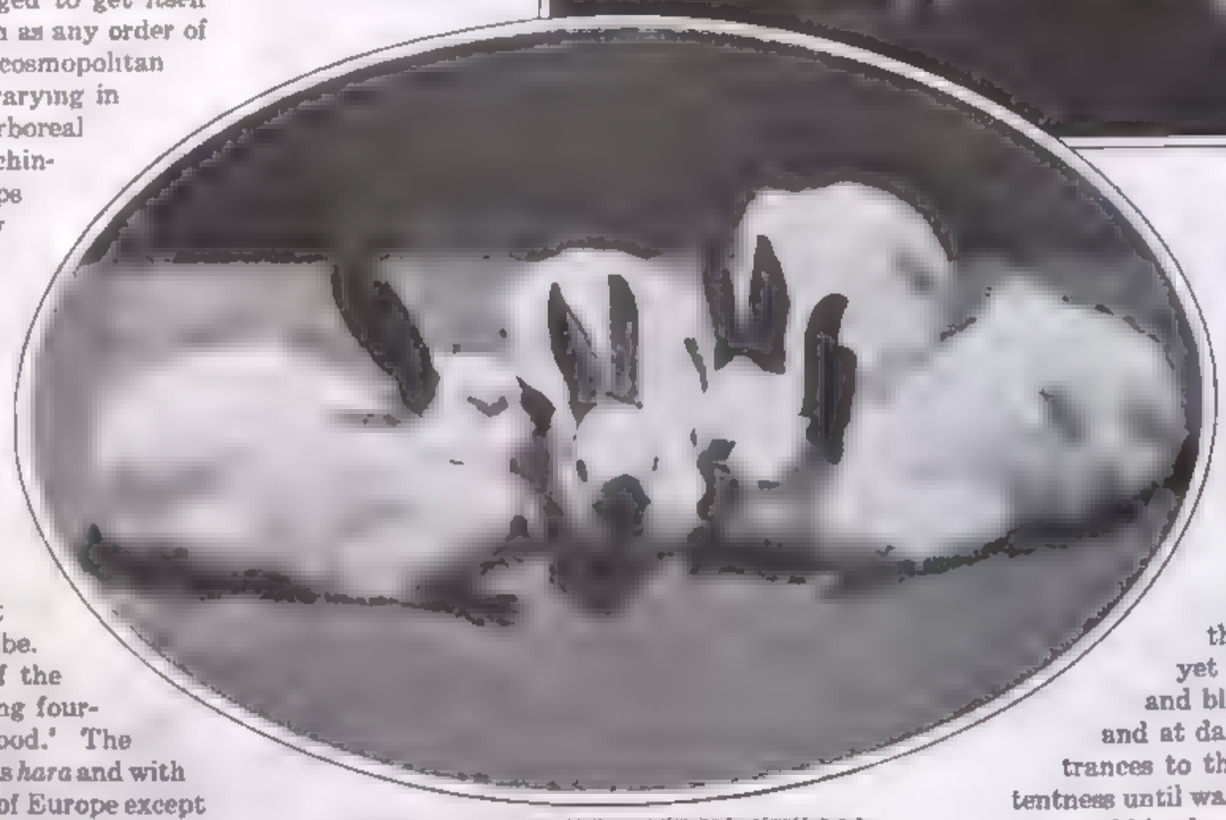
All Over This Earth

"YEARS and years ago," he'd say, "when this kind of animal and that were struggling for sustenance and supremacy, one family of them—cunning, resourceful, not too particular about what it ate—managed to get itself about as widely distributed over the earth as any order of mammals. Rodenta. A thin-skinned, cosmopolitan lot, with front teeth edged like chisels, varying in habits all the way from aquatic voles to arboreal squirrels, and in fur from little Andean chinchillas to the spiny porcupine. Perhaps the best known of the order—especially since the 1894 bubonic-plague scare in Hong-Kong—is the rat. What a rat lacks in popularity he apparently makes up in power; it is said the 120,000,000 rats in the United States cost her $200,000,000 a year in purloined food.

"Somewhere in a warmish climate, where enemies were not too numerous—perhaps here in Southern France, or in the Spanish Peninsula, or across the Mediterranean in Algiers—one of the rodent order was glad to find a home—the hare tribe. In old Latin the hare was *lepus*. One of the ancients, Martial, was certain that 'among four-footed creatures, the hare ranks first as food.' The European hare, appearing in Anglo-Saxon as *hara* and with similar names in old Germany, adopted all of Europe except the unfavorable farmost north for its home. Being very tasty meat, he was constantly in danger and needed abnormally alert ears and nose, and a pair of hind limbs that took him away from hawks and owls, foxes and weasels at thirty or forty miles an hour in eight-foot leaps. Moreover, he had a color camouflage that enabled him to freeze in a second into a stone or a heap of dead leaves.

"The hare, however, had a smaller relative. In several countries of Southern Europe his fossil remains mark the spot, but it was probably Spain that knew him first and named him '*cuniculus*'—cony—because *cuniculus* meant a passage under ground. The brownish-gray wild cony was different in shape and habit from his relative, the hare. He was neither so long limbed nor so long headed, and his ears were not rimmed at the edges with black lacing. As his name implies, he built his home in an underground dugout of labyrinthine burrows, while the hare nested in a form of beaten-down grass under cover. The cony's offspring were helpless, immature little creatures, naked and blind, and very different from the more mature, neatly clothed and open-eyed leverets of the hare. Years ago, in the speech of Northern France, the young of the cony were called rabbits, or *rabbettes*, and the name spread from young to adult, until cony or rabbit is used almost indiscriminately, Europe usually sticking to cony, while America has become more familiar with rabbit. The cony of the Bible was an animal of another species, somewhat smaller than a cat in size, and round eared; 'a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks.'

Seals Raised for the Fur Trade



Rabbits Bred on a Farm in California to Imitate Ermine Fur

A Doe and Part of Her Litter of Twelve

"The wild cony, or rabbit, was a gregarious little animal, living in colonies called warrens; prolific, fond of warmth and the protection of being in a group, sensitive nosed, alert, ready to do his job in the community by stamping with his powerful hind legs to give warning of any danger. Herbivorous animals have to work hard for a little food and can almost be said to be professionally timid – timid, that is, rather for the pack than for themselves. Rabbits are proverbially timid; yet among themselves the bucks wage bitter and bloody battles. Happy and active at dusk and at dawn, wild rabbits congregate near the entrances to their burrows, feeding or fighting with intentness until warning of danger comes from the stamping of the old leader. Instantly the whole tribe has vanished like magic, in the winking of an eye, and there isn't the trace of a rabbit until, minutes later, a quivering nose reconnoiters aboveground. Then two ears twitch into view, and finally a whole rabbit. In another second the entire pack is nibbling grass and pretending they wouldn't run if a very lion were to threaten them."

The Rabbits of Confucius

"SEVERAL of the rodents gained enough popularity to be adopted as pets. Japanese waltzing mice and white rats have their friends; the guinea pig, descendant of the wild restless cavy of South America, is beloved of many a small boy, and for centuries the rabbit has been connected with Easter through the old German superstition that on Easter Eve the rabbit has the supernatural power of laying eggs. In America the great hare has figured importantly in the folk tales of some of the Indian tribes, second only in cunning and resourcefulness to the coyote. The Algonquins hold him a great trickster. Sometimes, on the other hand, he is beaten at his own tricks; the Cherokees tell of the terrapin who beat a rabbit in a race by stationing members of his family all along the road, while he himself calmly waited for the rabbit at the finish.

"Just when the wild rabbit was persuaded to take his place, along with the pig and the goat and the hen, in the family back yard, it is impossible to estimate. Confucius thought rabbits were worthy of being sacrificed to the gods, and from the way he regulated their multiplication we can assume they were domesticated in China in his time. Every now and then, in the Middle Ages, you find mention of the European variety of domesticated rabbit, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century the description of an English Silver Gray is proof that in Great Britain fanciers had by then, at least, included the rabbit among the animals to be cared for and selected for breeding.

"With domestication the rabbit became a changed animal in many ways. Selection increased his size. Better food and more of it made him heavier. Lack of exercise changed the shape of his limbs a little. Pure white rabbits, instead of being the least popular of their group and the most constantly in danger, because they could be seen most readily from a distance, became popular. Domestic rabbits

(Continued on Page 221)

CHEVROLET SERVICE

Assuring

Economical Service to CHEVROLET OWNERS

The Chevrolet Six is not only unusually economical to own and operate—but it is also one of the most inexpensive automobiles in the world to keep in good mechanical condition. Its design is sound in every detail. It is built of high quality materials in modern, precision factories. Therefore, it requires the very minimum of service.

And this service is made easily available to all Chevrolet owners through an organization of more than 10,000 authorized Chevrolet service stations—each one operating under a flat-rate system of charges and supplying genuine Chevrolet parts at extremely low cost.

Consequently, the Chevrolet owner who exercises reasonable care in the use of his car—and who permits an authorized Chevrolet service station to assume complete responsibility for its service—may confidently look forward to years of fine performance with the utmost economy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

FLAT-RATE SYSTEM OF CHARGES

A low flat-rate system of charges for all service work not only saves money for the Chevrolet owner, but enables him to know in advance what any job will cost. These low charges are possible because Chevrolet mechanics are factory-trained and work with specially designed tools and machinery.

LOW COST OF GENUINE PARTS

Genuine Chevrolet service parts manufactured by the Chevrolet Motor Company have a lower average cost than those for any other automobile. This factor in economical ownership is made possible by the tremendous facilities and broad policies that are responsible for the unusual value and low price of the Chevrolet Six itself.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CARTOON AND COMEDY

Hospitable Bride (New to Apartment Life): "Charles, Throw Another Gas-Log on the Fire"

If Diogenes, Dante, Cleopatra and Leonardo da Vinci Were Alive Today

Girl: "Sorry, But Mr. Goofus is in Conference." "All Right, Joe, You Go Out to the Golf Course; Bill, You Go to His Club, and I'll Canvass the Theaters. We Must Find Him"

"Yep, I Know How to Drive the Car Pretty Well Now, Except When it Comes to Shifting Gears"

Wife: "Nonsense, Alexander! There Haven't Been Any Rattlesnakes in This Region for Years"

Unit of
Union Carbide
UCC
and Carbon
Corporation

Eveready—that's the name to look for on dry batteries. Light for flashlights. Power for doorbells, buzzers, ignition. Always Eveready! 33 years of better and better battery building assure you more for your battery money. Eveready Flashlight Batteries are 10c everywhere.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco

Knock Waste Out of Your Plant

It is a fight to the finish—Industry *vs.* Waste—but Industry now knows how to win.

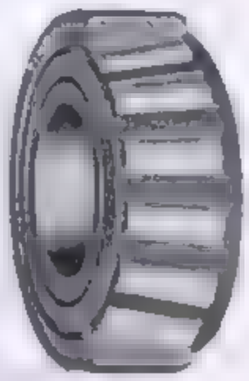
Power relieved from friction by Timken Bearings, puts a powerful punch into production.

—And down goes Waste for the count. Timken Bearings put fighting-machines into every field, free from high maintenance, premature wear, misalignment and breakdowns.

With their compact radial-thrust ability, saving of power and lubricant, increase and betterment of production, extension of machine life—Timken Bearings reach into every phase of Industry and express today's demand in modern machine design.

Exclusive results are found in this exclusive Timken combination of features—Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken electric steel.

Wherever wheels and shafts turn, "Timken-Equipped" champions your cause against Waste in every class of service from feather-weight to heavy-weight. Use it as your guide.



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CHARACTERS

CECIL BRAMLEIGH, *a British antique dealer.*
MILLICENT WILLICK-SMATHERS, *his assistant.*
HERBERT HOSKINS, *an American antique dealer.*
WATTLEFORD, *a British friend of Mr. Hoskins.*
MRS. CARLETON SILSBEE, *an American who is filled with a determination to furnish her home with Chippendale furniture.*
CARLETON SILSBEE, *her husband.*
MISS POLLY SILSBEE, *her daughter, who is marking time until she can get back to the land of porcelain bathtubs once more.*
ERNEST MERSON, *a thoughtful young American who wishes to pick up something nice at a minimum rate.*

[*The rising curtain discloses the interior of* MR. BRAMLEIGH'S *antique shop in New Burgravia Road, Cravenette Square, West Publington, London, S. W. 16, England. The time is late in the afternoon. The shop has the neat and homy air peculiar to many British antique shops. Along the walls are ranged various pieces of Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite furniture, sundry glass paintings of buxom and highly colored ladies in stuffy-looking negligees, girandole mirrors surmounted by angry eagles, two or three oil paintings of duchesses or near-duchesses with weak chins, two or three paintings of clipper ships encountering violent storms at sea, and two cabinets filled with a miscellaneous assortment of china and glassware, predominant among which are glass paper weights and china dogs with henna-colored hair and pop eyes. The foreground is filled with two Hepplewhite dining tables, on and under which are placed a collection of British oddments, such as wooden mixing bowls, pewter plates, Sheraton coal hods, Liverpool jugs, fragments of needle-point, a bone ship model made by a French prisoner, and what not.*

[*A door, L., leads into* MR. BRAMLEIGH'S *private office. Between this and the entrance, R., is a regulation British fireplace, measuring eleven inches high by nine inches wide and faintly resembling a large keyhole. A coal fire, composed of five small pieces of coal, is burning meditatively in the grate.* MR. BRAMLEIGH, *holding a sheaf of papers in his hand, is peering anxiously through the plate-glass window that flanks the entrance, R.*

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *(passing her hand caressingly over the top rail of a Queen Anne chair):* R'ally, Mr. Bramleigh, I r'ally think you should have Mudgett put a bit of wax on these chaws twice a day instead of once.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(distantly):* Oh, r'ally?

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *(eagerly):* Oh, I do, Mr. Bramleigh. They need the patine after being refinished, don't you know? It's fyawfly difficult for an Amairican to resist a chaw with a nice patine. If she waxes them twice a day for another fortnit, every Amairican that comes in here will speak about how kyawfully they've been tended for maw than a century.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I fawncy it'll be quaite all right if you speak to Mudgett.

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS: I r'ally think you should speak to her, Mr. Bramleigh. She's been rawther short at times when I've awsked her to wait a bit at night.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(indignantly):* She cawn't do that, what? What I mean, you know, she doesn't have to come to the shop before six in the morning, what? So she should be willing to wait a bit at night, eh? Until eight o'clock, what, or until five and ten awfter, what?

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS: Five and ten awfter would be more than enough, Mr. Bramleigh. She could run over all the chaws in the place by five and ten awfter.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I'll give her a bit of a talking to, eh? What I mean, it's a bit of a puzzle what the world's coming to, and all that sort of rot, with a girl like Mudgett trying to sneak away after a mere thirteen or fourteen hours in the shop, what? When I was a boy I thought nothing of working sixteen hours a day for ten bob a week, what?

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *(gratefully):* Think yaw so much, Mr. Bramleigh.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(stiffening like a pointer on a fresh scent):* I say! Oh, I say!

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *(hurrying to his side and peering from the window):* Amairicans, eh?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(resentfully):* Three of them; and going past, by Jerve! I've waited jolly well long enough for them this yah! The papers say there are going to be maw than ever of them this yah, but I haven't seen them. It's perfectly outrageous for them to change their habits in this manner, what?

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *(fearfully):* Do you fawncy that they are learning maw and maw about antiques?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I fawncy not. I fawncy they know as little about them as ever. What I mean to say, I rawther fawncy that it's some other reason that leads them to avoid us. On my wahd, I'm quaite fed up.

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS: It said in the Dyly Mile a fortnit ago that there were a hundred thousand of them in London.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: My wahd! I rawther fawncy the reason we see so few of them is because all of them are jolly well catching up on their drinking, what?

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *(obtusely):* I beg poddon?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: What I mean, because of their beastly prohibition in Amairica, you know.

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *(grasping the point):* Oh, rawther! Oh, I say, that's quite amusing. Vcawse, it might be that the Dyly Mile was incorrect in its figgers.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(seriously):* I'd so much prefer to get my figgers from the Morning Post.

(The doorbell clangs, the door opens and WATTLEFORD *enters, followed by* HERBERT HOSKINS.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(politely):* Howja der?

MR. WATTLEFORD: Very well, indeed, think yaw. I say, Bramleigh, this is an Amairican friend of mine, eh?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(shaking hands earnestly with* MR. HOSKINS): Howja der? Delighted, I'm shaw. An Amairican, eh?

MR. WATTLEFORD: An old pal, Bramleigh. Hoskins, of Winklebury, Connecticut—one of the eastern states, near Boston. He's one of us, Bramleigh. You've jolly well got to quote him your best prices

MR. BRAMLEIGH: A dealer, eh? We ship a great deal of stuff to the States. Did you ever meet Wizzenholm?

MR. HOSKINS: Where's he from?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: He's from middle Amairica, near Illinois.

MR. HOSKINS: How near to Illinois is he?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I think the name of the place is Buffalo, or something of that sort.

MR. HOSKINS *(meditatively opening the top drawer of a bureau and peering at it):* I never met him.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(placing his hand caressingly on the bureau):* That's not an important piece, my dear chap. I ship a great deal to Wizzenholm; but he's like a great many of you Amairican dealers—he doesn't take the best of it. What I mean to say, he picks up a great many pieces that wouldn't be looked at by an Englishman of taste and discernment, what? What I mean, he often buys pieces because they are cheap, what?

MR. HOSKINS: What you mean is that he doesn't buy important pieces.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Well—ah—as a matter of fact, old chap, I don't want to hurt your feelings and all that sort of thing, but that's exactly what I do mean, eh?

MR. WATTLEFORD: Oh, quaite!

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Now what I mean, that's a naice bureau, and it would just suit Wizzenholm, but it's not important, if you know what I mean. I don't recommend it. I have a

MR. HOSKINS: Well, how much are you asking for it? (MR. BRAMLEIGH *studies the tag on it and glances appraisingly at* MR. HOSKINS.)

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I'm asking twenty-one guineas for that bureau, but I have a secretary, one of the finest architectural pieces I've seen in yahs and yahs ——

MR. HOSKINS: I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you ten pounds for that bureau, and that's a good generous offer.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(aghast):* Ten quid! My dear chap, I couldn't possibly afford to do it. Why, I paid twelve guineas for it.

MR. HOSKINS: Listen, Bramleigh, I'm a dealer myself. Save that for the tourists.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I give you my wahd, old chap. Miss Smathers! Oh, Miss Smathers! Bring the book for Mr. Hoskins. (MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *hastens into* MR. BRAMLEIGH'S *private office.)*

MR. HOSKINS: As you say, that's an unimportant piece. I'd probably have it on my hands for years.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Now you're having me on, old chap. Look here, this piece is a little bit of all right for the Amairican trade, eh? The drawers are made of pine.

"I Say! Oh, I Say!"

There isn't a shop in the States that couldn't sell this as an Amairican-made piece, what?

MR. HOSKINS: Sure, but your people over here won't touch it with pine drawers. They've got to have oak. It isn't worth ten pounds over here, and ten pounds is all I'll give. (MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *returns with a large account book.*)

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(seizing the book and opening it):* Look here, old fellow. Here it is, right under Expenditures—walnut bureau with pine drawers for Amairican trade, twelve guineas.

MR. HOSKINS: Yeah, I've seen those books down in Italy, where they invented 'em. If one of the wop dealers pays one thousand lire for anything, he writes down ten thousand in the book and shows it to the customer and talks about his *parole d'honneur.*

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(distantly):* I say, old chap, isn't that just a bit thick?

MR. WATTLEFORD *(jovially):* Now, now, now! Hands across the sea and all that sort of thing, what, what? Come now, Bramleigh! Hoskins is a dealer, and he's entitled to a good price, even if he is an Amairican. Why don't you let him have it, just to make a customer, eh? Remember, old chap, he isn't a tourist.

MR. HOSKINS *(petulantly):* I'll say I'm not! I've got to pay shipping charges on it, and packing charges, and then I've got to sell it for enough to get a profit out of it. By the time I get it home it'll stand me in a hundred dollars, and the people at home aren't crazy enough to pay more than a hundred and fifty for a piece like that. They're pretty crazy, but they aren't that crazy.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(doubtfully):* I might say fifteen. *(He hastily corrects himself.)* Fifteen guineas.

MR. HOSKINS *(without emotion):* Ten. *(He makes a generous gesture.)* Ten guineas.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(with British reserve):* Have a look at the rest of the shop, my dear fellow. I'll think it over.

MR. HOSKINS *(wandering onward and stopping in front of a Chippendale serving chair):* Some chair!

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(politely):* Very naice, that chaw.

MR. HOSKINS: Nice back splat.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Very naice.

MR. WATTLEFORD: Topping legs! Quaite ripping, eh what?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(without enthusiasm):* A naice chaw.

MR. HOSKINS *(peering closely at the arms):* Anything the matter with those arms? (MR. BRAMLEIGH *gazes pensively out of the window, while* MR. WATTLEFORD *picks up the chair and carries it to the light.)*

MR. WATTLEFORD *(apologetically, to* MR. BRAMLEIGH*):* So sorry, old chap, but I cawn't pass those arms.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(shrugging his shoulders indifferently):* Oh, quaite.

MR. HOSKINS: What you asking for that chair?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(examining the tag on it):* It's marked thirty pounds.

MR. WATTLEFORD *(shaking his head sadly).* Fyawful pity about the arms, my dyah chap, eh what?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Oh, quaite. I know nothing whatever about the arms, my dyah fellow; but if they were quaite proper, I could awsk eighty pounds for that chaw.

MR. WATTLEFORD *(sympathetically):* Not half, eh?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(hastily):* Veawse, the arms may have been added well over a century ago.

MR. HOSKINS: Maybe Chippendale made the chair and went out to lunch early one day and let one of his bum workmen put on the arms.

MR. WATTLEFORD *(severely):* I skyahsly think so, my dear fellow. Chippendale was too much the artist, what, what?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(seriously):* It's quaite wahth thinking of, by Jerve! Such a thought never entered my head!

MR. HOSKINS: Anyway, so far as you know, those arms are all right, hey?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: My dyah fellow, if I were shipping that chaw tomorrow, I'd ship it as an original piece.

MR. HOSKINS *(suspiciously):* Will it get by the customs?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(superciliously):* My dyah chap, don't be silly!

MR. HOSKINS: I'll give you twenty pounds.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Sorry, old chap; I couldn't possibly. You know yourself, my dyah fellow, that if you put that chaw down in New York, you could safely awsk ninety pounds for it in your money.

MR. HOSKINS: Well, we'll let that rest a while. What else you got? What I want is stuff that looks Early American. Pine tables—you know the stuff. Something like the Norwegian stuff. I can use some late Sheraton—some of the cheesy pieces, you know. We can put that over as Duncan Phyfe.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(curiously):* I say, Hoskins, I don't want to seem rude, and all that sort of thing, but have your people caught some sort of beastly germ that makes them act as they do about antiques, or what is it, eh?

MR. HOSKINS: Listen, Bramleigh, I'm in the antique business, and so are you. Stick to your antiques and don't worry your head over why Americans buy the antiques that they do. You'll never find out, any more than you'll ever find out what started English girls going to night clubs and drinking hard licker out of flasks, or why the British Government tries to help jobless men by giving them doles and so keeps them jobless. All I can say is that it's a pretty serious business, because in some parts of the United States they're beginning to pay high prices for Empire furniture

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(horror-struck):* Not r'ally! You're spoofing us, old chap.

MR. HOSKINS: On the level! It's getting fashionable to have Empire rooms. If you like good stuff, it hurts when you have to begin to carry Empire.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Shawly it isn't nessry to muck about with that filthy stuff when your Amairican factories turn out such deucedly clever antiques.

MR. HOSKINS: How do you mean?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Oh, well, what I mean, you know, is that there's one factory in a place called Cincinnati that makes absolutely top-ho.e Sheraton and Hepplewhite. Oh, absolutely ripping stuff. We've taken quaite a bit of it over here, you know. Miss Smathers, get Mr. Hoskins the name of that Amairican firm that makes the antiques. (MISS SMATHERS *exits, L.)*

MR. HOSKINS: Thanks for the tip. The stuff is the ent's, is it?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I beg poddon?

MR. HOSKINS: I say, it's good stuff, is it?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: By Jerve, its pawstively uncanny! The last pieces I had were snapped up by one of the big fellers on Bond Street. (MISS SMATHERS *returns and hands the address to* MR. HOSKINS.

[*The bell rings. The door opens and* MRS. SILSBEE *enters, followed by* MR. SILSBEE *and* MISS SILSBEE. MRS. SILSBEE'S *enthusiasm is running high, but* MR. *and* MISS SILSBEE *seem to be afflicted with that dragging-down sensation.*

(Continued on Page 53

"Well, There Were Some Fifteen Thousand Antique Chippendale Chairs Shipped to America Last Year"

Hotpoint Model "R"

Many Hotpoint irons of this popular type are still in use after 15 to 20 years' use. Millions of women paid up to $8.50 for them. Tremendous production has brought the price down to only $3.95. The best iron for anywhere near the price.

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Set the throttle for ANY heat you want and it *keeps* at that heat. Avoids scorching, irons faster, is more economical and is cooler to use. Equipped with Hotpoint CALROD element, comfortable Thumb Rest, Hinged Plug and attached Heel Stand. 6 lbs. Price $8.80

Hotpoint Super-Iron

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Irons that lead the World

Hotpoint makes 22 different irons

for Home Use
Travel
Tailors
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Hotpoint Tailor Irons

Perfectly distributed weight and heat. Made in 15, 20 and 25 lb. sizes, with three heat control. Equipped with the famous, practically indestructible element. Prices $20.00, $22.00 and $26.00.

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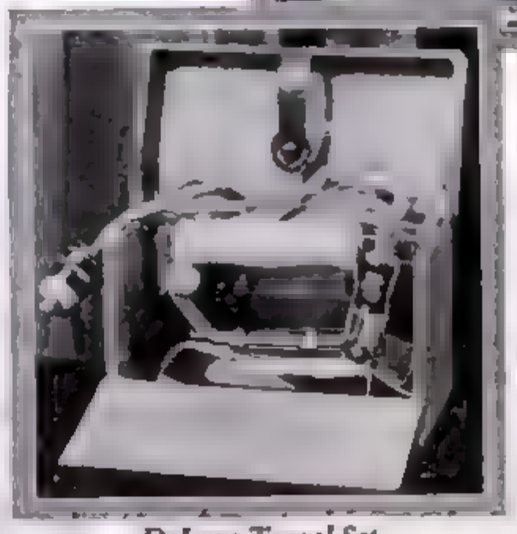

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A QUARTER CENTURY of building *better* electric irons has today made Hotpoint "Iron Headquarters" for most of the world. Whatever type of iron you may need, you'll find a Hotpoint model that is years ahead, with exclusive features to be found in no others. It will pay you to insist on a "Hotpoint."

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The present high standard of Hotpoint iron perfection is the result of the combined efforts of the great research laboratories of the Edison Electric Appliance Co. and of the General Electric Company. Yet our tremendous annual production, the largest in the world, makes it possible for you to buy Hotpoint irons, with their many superiorities, at the price of ordinary irons.

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The quality symbol "Hotpoint" also appears on electric Ranges, Toasters, Waffle Irons, Percolators and other household electric heating appliances. Many of them have the same marvelous CALROD heating element. All of them are backed by the same great engineering and research laboratories to assure their superiority. When you buy any electric heating appliance make sure it bears the name Hotpoint, as your guide to highest quality, everlasting dependability.

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For your own protection, go to a genuine Alemite-ing Station for this service. There you will find efficient mechanics and high quality, special-type lubricants for Alemite-ing your car.

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* * *

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(Continued from Page 50)

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(to* MR. HOSKINS): I say, old chap, let Miss Smathers show you around, there's a good chap. Business has been slack, and I r'ally must have a go at it, what?

MR. HOSKINS *(graciously):* Why, sure! Hop to it!

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Think yaw so much! Just look about a bit. *(He hastens toward* MRS. SILSBEE.)

MRS. SILSBEE *(rapturously):* Everything is perfectly lovely! So different from the shops at home! *(She gasps.)* Look at that girandole mirror! *(She gasps.)* Look at that wine cooler! *(She gasps.)* Look at that set of Hepplewhite chairs with the Prince of Wales feather! Carleton, are you looking?

MR. SILSBEE *(unstirred):* Yeah.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Howja der? Is there any particular thing I can shaw you? We have only the very finest pieces, and you will find our prices pahfictly reasonable.

MR. HOSKINS *(bitterly, to* MR. WATTLEFORD): If I'm going to pay you 5 per cent for helping me, you've got to get these people to lower their prices. They act as if they thought I was Morgan or Du Pont or somebody.

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS: Oh, r'ally? We thought vcawse we would be giving Mr. Wattleford a commission; but if you're paying him, then vcawse we can make the prices a little better.

MR. WATTLEFORD *(haughtily):* Oh, I say, this is skyahsely the place to be so cnfahndedly commercial, is it?

MRS. SILSBEE *(ecstatically to* MR. BRAMLEIGH): All of your things have such a lovely patina! They must have been rubbed and rubbed by perfect servants every morning for generation after generation.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(sanctimoniously):* They come from the very finest homes in England. Whenever the Duchess of Rinse or Lady Skyahble wishes to dispose of an heirloom, she always sends for us. We have a number of ripping pieces from Glawbus Cawsle.

MRS. SILSBEE *(taking fright):* Oh, reely? Well, of course I don't want to pay all outdoors for the few pieces that I may pick up. That's why I come to a place like this instead of going to one of those expensive places on Bond Street.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Vcawse, vcawse! Quaite useless to pay those beastly Bond Street prices. All the Bond Street dealers come to me when they want something particularly naice; and when they sell it to you, vcawse they have to double the price in order to make a profit.

MRS. SILSBEE *(relaxing):* Oh, reely?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Oh, to be shaw! It's r'ally quaite discouraging to see the blatant commercialism that has crept into the antique business. Oh, dyah me, yes! There's no culchah in the business nowadays, skyahsely. If wood ashes brought higher prices than Chippendale chaws, some of these chaps on Bond Street would bahn up the finest Chippendale furniture to get the ashes from it! (MR. SILSBEE *winks at his daughter, who recrosses her legs petulantly.)*

MRS. SILSBEE: How perfectly atrocious! Ah—how much is that girandole mirror?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Forty pounds. That's two hundred dollars in yaw money. That's a charming piece. So much life to the eagle, don't you know.

MRS. SILSBEE *(gasping):* Carleton, you can't touch a thing like that less than three hundred at home.

MR. SILSBEE *(unemotionally):* What good is it? Look how it reflects us! We look like a lot of peanuts; you can't see yourself in it.

MRS. SILSBEE *(protestingly):* Carleton, those girandole mirrors are lovely, and decent ones are frightfully hard to get at home. Usually they're broken somewhere, or the eagle looks like a sick rooster or something.

MR. SILSBEE *(tenaciously):* Well, you can't see yourself in 'em anyway.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Yaw very fawchnit to get that mirror, if you'll permit me to say so. It's an important piece. It formerly belonged to Lord Inchback, the big cheese manufacturer.

MISS SILSBEE *(emerging from her coma):* Was he big enough to see himself in it?

MRS. SILSBEE *(sternly):* Polly, be still! What will Mr. Bramleigh think? *(To* MR. SILSBEE): Anyway, I've just got to have that mirror. When was that mirror made, Mr. Bramleigh? About 1775?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(graciously):* A traifle later than that. They r'ally didn't stott making them until about 1810.

MRS. SILSBEE: Well, I'll take it. It'll be too adorable in the front hall with a nice Sheraton couch.

MR. SILSBEE *(gloomily):* A mirror that you can't see yourself in and a couch that you can't sit on!

MISS SILSBEE: Say, ma, there's a mirror over there with curlicues all over it that you can see yourself in, but it hasn't got an eagle on it. Maybe it would be cheaper.

MRS. SILSBEE *(examining the mirror in question without enthusiasm):* Well, I suppose so, but I don't like those French things. They don't go with good American and English things.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(evincing marked embarrassment):* Aw, I say, haw, don't you know—you Amairicans must have yaw little joke, what, what? Vcawse you recognized it at once as Chinese Chippendale.

MRS. SILSBEE *(smiling bravely and stepping back from the mirror as though to get a better idea of its general effect):* It's rather nice, isn't it?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(putting his head on one side, half closing his eyes and making caressing motions with his right hand):* It's a jewel, madam—the finest flowah of the wahk of a great craftaman. Othah mirrors are merely mirrors, but this is as much of a gem as is a snow crystal or spahs that the frawst traces upon a sheet of glahss.

MR. SILSBEE *(baffled):* As the what?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(thrown off the scent):* I beg poddon?

MR. SILSBEE: I didn't get what it's like—the things that the frost traces.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Oh, sorry! Spahs. Spahs of a cathedral, eh what?

MR. SILSBEE: Oh, spires! Of course!

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Vcawse! Spahs! Aw, I mean to say, it's a mahsterpiece. It stamps its owner as a pusson of taste and all that sort of thing, don't you know.

MR. SILSBEE: Is that so? *(He advances to the mirror and subjects it to a close scrutiny.)* What's a mirror like that worth?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(shooting a quick glance toward* MR. HOSKINS *and* MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *and lowering his voice slightly):* We're letting that go at a hundred and twenty pounds—six hundred dollars in yaw money. (MISS SILSBEE *joins her father.)*

MISS SILSBEE *(ruminatively):* I think he was right when he spoke about the frost.

MR. SILSBEE: Yeah; it leaves me cold.

MRS. SILSBEE *(giving them a dirty look):* Please don't be flippant about such things! *(She ambles slowly along the shop and comes to a point in front of a narrow, tallish piece of furniture about a foot and a half wide. The top is divided in the middle and the two sections open outward, forming two shelves on either side and exposing three round apertures for two small receptacles and one large receptacle. In the front of the piece of furniture is a sliding door, like the door of a tambour desk.)*

MRS. SILSBEE: Isn't that pretty?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(patiently):* That's a very naice little thing. Sheraton. Not important, but naice.

MRS. SILSBEE: Where would you use a thing like that, I wonder?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(enthusiastically):* I'm shaw it would be an awnament wherever you put it. A chawming thing, frexawmple, in a naice bedroom, between the beds, don't you know, for crackers and milk or a grilled bone or whatever one has before retiring, eh what?

MR. SILSBEE: How do you mean—a grilled bone?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Well, I mean to say, a grilled bone, such as one has at his club. With a spoon, you know, and wrapped in a napkin and all that sort of rot.

MR. SILSBEE *(completely at sea):* What's the spoon for?

MISS SILSBEE: It's probably an English joke. You throw away the bone and eat the spoon, or something like that.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(earnestly):* Neaow, neaow! The marrow becomes soft, what I mean, exactly like a bit of cooked fat, and you spoon it out with the spoon.

MR. SILSBEE: Why don't they just cook a piece of fat then and not bother with the bone? They could get along without the spoon too.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(dazed):* I'm shaw I don't know. I mean to say, it simply isn't done. (MR. SILSBEE *subsides, grumbling.)*

MRS. SILSBEE: No, I wouldn't want it in a bedroom. It's too nice for a bedroom. I'd want it in the living room, with a nice Chippendale chair on each side of it. What was it for, anyway?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: A washstand, to be shaw! The large hole is for the washbowl and the small holes are for drinking glahsses and what not, d'you see?

MRS. SILSBEE: Well, it's very, very pretty. How much did you say it was?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Eighteen pounds. That's ninety dollars in yaw money.

MISS SILSBEE *(innocently):* Father, how is he able to put pounds into dollars so quickly?

MR. SILSBEE *(equally innocently):* Well, it's a knack, sort of. I suppose if you keep practicing and practicing, it sort of comes to you.

MRS. SILSBEE *(pondering):* I could use it for potted plants, maybe.

MISS SILSBEE: Listen, ma, I think it's lovely for you to have this enthusiasm for furniture, and goodness knows I never say anything about what you buy, but I wish you'd lay off this piece. Every time I look at it I'll think of these English bathrooms that haven't been tampered with since Charles Dickens had his last shave, and it'll sink me.

MR. SILSBEE: Polly's right, Emmy. You don't want a washstand in the living room, any more than you'd want to use a sitz bath for a dining-room aquarium, no matter whether it was made by old John D. Chippendale himself.

MRS. SILSBEE *(triumphantly emerging from a brown study):* Well, why didn't I think of it before! It'll be absolutely perfect for a cocktail stand. The bowl with the chopped ice will go in the big hole and the vermuth and gin will stand in the small holes. The shaker and glasses can go on the shelves that you make when you open the top; and your big gallon jug of gin will fit underneath, behind the sliding door.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(overcome with admiration):* By Jerve! A pahfict stroke of genius!

MR. SILSBEE *(solemnly):* Emmy, you're there! It's what we've lacked since 1920!

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(with evident appreciation):* Amairican ingenuity has tremendously widened our field. They find uses for things that we waddn't know what to do with, I give you my wahd!

MR SILSBEE *(proudly):* You can't stump Emmy. Show her an early English vest and she'd think of a way to use it for a wall hanging.

MR BRAMLEIGH: Extrawdnry! Aw did you wish to take the girandole mirror and the Sheraton washstand?

MRS. SILSBEE *nonchalantly:* Yes, I want those *(She pauses before a portrait of a young man with a slightly lopsided face, clad in a three-cornered hat and a brown coat with a lace jabot.)* Who's this?

MR. BRAMLEIGH *readily:* That's Sir Archibald Cheddar-Wheateake of Brasenose-under-Wallop. He was a fyawfly smaht chap with a great military record and terribly good at riding to hounds and all that sawt of thing, what? It isn't signed, but I give you my wahd I think it's by Romney. A bit of a bargain, too, as we're only awsking eighty pounds for it that's four hundred dollars in yaw money.

MRS. SILSBEE *(distantly):* I wish you'd stop telling me what a pound is in American money. I can multiply by five. Now, Carleton, it seems to me that picture has something about it that looks like you; and I've been thinking about your Great-great-grandfather Joshua, who was on the Louisburg expedition and at Burgoyne's surrender. We haven't got a picture of him, and this must look about the way he did, and I think we ought to get it and call it Joshua. Think how Polly's children would treasure it!

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(encouragingly):* A great many Amairicans are having a go at family portraits.

MISS SILSBEE *(coldly):* Ma, you needn't start worrying about the pictures that my children are going to like.

MR. SILSBEE *(surveying* MRS. SILSBEE *with a level eye):* Now listen, Emmy, I can take a lot of punishment in Europe, encouraging you to buy furniture, and so on; but you stick to furniture and let ancestors alone. This young fellow Cheddar-Wallop, or whatever his name is, may have been a nice enough young fellow, but he isn't the type. When he was out yelling tallyho or whatever they yell at foxes, Joshua was grinding corn up on the Saco road and banging Indians over the head with ax helves and keeping his mouth shut about it. Joshua was a hard-boiled egg; and if he'd ever put on a lace collar like Sir Archibald is wearing, his mill would have collapsed out of disgust. Yeah, and if he'd ever taken the time to have his portrait painted, the neighbors would have said so many things about him that he'd have had to get out of the church!

MISS SILSBEE: That's what always happens. After pa has been on his feet all day, looking at antiques, he gets so peevish he'd bite the glass knobs off a telephone pole. Let's call it a day and go out and get a jolly old sandwich and a glawss of Burton, what, what, what, what?

MRS. SILSBEE: Polly, how often must I tell you not to do that? You mustn't make fun of the English. *(She moves on and halts before the bureau and the Chippendale serving chair that had earlier taken the attention of* MR. HOSKINS.)

MISS SILSBEE: What's the harm? They never know they're being made fun of. Come on, ma.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I say, that's very interesting, eh? She used two extra whats, what? In England we almost nevah use but one what, though occasionally some chappy will use the double what, what? I mean to say, he'll say what what, where ordinarily we merely say what, what? But in Amairica, evidently you use as many as you jolly well like.

MISS SILSBEE: Oh, quaite!

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I say, you know, that's fyawfly intresting!

The doorbell rings and MR. ERNEST MERSON *enters, R., with an air of indecision and helplessness. A part of his indecision vanishes as his eye encounters* MISS SILSBEE. MISS SILSBEE *becomes intensely interested, for the first time, in the antiques on the center table.* MR. MERSON *works gradually in the direction of* MISS SILSBEE, *while* MRS. SILSBEE *and* MR. BRAMLEIGH *go into a huddle over the bureau and chair.*

MR. MERSON *(to* MISS SILSBEE): You're an American, aren't you? Do you know anything about these things?

MISS SILSBEE: Oh, I love antiques! Don't you love them?

MR. MERSON: Well, I don't believe I know much about them. When Yale closed this spring I went home to Evanston to see father—father's a lawyer—oh, yes, and my name's Merson—and he said for me to get him a nice Chippendale chair, and he gave me two hundred and fifty dollars to spend on it. . . . What's your name and where do you live and where are you staying in London?

MISS SILSBEE: Do you know Herbert Twicklestopf at Yale? Or Fred Bozwhitt? *(They huddle.)*

MRS. SILSBEE *(to* MR. SILSBEE): Carleton, this bureau is exactly the same thing that Martha Oskerdell paid three hundred

(Continued on Page 201)

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

Continued from Page 33

To divert destroyers and other antisubmarine types from Japan and from other sources in as great numbers as practicable to antisubmarine work.

To develop with the greatest possible rapidity hunting groups equipped with listening devices and manned by the best-trained personnel available from all sources

To equip vessels engaged in antisubmarine warfare with adequate means for taking the maximum tactical advantages of every contact with an enemy submarine.

To arm heavily—with full gun's crew for each gun—about one merchant ship in ten, of each general class, in the North and South Atlantic, and as far as practicable, to escort convoys with such heavily armed merchant ships.

The favorable impression made by this study resulted in its submission to the Interallied Council, by which it was approved. "The influence which the paper exerted upon the conduct of the war is difficult to estimate," comments a Navy Department monograph. "Some of the conclusions reached were already in process of design or execution by the Allies; others were rendered impracticable by subsequently changed conditions. Nevertheless, it was apparently the first comprehensive examination of the naval aspects of the war made by any of the Allied staff, and as such it served to clarify thought and to unify conceptions and effort among the Allies."

A wide variety of problems, not all strategic, was studied and reported by the planning section. The northern barrage, submarine hunting, the Mediterranean situation, naval air efforts, reorganization of our European forces, the possibilities of German battle-cruiser raids and of High Seas Fleet sorties, the use of long-range guns, political alliances, Allied morale, Armistice terms and the future of submarine warfare—these were among the papers submitted, and in many instances seriously considered and followed by American and Allied commands.

The Battle of Morale

A typical method of attacking any problem concerned with strategy was for members of the planning section to regard it from the enemy point of view. Thus, in a study of methods to meet a sortie by the High Seas Fleet the officers listed the points of Allied weakness, determined how best the enemy could take advantage of them, and recommended the best methods to meet this threat. Another not dissimilar problem considered was the possibility of a German battle cruiser escaping to sea to raid Allied shipping and American troop transports. The tactics of our own warships, convoys and other sea forces, in such an event, were planned in detail, and, had the threatened raid occurred, American and Allied forces would have been in a position immediately and effectively to meet the threat. Studying the submarine situation, the planning section visualized methods by which the Germans might make the campaign more effective and recommended strategical and tactical dispositions to meet any plans adopted. So thorough were their studies of enemy forces and possibilities that Admiral Sims has commented: "Indeed, I think that many of these reports, had they fallen into the hands of the Germans, would have been found by them exceedingly useful." Needless to say, there was no danger of such a contingency.

One of the most interesting of the reports concerned methods of strengthening Allied morale, and at the same time weakening that of the enemy. "War," stated a report dated February 13, 1918, "is fundamentally an attack on national will power. A war is won when—and not before—the enemy's will is broken.

"We are confronted now with a great opportunity and a highly dangerous menace, both of which reside in the minds of men. This opportunity and this menace is the increased suggestibility of the masses, due to the spiritual tension of their present state.

"As a rule, we have sought to break the enemy's will by physical means exclusively, by the acts of physical war, leaving those acts to work as they might, for or against us. We have failed to marshal and to organize the impressions of events as real forces in the war. We have concentrated on the physical and have neglected the spiritual elements of the war. Under present conditions the marshaling of morale against morale is as worthy an employment of national genius as can be found. We cannot place too much emphasis on the mission in this problem."

The planning section then recommended the employment of psychologists to formulate a policy with the accomplishment of this aim in view, supplemented by national committees to carry their plans into effect. The tasks of the psychologists were defined as: The arousing of a new enthusiasm for the war; the reëstablishment of belief in the soundness of the Allied governments; the reëstablishment of confidence in the truth of what is published; the instruction of all, from the highest to the lowest mentalities, in the reasons why we are fighting; a revival of interest in the smaller events of the war; the uniting of all classes in a common purpose and determination to support the Government's efforts toward victory.

Measuring the Enemy

Since the submarine campaign constituted the gravest naval problem at that time, plans to weaken the morale of U-boat crews by unremitting attacks and by other methods to be evolved by a psychological commission, consisting largely of naval officers, also were recommended.

Pending the decision of such psychological commissions as might be appointed, the planning section offered several interesting suggestions of its own. One proposed that, with the invitation of the Allied governments and the approval of the President of the United States, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, former President, visit the principal manufacturing cities of Great Britain, France and Italy to address workmen and convince them of the great efforts the United States was making in the war. His addresses might well, it was added, be supplemented by those of famous American labor leaders. Another suggested that the influence of the King of England's leadership would be "greater and more stimulating were he to occupy field headquarters in France."

This paper was distributed by Admiral Sims to several of England's most prominent leaders, including Lord Northcliffe, director of British propaganda in foreign countries. Although many of its proposals failed of adoption, it was reported to have been favorably received and to have proved useful in both Great Britain and the United States.

The importance to our own forces of many of the planning section's studies was demonstrated in the disposition of its paper on antisubmarine tactics, completed July 13, 1918. This study listed and described thoroughly the enemy's forces and their capabilities. To clarify the methods of the U-boats, it included voluminous extracts from the German submarine manual Then it recommended separately the most effective method for all types of naval craft, including destroyers, eagle boats, submarine chasers, mystery ships, mine layers, trawlers, motor launches, dirigibles, seaplanes and submarines, to employ in attacking the undersea raiders. So valuable was this study considered by headquarters that copies were made and distributed to United States vessels in the war zone. Undoubtedly its recommendations contributed greatly to the effectiveness of our unremitting warfare on the submarine.

On some occasions the influence of the planning section was exerted less directly. In a study of conditions in the Mediterranean it determined that there was just one satisfactory location for the mine barrage to close the Adriatic Sea. Unfortunately, this project was disapproved by Italy. The planning section then drew up a set of principles to govern the location of any barrage. These principles were approved without change by the Interallied Naval Council in London and sent to the Malta conference for its guidance. The Malta conference was to decide upon the locality of the barrage and found but one to conform to the principles laid down, and that was the place originally decided upon by the American planning section.

The First Line of Defense

The American member of the Malta conference was Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss, commander of the mine force. During the discussion an Italian admiral announced that the Italians were then laying down a barrage at the rate of 250 mines a day. Admiral Strauss told how the American mine layers in the North Sea had laid as many as 5500 mines in five hours. Upon hearing this, the Italian admiral arose, placed his chapeau over his heart and bowed profoundly to Admiral Strauss.

Diplomacy, "the first line of defense," came also within the scope of the planning section. In September of 1918 it coöperated with the British plans division in a study of the advantages of concluding an offensive and defensive alliance with Bulgaria. Military, naval, economic and political considerations were all discussed in the paper, and shown to be of the highest strategic advantage. The timeliness of the paper, which was submitted to the British Admiralty, was demonstrated by the fact that the Balkan crisis occurred only a few weeks after its completion.

A New Code of Warfare

At various times throughout their period of service officers attached to the planning section visited the bases of both American and Allied forces to familiarize themselves with all branches of the naval effort. During the latter part of October, 1918, Captains Schofield, McNamee and Knox accompanied Admiral Sims to Paris to attend meetings of the Allied Naval Council, then concerned with naval terms for the expected Armistice, and remained there to assist Admiral Benson, Chief of Operations. By direction of Admiral Benson they prepared papers on steps to be taken in the event of a revolution in Germany; the disposition of surrendered German warships, and the United States naval interests in the Armistice. Relative to the disposition of the German ships the report recommended that "no vessel surrendered by Germany shall ever be used to increase the naval armaments of any power whatever," and commented, in part:

"The distribution of vessels surrendered by Germany will serve to increase the armaments of the powers participating in the distribution. It is highly improbable that the United States will participate in such a distribution; in fact, we consider it undesirable that she should so participate. In consequence, we shall find ourselves, at the end of this war, if distribution does take place, in a position of great naval inferiority not consistent with our interests at sea and overseas."

Another paper of wide and even current interest prepared by members of the planning section concerned the use of submarines in future warfare. It recommended:

That an international agreement be concluded to abolish submarine warfare.

That to insure against violations of this agreement all subsurface vessels of every class whatsoever now built or building be destroyed, and that none hereafter be constructed.

That no merchant vessel shall hereafter be destroyed by belligerent action.

That merchant vessels which under present rules would be subject to destruction may be sent into a neutral port and interned in the same manner as combatant vessels.

The paper was forwarded to the Navy Department without approval by the force commander.

In view of the causes which drew the United States into the war, and of present-day discussions of naval armament and methods, a memorandum on Freedom of the Seas, also prepared at Paris in November, 1918, holds an unusual significance. Considering the demand for international arrangement assuring peaceful use of the high seas by neutrals in the event of war, it reached the following conclusions:

That absolute freedom of the seas is at present impracticable.

That the belligerent's right to capture or to destroy combatant ships of the enemy on the high seas cannot be questioned.

That the right to capture enemy merchant ships should not be denied.

That liability for the exportation and carriage of contraband should become a national liability instead of a private liability.

(Continued on Page 56)

A Light Cruiser Photographed From the Air

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

It's only small-car FEATURE is its *Low Price*

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

PLYMOUTH

FULL SIZE

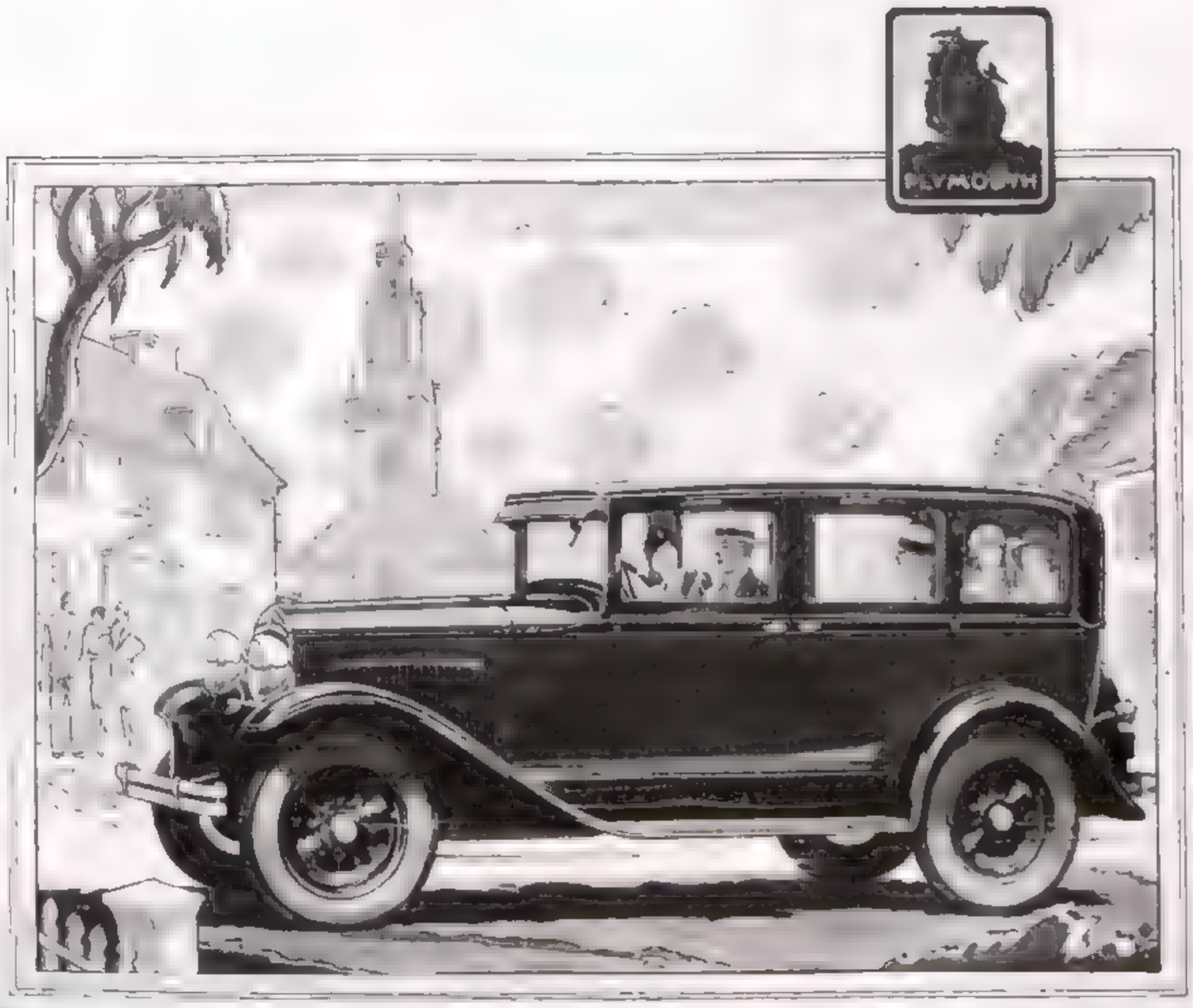
TODAY, a small price need no longer restrict you to a car of indifferent quality any more than it need limit you to a miniature motor car. Chrysler Motors has changed all that by introducing into the lowest-priced field the beautiful *full-size* Plymouth. It is a quality motor car in every respect—in style, in comfort and in performance—that solves the choice of the millions who count the cost of motoring.

Plymouth is self-evidently a product of Chrysler designing, Chrysler engineering and Chrysler craftsmanship. It is the kind of a car that doesn't say: "*Price, price, price*" every time you look at it.

With its slender-profile radiator, "air-wing" fenders and graceful body outline, Plymouth radiates an upper-class style and distinction never before known in the lowest-priced field.

Plymouth's smooth performance is something else never before characteristic of lowest-priced cars—thanks to the modern high-compression engine, of Chrysler "Silver-Dome" principle, with its extra large crankshaft bearings, full pressure lubrication, aluminum alloy pistons, silcrome exhaust valves, rubber engine mountings and body impulse neutralizer.

At the wheel there is a fine feeling of security that smaller cars do not impart. You know that beneath you is a *full-size* rugged chassis, with *full-size* axles and *full-size* Chrysler internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes —positive and safe in all weather.



FULL-SIZE PLYMOUTH FOUR-DOOR SEDAN, $695

And to add even greater significance to all the comforts and advantages inherent in Plymouth's *full-size*, is its remarkable economy. For Plymouth is just as economical as smaller cars in gas and oil consumption—and far more economical in upkeep.

$655 AND UPWARDS F. O. B. FACTORY

Every comparison definitely emphasizes that Plymouth is without even a near-rival at anywhere near its low price.

Coupe, $655; Roadster (with rumble seat), $675; 2-door Sedan, $675; Touring, $695; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $695; 4-door Sedan, $695. All prices f. o. b. factory. Plymouth dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments.

PLYMOUTH — product of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship — has been so named because its endurance and strength, ruggedness and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that Pilgrim band who were the first settlers of Plymouth and among the first American Colonists.

(Continued from Page 54)

That the nature of contraband should be determined during peace by universal agreement, and that these agreements should be unalterable during war.

That no merchant ship, either belligerent or neutral, should be destroyed in war.

That the right of visit and search should be granted for the sole purpose of identification and to determine guilt for unneutral service and breach of blockade

That the permissible limits of blockade areas should be determined precisely during peace and the corresponding freedom of belligerents to determine the extent of blockade areas restricted.

That strategic areas should be limited in extent as much as possible, and that the discretion of the belligerent in declaring such areas should be defined during peace.

That the underlying principle of belligerent and neutral rights on the high seas should be that a neutral shall not aid a belligerent nor shall a belligerent interfere with a neutral except in accordance with precise rules determined during peace and unalterable during war.

That the changes or modifications in international law suggested above should not be put forward for adoption, except in principle, until they have received the closest scrutiny by the international jurists of the nations concerned.

With the exception of a history of its activities, that was the last report of the American naval planning section. No more were needed. The United States Navy had whole-heartedly done its bit to attain victory. It had furnished subchasers, destroyers, aircraft and other vessels, and had built a huge fleet of merchant vessels—all at a cost of billions of dollars. Beyond such wealth, it had—like the Army—also contributed lives of the nation's youth. The last year of the war found it a smooth-running machine increasing constantly in size and in effectiveness, and exerting a powerful aid to victory. A striking characteristic was the very high morale of the personnel. With other officers of long experience, I was profoundly impressed by the sense of responsibility, the energy and the earnestness of our naval volunteers and convinced anew that the United States can always rely on its man power in any great national emergency.

A Vital Industry

During the entire period of our participation in the war the United States fleet was commanded by Admiral Henry T. Mayo. One part, as has been explained, was detached from his command and sent to European waters, under Admiral Sims, another assigned to act as a cruiser and transport force, under Vice Admiral Gleaves. Both admirals received orders from and reported direct to the Navy Department, the commander in chief being kept informed of what was done. The disposition of the forces and the coördination of the fleet as a whole were responsibilities retained in Washington, although there was no interference with the operations of the commands at sea. In another war circumstances may dictate the necessity of putting the entire fleet under the command of an admiral afloat.

American efforts in the naval campaign were directed principally against the enemy submarine. That was the outstanding strategy of the war. As always, sea power had proved potent. Ships had contributed greatly to victory, demonstrating anew that all oversea relations, in war as in peace, are ultimately dependent upon ocean carriers. Industrial development has now advanced to a stage where no nation is sufficient unto itself. The greatest of empires must rely on some products and materials produced beyond its borders. The German defeat was hastened by shortages of cotton, copper and oil. Ships could not deliver them because of the effective Allied blockades. The Allied armies were dependent on ships for supplies, and, after American participation in the war, for troops. Ships will still be needed in future wars—ships of the merchant marine as well as naval types. The value of merchant ships to the Navy, when used as auxiliaries alone, has been estimated at 30 per cent. It may be more.

In peace, ships are equally necessary. Without them colonies are helpless. The great industries of the United States, including agriculture, would languish without a merchant marine to assure world-wide distribution of their products. International financial projects require ships to transport the gold exchanged in the transactions. The economic stability, the prosperity, the progress of the United States may be measured in terms of ships. Obviously we must have a merchant marine; primarily for industrial independence; secondarily for the national defense.

In this opinion Congress concurred when, a year ago, it passed the Jones-White Act, which stimulates by intelligent Federal aid the construction and operation of American merchant ships. Aided by the provisions of the act, the United States rapidly should progress toward attaining the position in maritime activities which its importance among nations demands. To construct ships, there must be shipyards, and shipyards, to exist, require remunerative contracts. Therefore, in the opinion of many able students of national defense, it seems wise to construct naval vessels as well as merchant vessels in private shipyards, rather than in navy yards, not only because the private yard can build them more economically but because the contracts would assure the continued life of the industry and thus have construction facilities immediately available in the event of a crisis similar to that of 1917. Then the outcome of the war depended largely on our ability quickly to produce urgently needed tonnage.

The Age-Old Contest

The importance of the merchant marine in any future hostilities at sea is augmented by the fact that the actual implements of naval warfare are becoming standardized. Every weapon now is designed to destroy the enemy by a high explosive. The shell, torpedo, mine and bomb are all high-explosive projectiles, with ranges varying from zero—the mine—to hundreds of miles—the aircraft bomb. The velocity of these projectiles varies from zero—the mine—to more than thirty miles a minute—the gun. They are dropped from the air, discharged from guns and projected from submarines.

Aircraft and submarines—the newest weapons—were first widely used in the World War. Improved and perfected designs give a fascinating play to the imagination as to their employment in the next great naval conflict. Both have strategic qualities. They may be employed to obtain information before rival fleets gain contact for battle. Early and accurate information on one side as to the location, disposition and formation of the enemy forces may spell victory instead of defeat. When battle is joined these two weapons will be used tactically to destroy the enemy by bomb and torpedo. Were there no defense against aircraft and submarines, the battleship, and with it, all surface vessels, would fall an easy victim and have to quit the sea. The age-old contest between the offensive and defensive still continues. Every newly conceived thrust inevitably is answered by a newly invented parry.

Statesmen Design Submarines

In the World War the submarine represented the most serious danger to the Allies, and caused the greatest crisis they encountered, by reason of its threat against commerce. The threat was defeated by the depth charge, the convoy, listening devices and other measures. Whether the submarine objective—the destruction of merchant shipping—was strategically sound is a question upon which even German authorities differ. Certainly in another war such a primary campaign would mean a dispersion of naval forces, and dispersion is about the worst of strategic solecisms.

The design of warships is dependent upon strategic conceptions and these are determined by military men from national policies. Thus, ultimately, statesmen determine the design of the submarine. In the remote contingency that the United States wages war again, the operations will be conducted far from its shores. The principle of concentration of naval forces will compel the design of a submarine with speed and radius of action approximating that of a battleship. That, in turn, means size—2000 tons or more. Such a submarine will be used for scouting and for cutting enemy lines of communication, yet its operations will be so directed that it may be present at any great fleet action.

Aircraft, in the World War, were used at sea for scouting, patrolling and bombing. According to high German officials, five submarines were destroyed by aircraft bombs. The lighter-than-air ships were used by the Germans for scouting and bombing raids over enemy cities. The vulnerability of these huge Zeppelins to destruction by small planes, their lack of airworthiness in gales and storms, and their helplessness in fog indicate they can be of little, if any, military value, unless developed to a stage far beyond that attained in 1914-1918.

Airplanes, in contrast, have far more promising possibilities. Recent developments in heavier-than-air flight have been spectacular. The achievements of Lindbergh and Chamberlin and the extraordinary flights of the Southern Cross and the Question Mark have encouraged among the American people an air-mindedness impossible of prediction a few years ago. Military use of aircraft is affecting strategy, tactics, and even national policies. Halifax, Bermuda and Jamaica have lost much of their value as bases from which to wage a maritime war because of the airplane. When the United States needed a naval base from which to lay a mine barrage across the Strait of Otranto during the World War, the island of Corfu was first selected. The planning section, after studying the site, pointed out that it was within bombing distance for planes from the enemy base, and Bizerta was chosen instead.

Capital-ship design has been affected by the airplane. Only a few years ago the naval powers were building battle cruisers—huge and costly capital ships with fourteen-inch guns and a speed of thirty knots. Their principal function was to pierce any screen and locate the enemy fleet; then to report that fleet's position and keep in constant touch with it—in short, to give information. Today this service can be performed more quickly, more safely and more easily by airplanes, and, since the battle cruiser's other functions can be performed by ships of different classes, its day seems to be passing.

The tactical uses of aircraft are now most important. By obtaining and holding mastery of the air they can not only direct the gunfire of their own ships but nullify that of the enemy. Aerial bombs may not sink a capital ship, but they can destroy its range finders, fire-control apparatus and personnel, and thus reduce the vessel to impotency. It is because of the airplane's responsible rôle in naval warfare of the future that the majority of strategists oppose what is known as a "unified air service." Pilots must have naval training before they can serve the Navy efficiently. In 1916 a German air pilot reported British light forces as "a division of large battleships," and this error caused the German admiral of the High Seas Fleet to miss an opportunity to attack the enemy. A naval officer could not have made that mistake. The necessity of living aboard ship if attached to the fleet, and of thorough familiarity with naval gunnery and naval methods, also requires navy-trained men in the air as well as afloat.

Preparing for Peace

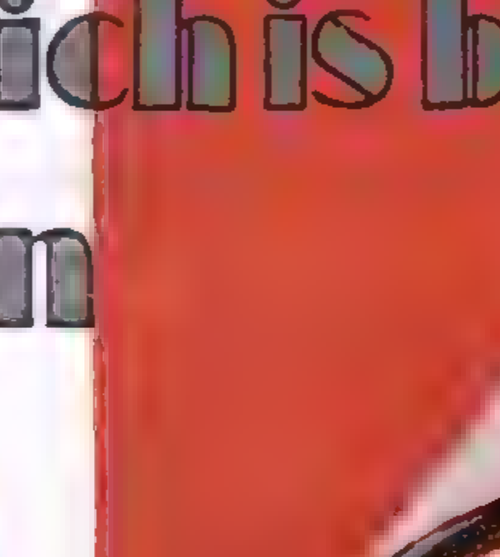
The amazing development of naval aircraft and submarines does not mean, however, the passing of the battleship. Neither of those two types of weapon is self-supporting. Each can operate only by utilizing the facilities offered by carriers or bases. If the enemy controls the surface of the seas, aircraft carriers can be driven to port or sunk and bases destroyed. A strong surface fleet is still a primary necessity. The well-balanced fleet must be composed of all naval weapons, including capital ships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and aircraft, coördinating and coöperating under one command—a true unity of command. Ultimately, however, the strength and effectiveness of the Navy depend not alone upon weapons but upon intimate and sympathetic understanding by the statesmen of our country of its needs and its mission.

For its accomplishment in the World War the United States Navy has received its meed of praise. Woodrow Wilson, Josephus Daniels, General John J. Pershing, military and civil leaders of the Allied nations—all have paid their tributes to the officers and men whose devotion, sacrifices and achievements these articles have attempted to portray. In time of war the Navy, aided by those men, prepared itself diligently for war. Now, in time of peace, it is preparing for peace. The Washington and Locarno treaties, the efforts for further limitations of armaments, the Pact of Paris—these are preparations for peace. Let us maintain a Navy not too large, yet adequate to protect our international interests and to assure security at home. In that way lies a peace that will endure—a peace to which the Navy is dedicated.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Rear Admiral Magruder.

Lighthouse on Isle Madame, Nova Scotia

All are good-looking but which is best in ACTION?



NELSON
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PISTONS

That's the question! Of course, you must have a good looking automobile.

But a beautiful car is only half the bargain.

Nowadays practically all cars are good looking *but not all cars are good performers.*

There is one simple way for you to find out. Make sure that the car you are considering is equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. Most of the best ones are.

Nelson Bohnalite Pistons are made of Bohnalite which is 62% lighter than iron. This means reciprocating parts of a motor can be lightened and Oh Boy what a difference in performance!

If you desire glorious getaway—added pep—greater speed and the absence of that annoying vibration, see that your next car comes equipped with this advanced piston. *Ask the salesman! Insist!*

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

- and one of the Finest Things About Oldsmobile is its

DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE

Month after Month - Mile after Mile

Foremost among Oldsmobile's thousands of friends are its owners. They know this car because they drive it and depend upon it month after month and mile after mile—over all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather.

Go to them and ask them what they think of Oldsmobile. They express sincere admiration for its style—enthusiasm for its riding qualities—pride in its performance. And above all, they praise its sterling dependability.

They tell you that winter or summer, rain or shine, Oldsmobile's big 62 horsepower high-compression engine delivers the same fine, dependable performance—the same swift acceleration, dazzling speed, and mighty power—hour after hour and day after day.

They tell you, further, that starting is easy and sure with Oldsmobile's progressive contact starting motor—that steering is accurate and effortless—that braking is smooth, quiet and reliable with Oldsmobile's quick-acting four-wheel brakes. Many factors contribute to this faithfulness in daily use—unified, well-balanced design—fine car engineering—sturdy construction—and high quality of materials and craftsmanship.

And Oldsmobile gives you much in addition to dependable performance. Oldsmobile provides restful riding ease and smartest style as well.

Oldsmobile's bodies by Fisher combine smart, graceful beauty with the advantages of sturdy wood-and-steel construction. Interiors are spacious and restful—with plenty of head room and leg room—wide, deep-cushioned seats—luxurious upholsteries and tasteful appointments. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and specially designed springs make riding supremely comfortable, even on rough roads.

Oldsmobile combines brilliant performance and voguish style with stamina, long life and thorough dependability. That's why Oldsmobile owners are so enthusiastic about their cars. That's why Oldsmobile is winning greater and greater public favor everywhere. That's why you can't match Oldsmobile's value at its new lower price.

NEW LOWER PRICE
TWO DOOR SEDAN
$875
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Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

OLDSMOBILE
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This emblem identifies the new 1929 Oldsmobile

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LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

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Well known members of the BETWEEN THE ACTS CLUB

The cigar smoker of yesterday was a "whole hog or none" fellow. If he didn't have time for his long smoke, he did without. Today we smoke oftener . . . but we haven't time for "non-stop" smokes. That's why BETWEEN-THE-ACTS have leaped to popularity. *The 15¢ cigar in ten installments.* Sized to fit the busy man's short smoking moments. And not a penny's waste in a packetful.

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Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you . . . mail us 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York.

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THE MILLION-POUND DEPOSIT

(Continued from Page 29)

There was a tense silence. Half a dozen people collected in the doorway, and the barman rushed out from behind the counter.

De Brest suffered himself to be helped to his feet by the latter. There was a livid mark on the side of his chin, and a few drops of blood.

"I'm sorry," Dutley repeated, "but you really shouldn't have come worrying us."

De Brest showed no signs of fight. He held the brass rail of the counter with one hand and dabbed at his chin with his handkerchief. He looked intently at his adversary.

"You will be very sorry for this, Dutley," he threatened. "You will be very sorry indeed."

Dutley shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm at your service," he declared. "Whatever you wish to do about it, I am ready."

De Brest's lips quivered a little. The under one seemed to slip sideways. If it was a smile, it contained the very incarnation of malice.

"You will have nothing to do with what is coming to you for this," he rejoined. "It will just arrive. You will have no power to avert it. You will get from me what you deserve."

Dutley looked at him curiously. He was not by any means a psychologist, but it always interested him to watch human beings in any critical phase of their lives. Here was a man who had been knocked down on perhaps insufficient provocation—a strong man, and more powerfully built than his opponent. That he was angry was obvious. He was coldly and whitely furious, yet there did not appear to be a single impulse in his body urging him to strike back. He was consumed with a sort of passion, but it was not a passion which demanded any physical retaliation. Dutley did not understand. He rather despised it.

"If I have been in any way to blame, Miss Bessiter," De Brest said, "I apologize."

"I think that Lord Dutley was very wrong, indeed," Lucille told him gravely.

The young man bowed. "I thank you," he murmured.

He left the place and turned toward the cloakroom.

"Will you take me back, Charles, please?" Lucille begged, slipping from her stool.

"Don't be angry with me," he pleaded. "It isn't often I lose my temper."

"Do you think that you should have done it before me?" she asked coldly.

"Of course I shouldn't," he admitted. "The only thing is, the fellow looked as though he were coming for me. He has the longer reach, and I suddenly had the feeling that I must get in first."

"You started by being rude to him," she reminded him.

"I couldn't help it," he apologized. "The fellow had been annoying me ever since I entered your drawing-room. He was staring at you all dinnertime. He tried to drive in the same car with you, tried to dance with you continually. Why? He must know we're engaged."

Ronnie Bessiter came hurrying in.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Someone was saying there'd been a bit of a row. Where's Siggie?"

"Siggie's gone home," Dutley answered. "I'm afraid I've behaved badly, Ronnie. Come and help me make things right with your sister."

"Ronnie needn't worry," Lucille announced. "I shan't be silly about it. I think you were very wrong, Charles, but I'm not going to quarrel with you."

"Dear girl," Dutley murmured.

"What happened?" Ronnie wanted to know.

"Why, your baron friend has been ogling Lucille the whole of the evening," Dutley explained—"trying to drive in the car with her, trying to shove himself in between us all the time. We came out here so that I could have Lucille to myself for a few minutes. He followed her and asked her to dance, although you're even numbers without us. She refused, and in less than quarter of an hour out he came again. I told him he wasn't wanted. After that, something else was said—I don't quite know what—he looked a little ugly himself, and I knocked him down. The barman helped him up and he's gone away."

"Didn't he show fight?" Ronnie asked.

"Not a bit of it! He's got some other hideous form of torture preparing for me. He didn't specify what it was, but he departed in an atmosphere of mysterious threats. Never mind; Lucille's forgiven me. That bottle just holds three more cocktails, barman. Let's have them, and we'll go back to the others."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," Lucille decided. "You shall dance with me once, to show that we're alive, and you shall take me home. I don't feel like any further festivities this evening."

Young Bessiter clambered onto a stool and sat for a moment in meditative silence.

"I can't get over Siggie not showing fight," he remarked presently. "He doesn't look soft, and he's twice your size, Charles."

Dutley shrugged his shoulders.

"If I were a nervous person, I should remember what the natives say," he reflected: "'The most dangerous enemy is the man who takes a blow away with him.'"

VII

DUTLEY dismounted from his horse and handed the reins to a groom, just as Sir Matthew's taxi pulled up in front of his door on the following morning. The two men entered the house together.

"You keep early hours for London," Sir Matthew remarked.

His companion nodded.

"One of the only good qualities I inherited from the governor, I'm afraid," he acknowledged. "One gets into the way of it, too, in Africa. Can't do much trekking after the sun's up. This way, Sir Matthew. We'll have breakfast at once, and I'll change afterward. I've been riding a steady old mare this morning and didn't get hot."

He led his guest to a pleasant little breakfast room, with a wood fire burning in the grate, and a pile of newspapers on the table. A servant arranged a row of silver dishes on the sideboard, with tea and coffee on a hot-water stand.

"That will do now," Dutley directed. "We'll wait upon ourselves. Sir Matthew, have a look and see what you fancy," he added, pouring himself out some tea. "Boothroyd's went down three-eighths yesterday, I see."

Sir Matthew helped himself in silence, and took his place at the breakfast table.

"They'll fall more than that today, and again tomorrow," he confided. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Because of what you told me last night, I suppose," Dutley said, completing his own selection from the sideboard and seating himself at the table.

"Not only that. As far as I know, there isn't a whisper yet of what's happened to us. Yesterday's fall was simply due to continued selling."

"Somebody getting rid of his shares, eh?"

"That's what I'm here to talk to you about. I am speaking for Stephenson, Watherspoon and myself. We aren't rich men—not one of us—as money's reckoned today, and practically everything we have is in the company. I've worked hard all my life; so have the others. We're not going to be left without a bob in the world. That's why we've begun to sell some shares. We've drawn up an agreement among ourselves. We're putting half our holdings on the market."

Dutley stirred his tea meditatively.

"That seems reasonable enough," he admitted.

"Glad you look at it that way. Now comes the question: What about you? Watherspoon, Stephenson and I own about forty thousand shares each. You must have something like five hundred thousand. Of course, I've let you know the true state of affairs as soon as it was possible, but what I've come to see you about chiefly is this: We do not want you to go and lump all your shares on the market. We'd like you to promise to do what we're doing—that is, only dispose of half of them—and we'd like you to do that gradually, and to sell some of them abroad if possible. You go to your friend Bessiter, for instance," Sir Matthew continued, attacking his bacon and eggs with considerable spirit; "tell him you want to sell thirty or forty thousand and give him no explanation, and you'll start rumors of every kind."

"I shouldn't think of doing such a thing," Dutley assured his guest. "I haven't decided to sell any at all yet. After all, the value of a business doesn't depend wholly upon the price of its shares in the market, does it? There may sometimes be speculators at work who are wrong."

Sir Matthew nodded.

"Quite right," he agreed, "but in this case there's a solid and a disastrous reason for a fall in the shares. We are doing badly. We are piling up losses instead of profits. We've got to face this: That unless our chemists perform a miracle or we recover possession of the formula, we must either shut down or lose the whole of our capital."

"Have you got the best men you know of up at the laboratories?" Dutley inquired.

"We've got the men we've always had. We daren't make a change. We should have had to explain the position to anyone we engaged."

"I met a chap at dinner last night—a Doctor Hisedale," Dutley confided—"who tried to be very chatty with me."

Sir Matthew was silent for a moment. The hard lines had closed in around his mouth and eyes.

"Professor Hisedale is a free lance just now," he said, "but he is also senior consulting chemist in the laboratory of one of our greatest Continental competitors. He is probably over here spying."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," Dutley agreed. "He seemed disappointed to find that I was such an ignoramus."

"There's really no man alive whose brains he could pick," Sir Matthew declared. "There was never a chemical process of manufacture so difficult or so complicated as the one by which we worked. The worst of it is, it has a dozen ramifications. To give you one instance: By one of Blunn's discoveries, we were able two years ago to reduce the price of a certain type of silk yarn 25 per cent. We have huge contracts to fill at that reduction. Without the formula, we can only make the stuff at the old price, and that means, as you can see, a thundering big loss. Everything that scientists can do, our men are doing up there, but they simply can't get it. They fail, and fail, and fail."

Dutley made a very brief visit to the sideboard. Somehow his appetite was scarcely a robust thing this morning.

"Look here, Sir Matthew," he said, "you've been facing this problem for months now. Haven't you an idea in the world as to what's become of the formula?"

Sir Matthew dropped his knife and fork with a clatter. His mouth seemed suddenly to take to itself a curious curve.

"I?" he exclaimed. "Do you think I should be sitting here, talking like this, if I had an idea where it was? How the devil should I?"

"Please don't misunderstand me," Dutley begged apologetically. "All that I meant, naturally, was that you must have thought this over to yourself many times,

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Continued from Page 60

and you might have arrived at some conclusion that you didn't even care to hint at."

Sir Matthew recommenced his breakfast with a sigh.

"I never thought I should mention the word 'nerves,'" he confided. "Didn't know what they were until a month ago. The formula is in the hands of the men who came to Boothroyd's to steal it, but who they were and what they're going to do with it, is more than I can tell you. My first theory was that they were out for a big reward, and the Lord knows they could have it. Unless they sell it to one of our competitors, there's no other way they can dispose of it."

"Why shouldn't we get a reward offered so that it would seem to come from a third person who would keep his mouth closed—no questions asked, and that sort of thing?" Dutley suggested.

"That's a last resource, of course," Sir Matthew admitted, "but if it leaks out in any way we're done. The one thing we want now—till we've got rid of some shares, at any rate—is secrecy. That reminds me, there's another reason for my visit—something else I want you to promise."

"Go ahead."

"If you sell any of your shares through Bessiter's, don't tell them why. Don't let them have any idea that there's anything wrong at the works. They're the most important firm dealing in industrials, and people always follow their lead."

"That's all right," Dutley assented. "I won't breathe a word about our troubles to them. As a matter of fact," he concluded thoughtfully, "I haven't made up my mind to sell any of my shares yet."

Sir Matthew stared at his host across the table. The two presented a curious contrast—the stalwart Yorkshireman, a splendid figure of a man in his towering height and strength, his broad, benevolent face and features cut as though out of granite, and Dutley, in his fashionably cut but well-worn riding clothes, his sunburnt complexion, his clear blue eyes, and the half-gentle, half-humorous curve of his lips. It was not exactly a weak face, but a sensitive one. By the side of Sir Matthew, he appeared almost insignificant, yet a physiognomist might have remarked upon the fact that, small though the chin was, it had a firm setting, and though he had never quite got rid of his Oxford drawl, his words were crisply and definitely spoken.

"It's not my place to advise you," Sir Matthew said, "and I believe that you have other money besides your shares in the company, but it is my duty to tell you this—you not being a business man—that, unless things change, the shares which are standing at eighty today will be round about forty in six months' time, and probably down to ten or twelve by the end of next year."

"I shall take a bit of a chance with my shares," Dutley decided. "I can't help thinking that those johnnies up at the laboratories will learn by their mistakes. Even if they can't quite get the old stuff, they'll get somewhere near it in time."

"There's a certain amount of common sense in that," Sir Matthew admitted, "but the trouble is that any week we may find the old stuff rolling onto the market from the Continent, made from our formula. There will go our trade, then, in one swoop."

"It's a quaint situation," Dutley reflected, toying with some marmalade.

"To any ordinary human being," Sir Matthew pronounced, "the situation is, of course, incomprehensible. The truth is that your father had one overmastering fear in his life, and when I was a young man I must say that to some extent I understood it. He knew that there were spies everywhere trying to get hold of his process. We used to be always beating them up and chucking them out of the place. The consequence was that we had to take all sorts of precautions. The different phases of the process were in different hands. One man had a mixture to deal with, but he didn't know of what it was composed, or in what proportion. He dealt with it according to instructions, passed it on to the next, and so on. There's no doubt," Sir Matthew concluded, "that if your father hadn't been so careful our competitors would have got hold of the same process, and we should never have made such a gigantic success of it as we have. On the other hand, we were first in the field. We should still have had a thundering good business, and we shouldn't have had this to face."

Dutley was silent for a few moments, leaning back in his chair with his hands in the pockets of his riding breeches, his slaty-blue eyes fixed upon vacancy. Sir Matthew sighed as he looked at him. He was inclined to consider this young man, on the whole, as something of a degenerate. Eton and Oxford had set their mark upon him, and the type was strange to the sturdy, little-traveled Yorkshireman. His thoughts wandered back a score of years. He imagined for a moment that it was the father who sat there, instead of the son. . . . Dutley roused himself, pushed a box of cigars across the table, and lit a cigarette himself.

"Tell me the details of the burglary," he invited. "I've scarcely heard a word about it. There hasn't been a single arrest, has there?"

"Worst thing that ever happened, from a police point of view," Sir Matthew declared. "There were five of the burglars. They must have been lying within the works all day, or mixed with the factory hands in some way. That would have been possible among a crowd of some sixteen or seventeen thousand. Soon after midnight, when the watchman in the office building had finished his first round, they got into the private office and set to work upon the great safe."

"Stop a minute," Dutley interrupted. "How did they get into the offices?"

"They had a set of false keys," Sir Matthew explained. "With a staff of a hundred and twenty clerks and typists, that wouldn't have been difficult. There's no doubt that they would have got what they wanted, and walked out without a soul being the wiser, but old Rentoul was working in his private laboratory above. He evidently heard them and, instead of giving the alarm, like a sensible man, came down and walked straight into them. That was the greatest disaster that could have happened to us. They shot him dead—the only man who had the whole thing, practically from beginning to end, in his head."

"There was another man killed, too, wasn't there?"

Sir Matthew nodded.

"One of the night watchmen met them as they were going out. Very likely he had heard the shot fired, for he was off his beat. Anyhow, he seems to have noticed a strange car in the shadows, and made for the alarm bell. They shot him dead, within a yard of it. Then they just drove off and disappeared."

"The money they took was a bluff, I suppose."

"Absolutely. It was a marvelously arranged coup, having one end and aim only—the formula."

"Odd sort of a show," Dutley reflected. "Makes one wonder what kind of person was at the back of it. A first-class burglary by experts, and two men murdered, just for that roll of papers."

"Roll of papers, indeed!" Sir Matthew repeated scornfully. "Listen, Dutley: I'm not a man with much imagination, but can you conceive any other burglary in the world so easy to effect for such a prize? What would be the good of two million pounds' worth of Bank of England notes, for instance? They would have to be sold at a discount, and before the thieves could get rid of a quarter of them the rest would be utterly unnegotiable. I tell you that it's the most amazing, and might be the most profitable, burglary that's ever been committed. The papers are worth two millions of anyone's money. The loss of them has cost us already half a million. It will cost

Continued on Page 65

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us our existence, unless either our chemists do the trick or we get them back again."

Again Dutley relapsed into silence, looking thoughtfully out of the window, and again Sir Matthew wondered what he was thinking of; whether there was indeed a brain behind that narrow, freckled forehead, or whether these were vague musings in which he was indulging.

"Let's talk about your own shares," Sir Matthew suggested at last. "I'll give you the names of a few brokers, if you like. Anything, as long as you keep away from the Bessiters."

Dutley stroked his chin meditatively.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," he confided, "whether I shall sell any of my shares or not. Mind you, you're quite right about yours. I have a pretty tidy fortune outside, you must remember. I rather think I shall hang on. It will keep the market up, and I don't fancy the idea of Boothroyd's touching the mud."

"Quixotic!" Sir Matthew declared. "There's no reason why you shouldn't realize, say half a million pounds' worth."

"I don't feel like it at present," Dutley confessed. "You see, if the smash comes, everyone will be having a go at me for not having stayed at home and looked after things a bit. If they find I haven't sold out it will look better—governor's name, you know, and that sort of thing. I'll tell you what I am rather thinking of doing."

"Another expedition?"

"Yes, but a home one this time. I'm rather inclined to have a shy at getting the formula back."

Sir Matthew laughed derisively.

"It hasn't occurred to you, I suppose," he said, "that the whole of the Yorkshire police—and they're not exactly fools—and Scotland Yard have been on the job for the last four months?"

"I know that," Dutley assented. "That's what makes me think that there must have been something wrong about their methods—just something they've left out of their calculations."

Sir Matthew opened his mouth and closed it again. He felt rather sorry for this young man, and there seemed to be no reason why he should hurt his feelings.

"Well, if you find the man with the formula," he begged, "be sure that you get us the first offer for it. Where we shall raise the money from, I don't know, but we'll buy it."

Dutley balanced a spoon on the edge of his cup. "I don't know," he reflected. "There seems to me to be something a little illogical in buying back a thing which belongs to you. I would rather acquire it in some other fashion."

Sir Matthew smiled tolerantly.

"These buccaneering expeditions of yours," he remarked, "have filled your head with the wrong sort of stuff."

"Perhaps so," Dutley agreed. "Nevertheless —— Shall you be at the works all next week?"

"I certainly shall."

"See you one morning, about eleven, then."

"Do you mean that you're really coming down to Leeds?" Sir Matthew asked incredulously.

His host smiled. The abstracted look had gone from his face. He had the air of a man who had been revolving a purpose in his mind, and arrived at a decision.

"I am coming," he announced, "to have a look at the scene of the burglary."

VIII

THE three men—Assistant Commissioner Harrison, Inspector Bridgeman, and Dutley—sat round the table in the former's room at Scotland Yard, a little later on the same morning. The official attitude was apologetic.

"Not one of our most brilliant efforts, the Boothroyd burglary," Bridgeman regretted. "I was up in Yorkshire a few days ago and saw Sir Matthew Parkinson. I'm afraid he's very disappointed with us, and I don't blame him."

"How do you account for the fellows having made such a clean get-away?" Dutley asked.

"Well, for one thing," the inspector explained, "the local police didn't send for us for four days, and by that time the ground had been pretty well scratched over. We ought to have been on the spot the next morning."

"Of course the money didn't amount to anything," Dutley went on, "but the loss of the papers has put us in a bit of a hole up at the works."

"Sir Matthew was explaining that to me," Bridgeman acknowledged. "I am rather surprised, under the circumstances, that you haven't heard something—indirectly, of course—from the thieves."

The assistant commissioner, who had been leaning back in his chair, intervened.

"You'd have heard from them all right," he declared, "if they'd been able to carry out the affair, as they had evidently hoped, without violence. As things are at present, though, any traffic with the papers is the direct line to the criminal. I am sorry to say so, Lord Dutley, but I doubt whether you'll ever see them again."

"Not even if you catch the burglars?"

The assistant commissioner shook his head.

"I'm afraid the first thing they'd do would be to destroy anything that came out of the safe."

"Well, our competitors won't get them, at any rate, then," Dutley observed. "That's one consolation."

"Talking of your competitors, Lord Dutley," the inspector said, "reminds me of what I was pointing out to Sir Matthew last week. You know enough, I dare say, about the routine of criminal catching to realize that, directly after a marvelously planned coup like this has been carried out, the chief part of our energies is devoted not to the clews on the spot, which are generally misleading, but to ascertaining the whereabouts of any of the likely men who might have been concerned in it."

"I've heard something of the sort," Dutley acknowledged. "Jolly interesting way of tackling the business, I should think."

"It's cold common sense when you come to look at it," the inspector went on. "Well, we've a pretty exhaustive list of all the star burglars in London and the provinces—especially those who work in gangs—and your job wasn't done by a single one of them. Not only that, but we haven't a man on our books capable of opening that safe in the way it was opened whose whereabouts we can't trace on that particular night."

"What conclusion does that lead you to?" Dutley inquired.

"The only possible one is that there were amateurs concerned in it, with probably a foreign professional," Bridgeman explained. "I'm almost certain, for instance, that the safe opening was done by an American. It was done by someone who followed American methods, anyhow."

"Amateurs?" Dutley reflected. "That's interesting, at any rate."

"It's interesting in this way," the assistant commissioner observed, leaning forward. "I've talked this over with the chief more than once. The value of those papers, I gather, is immense—but to whom? Not to the general public. Either to your own firm or a competitor."

"I see the idea," Dutley acknowledged.

The assistant commissioner opened a drawer and passed a sheet of typewritten paper across the table.

"There is a list, Lord Dutley," he pointed out, "of firms engaged in the same manufacture as yourself. I had it compiled only yesterday. Talk it over with Sir Matthew. I won't say more than that. You can keep the list. I have several copies."

Dutley folded it up and placed it in his pocket.

"What about a reward?" he asked.

"A reward would have been the obvious way of dealing with the matter," the assistant commissioner agreed, "but for the criminal side of it. That's what ties our hand so completely. The papers may be of vital importance to you, but the man who carried the gun that night is the man we want to get at. An undiscovered murder is one of the blackest marks which can possibly exist against our organization. It doesn't often happen, I am glad to say. Our average in that respect is, as a matter of fact, the best in the world."

"I see," Dutley meditated. "Your one idea is the murderer, and directly you get on his track—as you were saying just now—the papers will probably be destroyed."

"If it hadn't been for the shooting," the inspector confided, "there are several ways we might have tried to get the papers for you, Lord Dutley. As it is, however, we are pretty well helpless."

"Even an indirect participant in the affair, you see," the assistant commissioner explained, "becomes automatically an accomplice in the crime. There have been occasions when it has been politic for us to look the other way when a large reward has been offered and it has been very important to have certain property restored. In your case, however, the two murders make that absolutely impossible. All we can promise you, Lord Dutley, is that we shall do our best, but at the same time I tell you frankly I'm afraid your papers are gone for good and all. Cold comfort, I fear, but there it is," he concluded, holding out his hand.

Inspector Bridgeman descended the stairs with the departing visitor. He was an imposing-looking man, over six feet high, with black hair streaked with gray, sleepy eyes and a somewhat deliberate manner, but a man who, nevertheless, gave one the impression of possessing an immense reserve of power and intelligence.

"You mustn't think, Lord Dutley," he said, "that the case is stagnant. We've several people at the present moment under surveillance—nothing very hopeful, unfortunately, but one never knows. You won't mind just a word of advice, I'm sure," he went on, after a moment's hesitation.

"Do I seem that sort of an ass?" Dutley rejoined cheerfully.

"You've been a bit of an explorer, haven't you?"

"I've done just a spot of traveling in a small way," Dutley acknowledged. "I was in Abyssinia, as a matter of fact, when this affair happened."

"Just so. Well, what I was going to say is that this is one of those very rare cases when I think that a little intelligent amateur effort might produce good results. Have a finger in the pie yourself. Leave Abyssinia alone for a time and try an adventure a trifle nearer home."

The two men were standing side by side in the massive doorway—the inspector, large, ponderous and deliberate, yet somehow or other diffusing an impression of kindliness; Dutley, debonair, of pleasant appearance, very much more in earnest than usual.

"Odd you should say that, inspector," he commented. "It's pretty well what I've made up my mind to do."

Bridgeman nodded approvingly.

"You see, as things are at present," he pointed out, "from your point of view it's stalemate here. We're not looking for your formula. We're looking for the criminals. They're lying low and we're lying low, and if they get a fit of nerves, your formula may go to the back of the fire. However valuable it may be, there's no one will want to be hung for it. That's why I say, take a hand in this show yourself, Lord Dutley. You won't do us any harm; as things are at present, I don't think we're going to do you any good."

"I call this very friendly of you, inspector," Dutley acknowledged, shaking hands.

"By the bye, there's a little man we come in touch with now and then," the inspector remarked—"Edward Wolf his name is—Teddy Wolf in the profession—who, I think, might be useful to you. You'll think

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it odd," he continued, with a large, slow smile, "for a Scotland Yard man to recommend an amateur detective, but I'm not a prejudiced man, and they have their uses sometimes. They can deal with certain phases of a case like yours, for instance, in a way which I couldn't. If I were you, Lord Dutley, I should send for Teddy Wolf to come and see you. Here's his address. If you want any work done in shadowing, inquiries, and that sort of thing, he's honest, and as clever as they make 'em."

"I certainly will," Dutley assented. "There are lots of inquiries I might want to make which I couldn't undertake personally. Jolly useful chap for me, I should think."

"You won't mind not mentioning my name," the inspector begged. "It isn't exactly a professional thing I'm doing, but I've seen a good many queer cases solved in an unusual manner, and this might very well be one of them. I shall keep an eye on you," he added, "and remember, if you get the formula, we want the criminal."

Dutley smiled as he stepped into the limousine.

"You shall have him," he promised, "as soon as the formula is back in our safe at Marlingthorpe."

Many times after his departure the inspector found himself wondering whether the smile of his departing visitor was that of a sanguine child or of a shrewd man.

IX

"THE person you were expecting, my lord," Burdett announced, at a little before seven o'clock that evening.

Dutley threw down his paper, which had just been delivered, and glanced toward the door. Mr. Edward Wolf was already looking about him with curiosity. He relinquished his hat reluctantly, placing it on the floor by his side, and sat on the edge of the chair to which Dutley courteously motioned him, with a comically mingled air of diffidence and bravado. He was a small man, neatly dressed in unobtrusive clothes, sandy of complexion, with freckles on his face and forehead. He had the narrow eyes of a ferret; eyes which were never at rest. Dutley had a feeling that already he could have stood a cross-examination upon the contents of the room.

"Very good of you to come round so soon, Mr. Wolf," he said. "I wondered whether you could help me in a few inquiries I am making."

"Thank you, no, my lord," was the startlingly direct reply. "I don't want to have nothing to do with your burglary case."

Dutley stared at his visitor in genuine surprise. It was several seconds before he could even frame the natural rejoinder.

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you why not, my lord, all right, if you want to know. I don't inquire who told you to send for me, but they might have spared themselves the trouble. I'm a first-rate go-between when there's been an ordinary robbery—say a lady's lost her engagement ring and is willing to give anything to get it back again, and if the police step in they've got to cop the man. That's the sort of case I'm good at. There isn't a thief or a burglar in London I don't know. I know what they've got to part with and I know where they're likely to go with it, but your job ain't in my line."

"But tell me why not," Dutley persisted.

"I'll tell you why not," the little man replied, moistening his lips. "There's many as will tell you—even the police themselves—that I'm as clever at scenting out a crime as the best detective they ever had on the force. I live for crime, in a manner of speaking. I make a study of every robbery, every disappearance, every murder that takes place. I get home before the police often, and they know it. They'd employ me at Scotland Yard if they dared and if I were willing. You're a bit of a sportsman, aren't you, my lord? You use dogs after game. I'm like that. If the game is the criminal, I'm the dog—with a nose, too, I can tell you."

"What I should like to understand is," Dutley explained, "why you don't want to listen to what I have to say. I'm mixed up in a crime, or rather my firm is. Our place near Leeds was burgled ——"

"Save your time, my lord," Edward Wolf intervened. "I tell you there ain't a crime committed from John o' Groat's to Land's End that I couldn't lecture to you about. You're Boothroyd's, the art-silk manufacturers. You've got a factory at Marlingthorpe, near Leeds. Four months ago tonight, burglars ransacked your private offices, opened the safe, stole between five and six thousand pounds, and a number of documents. An old chap came in and interrupted them—whiz, and out he went! They shot him dead. A watchman was closing the gates against them. He reached out for the alarm bell, and kingdom come for him! You can't tell me anything about your burglary. I can tell you this, though: I'm not having any truck with it."

Dutley lit a cigarette and pushed the box across the table to his visitor. The latter shook his head.

"Don't smoke and don't drink," he announced. "I don't eat much, if it comes to that"

"You're a queer sort of fellow," Dutley remarked, with a smile. "Now, pull yourself together and tell me why you don't want to take my job on."

"I'll tell you the truth," was the prompt reply, "and you may as well know it now as later. The people who planned your burglary are too hot for me. I don't interfere in that sort of layout."

"Well, that's strange. The police have an idea that they weren't professional burglars—not all of them, at any rate."

"And the police are bally well right. I tell you this, though. They're more dangerous. The regular burglar has his living to make, he knows about what he's going to get if he's lagged, and he's generally a man of regular habits. There's no killing about our chaps, and very little gunning, except for show. What they want to do if they're copped is to live to rob another day. I'm not afraid at all of ferreting about among that lot. Is it the documents you're after, eh?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, it is," Dutley acknowledged.

"I guessed that. I'd have had them for you by this time tomorrow, terms being acceptable, if it had been anywhere among the blokes I know of. I'm not having any truck with this gang. I don't know who they are, and I don't want to."

"Would a thousand pounds tempt you to change your mind?" Dutley inquired. "Five thousand if through your efforts the papers were recovered?"

"You shall have the truth, guv'nor. You may as well have it first as last. I've told you what I think of myself, and it's true. I'd make any detective sing small I got up against, but," Edward Wolf added, leaning a little forward, "I'm afraid!"

"You mean that you're a coward?"

"You've got it in one, guv'nor—no beating about the bush. I don't have any truck with a gang who shoot like that. I can tell you, perhaps, more about it than you know. I can tell you this. The old chemist who blundered in—he was shot exactly through the middle of the heart, and not from too near either. One bullet he got, and out went his light. Well now, listen. The watchman at the gate. He got his, within an inch of the same place—through the middle of the heart, mind you. Dead as a door nail, as quick as you could snap your fingers. Men who go about doing that sort of thing can do as they like as far as I'm concerned. I keeps away."

Dutley rose to his feet and stood upon the hearth rug.

"Mr. Edward Wolf," he said, "you seem to me to be an honest man."

"No compliment nowadays," was the brief rejoinder.

"Do you make a good income at your profession, may I ask?"

"Not so much as I might do if I'd the courage of a louse," Mr. Edward Wolf admitted frankly. "I don't know how it is, but since I was a kid I've been the same. If I saw a firearm I'd crawl under the table The sight of a knife would give me the shivers. If I see two men fighting with their fists only, I leg it as hard as I can. I've got the brains, and that's all I've got. The sneak thief or the gentleman robber I can deal with, but I wouldn't stir my little finger against anyone who can hold a gun like that bloke up at your place."

"I understand," Dutley sympathized. "Some men are made like that. Now, what I am wondering is whether I could not make use of your brains without running you into any danger?"

The little man's ferret eyes shot round the room. They ended peering at Dutley, narrow slits of cunning.

"Tell me straight," he begged, and there was a curious hoarseness in his voice, the symbol of an underlying terror; "what is it you want?"

"The papers—nothing but the papers," Dutley answered quickly.

Mr. Edward Wolf brooded for several moments.

"You've got some sense, I suppose," he said presently. "It's clear enough to you that there were only two men who counted in that job—one was the safe breaker, and the other—he's the man I wouldn't lift a finger against—he's the man who run the show. The safe breaker's out of my line. He wasn't one of our chaps. I know 'em all, and if I'd been the toffs at Scotland Yard I'd have combed all the steamers that sailed for New York for a fortnight after the job. They'd have got him all right. The other man, I've told you before—I ain't doing anything about him—but you can take this from me, it's the chap who fired those two shots who's got the papers. The others are duds."

"You're probably right," Dutley agreed. "At any rate, you open up a very interesting line of investigation. If one could arrive at one of the duds, he might squeal."

"Might and mightn't," Edward Wolf grunted. "The man who can shoot like the man who handled his gun up at your works isn't likely to have squealers in the gang. They know what's coming to them."

"You can at least answer me this question," Dutley went on. "Mind you, I'm going to pay you for your visit. If you work for me I shall probably pay you better than you've ever been paid before in your life, but now that we're alone, you can tell me this: Have you any idea as to the identity of the man who was at the head of the gang?"

"I haven't," was the reply. "Mind you, I shouldn't go after him if I had, but I tell you straight, I'm as big a mug as all those red hats at Scotland Yard over that. The man who fired those two shots—I lay you a hundred to one, guv'nor, it was the same man—was the man who planned that getaway, which was the cleverest ever staged, and he was a newcomer to the game; in this country, at any rate. I can tell you that without coming to any harm, anyway, and whoever wants to go out after him can do it. I shan't—not for a thousand quid."

Dutley moved to the sideboard and helped himself to a whisky and soda.

"I have to thank you, Mr. Wolf," he acknowledged, "for a very entertaining conversation. I recognize, of course, that your call has been professional. What about a couple of tenners, eh?"

The little man almost snatched at the notes which Dutley laid on the table before him. "I wish I could work for you," he regretted. "Perhaps I might do something about one of those duds."

"Bring me any information you can," Dutley enjoined, "and you shall be thoroughly well paid for it. Bring me the name of the man you're so terrified of, and I'll give you a thousand pounds. You needn't go near him. I'll see to that. Bring me the papers he stole, and you shall have twenty thousand."

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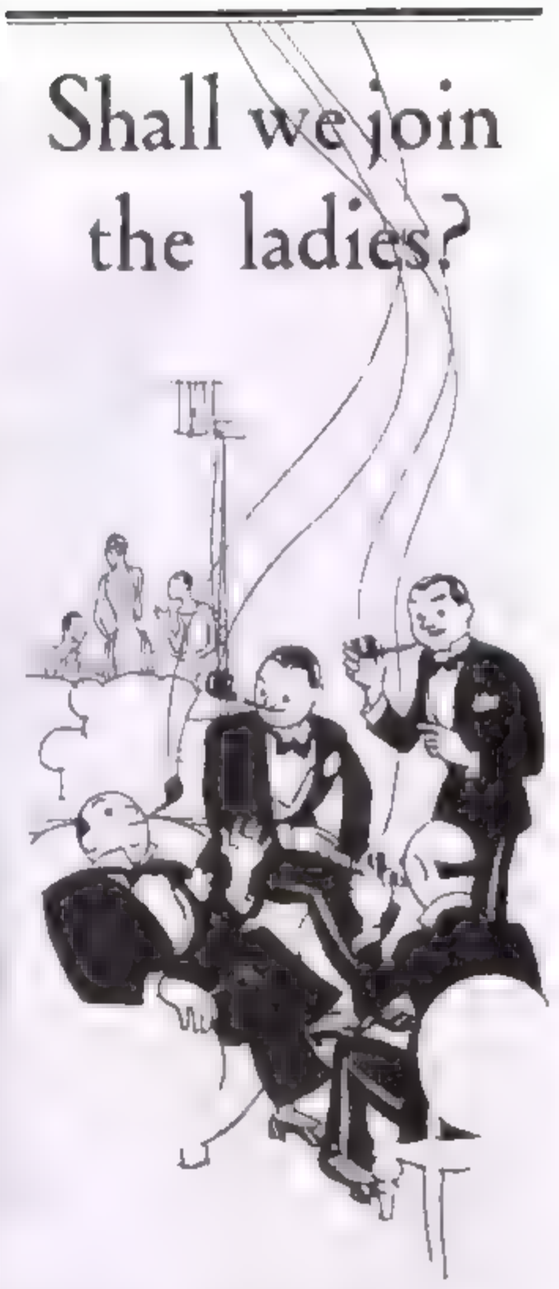

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(Continued from Page 67)

Edward Wolf looked round the room like a trapped fox. The twin demons of avarice and cowardice were preying upon his vitals.

"I'm making no promise," he faltered. "I'll see. If I find out anything, you'll have to give me time to get away."

"That's all right," Dutley promised. "You don't need to run any risk. I'm going down to Leeds tomorrow. When I come back I shall send for you. A little chat won't do us any harm. Twenty pounds a time, mind. If you haven't any news for me, I may have some for you."

There was a discreet knock at the door. Burdett made his apologetic entrance.

"I beg your pardon, My Lord," he announced. "The Baron de Brest is on the telephone. He wished to know whether you would speak to him for a moment."

"Tell him that I am not at home," Dutley replied.

"I am very sorry, My Lord," Burdett regretted, "I'm afraid I said that you were in. He said something about a cocktail party at his rooms."

"Whatever you said before, unsay it," Dutley ordered. "I am not at home. I am never at home to the Baron de Brest if he rings up."

"Very good, My Lord."

"And, Burdett, while you're about it, you can show this gentleman out."

Mr. Edward Wolf picked up his hat, which had rolled unaccountably back onto the floor. His eyes were more ferretlike than ever. He neither looked at Dutley nor the waiting manservant. He examined instead the crown of his hat.

"Lord Dutley," he said, in a low tone, "forgive me. I don't want to be inquisitive, but what was the name of the gentleman?"

Dutley stared at him in surprise.

"What gentleman?"

"The one who's telephoning."

"Calls himself the Baron de Brest," Dutley rejoined. "Why, what do you want to know for?"

"Nothing at all, My Lord. Thank you very much for your generosity. I'll come round again whenever you send for me."

He walked unsteadily toward the open door and disappeared. Dutley stared after him in surprise. The telephone rang in the hall again, and the door was reopened abruptly. Mr. Edward Wolf looked in. He jerked his thumb backward.

"He's answering the telephone," he confided, and once again his voice was hoarse, as though with some sort of emotion. "I'm a coward for myself all right; sometimes I'm a bit of a coward for others. You let that baron alone, My Lord. That's all."

He slammed the door. Dutley listened with amazment to his pattering footsteps in the hall outside.

x

DUTLEY, arriving at the great Boothroyd Works at an unexpectedly early hour in the morning, and before the private offices were even open, begged for a guide, and for the first time in his life made a complete tour of the place. His impressions remained vividly with him for many months afterward—the roar of what seemed to him miles of machinery in the huge one-story sheds, the ceaseless turmoil, men and women hurrying about like ants, long galleries crowded with workpeople bending over strange, mechanically assisted tasks. He rode in the little electric tramway, plunged his hands into baskets full of spongy freshly twisted yarn, glanced into the noisome-looking, strongly protected pools of chemically treated liquid, breathed its pungent odors, everywhere imbibed something of that sense of productive energy, the storm and triumph of creation. To all appearance it seemed very much the same as on his previous, more superficial visits, yet Dutley fancied that he was conscious of a subtle change. He fancied that there was a certain restlessness, especially about the heads of the departments, a lack of pride in the products they showed him. He came across a young foreman gazing thoughtfully down into a pool of dark liquid into which he had just lowered a thermometer. There was an expression upon the youth's face which puzzled him.

"What are you trying to do?" he inquired.

"The impossible, I'm afraid," was the grave reply. "We have to go on trying though."

"Why the impossible?"

The foreman shook his head nervously.

"You will excuse me, sir, but in this department we are not allowed to answer questions."

He consulted his thermometer and moved off. Dutley's guide explained.

"I happen to know what's the trouble there, My Lord," he confided. "They were talking in the laboratory about it last night. The young man would have answered you, of course, if he had known who you were. There's twenty tons of valuable chemical liquid there, and it won't come right. It never will come right. It will either make bad material or be wasted. . . . I think we shall find Sir Matthew if we get back now. I saw his car come in some quarter of an hour ago."

They made their way to the main suite of offices and passed through the crowded counting houses until at last they were ushered into Sir Matthew's private room. He rose to greet Dutley with an air of surprise. The latter's first impression was that, for some reason or other, his visit was not altogether welcome.

"I thought you were going to let us know when you came down," he observed. "Grace was expecting you to stay with us."

"I came, like I do most things, on impulse," Dutley explained. "Felt the sort of urge, you know, and hopped into the mail last night. I shall go over and pay my respects to Grace, if I may, this afternoon."

He accepted an easy-chair and lit a cigarette.

"Nothing fresh?" he asked.

Sir Matthew pushed away the sheets of figures which he had been studying.

"No good news, at any rate."

"I have been wondering—funny how things come into one's head," Dutley remarked, looking a little vacantly out of the window—"what on earth made poor old Rentoul stay so late that night."

Sir Matthew stared hard at his questioner, who was apparently watching the rows of drays in the yard.

"Just bad luck, I suppose," he growled—"his and ours. Interested in some experiments perhaps. He was often here till all hours of the night."

Dutley shook his head with the pleased air of a child able to correct an elder.

"Oh, no, he wasn't," he declared. "I've been making a few inquiries. Man of very regular habits. Left the works, as a rule, between six and seven every night."

There was a brief silence. It was obvious that Sir Matthew was not quite himself. His face had darkened. He was shaking with something which seemed like anger.

"Where the mischief did you get that from?" he asked.

"I forget who it was," Dutley replied indifferently—"someone I was talking to. Queer thing," he went on, tapping a fresh cigarette thoughtfully upon the table, "when I first arrived here this morning I couldn't get a soul to answer a single question I asked. Quite all right so long as they thought I was a stranger, of course. I had to remind them who I was—chairman of the directors, you know, and that sort of thing."

Sir Matthew breathed hard. Once again he scrutinized the young man's face. Then he laughed to himself, softly and not altogether pleasantly.

"Well, I think you're wrong about Rentoul," he said. "You probably got hold of someone who didn't know anything about it. By the bye, did you pay that visit to Scotland Yard?"

"I was there yesterday," Dutley confided. "I saw the assistant commissioner and the inspector who had the case in hand. I must say they didn't seem proud of themselves."

"I should jolly well think they aren't," Sir Matthew grunted.

"All a hopeless mix-up, it seems to me," Dutley went on despondently. "They don't care a fig about our formula. They only want the man with the gun. The commissioner was babbling all the time something about the percentage of undiscovered murderers. Pretty cold-blooded way of looking at it, I think, when we're on the highroad to bankruptcy."

"They didn't tell you anything you didn't know before, I suppose?"

"Not a thing. The inspector seemed the more human johnnie of the two, and he seemed to think we ought to go out after the formula ourselves, if we wanted it."

"I should think it would have been one, two, three for the inspector if his chiefs knew that he had been indulging in that sort of talk," Sir Matthew commented.

"What we pay them for, I should like to know?" Dutley grumbled. "Oh, there was another thing he said. He thought that some of the gang, at any rate, were amateurs."

"All the more scandalous their not being able to track them down then."

Dutley leaned a little farther back in his chair.

"I wouldn't be too severe," he observed. "Amateurs are pretty good at some games. Remember, they beat the professionals at cricket last season. There's another advantage, too, this gang would have, if they really weren't professional criminals—they might have had much better opportunities for studying the layout of the place."

"I'm sick of all these theories," Sir Matthew declared impatiently. "I never heard so much ineffectual talk in my life as I heard from that inspector and from the commissioner the twice I've been to Scotland Yard."

"Theories help sometimes," Dutley reflected, leaning still farther back in his chair and gazing up at the ceiling. "If there's anything in this amateur theory, for instance, it seems likely that one of them, at any rate, may have been employed about the place. What about getting out a list of everyone who's left our employ say within three months of the burglary—not workpeople, of course, but fellows from the office who may have been in the know?"

Sir Matthew made no movement. He was holding his chin in his hand, and his hard, calculating eyes were fixed upon his visitor.

"Waste of time," he pronounced.

Dutley abandoned the subject for the moment.

"Was this room the scene of the burglary?" he inquired.

"It was. Poor Rentoul evidently came through that door to the left, and was found dead within a couple of yards of the threshold. There is the safe in the wall. It took first prize at the Chicago Industrial Exhibition last year. We had to get a man over from America to reset the locks."

Dutley strolled about the place, apparently without any fixed purpose. He stood first in one position and then in another. Finally he lounged over toward the window.

"Did the car in which these fellows escaped get out through the main gates?" he asked.

"They were never unlocked. The burglars parked their car just outside the tunnel through which the trams run down to the river. The gates there are very light, and easily opened. You can stroll down and have a look at them if you like."

Dutley shook his head.

"Not worth the trouble, thanks. I'm afraid I haven't got much of the detective instinct, anyhow, but I was just trying to get the scheme of the affair into my head. I must say," he wound up, "that as far as my feeble intelligence can cope with the matter, I incline very much to Scotland Yard's present idea—that at any rate some of the marauders knew the place. What do you think?"

"I don't think," was the somewhat brusque reply. "What's the good? It doesn't lead us anywhere."

"Still, I'm inclined to believe that that list would be interesting," Dutley meditated.

Sir Matthew rose to his feet.

"Wait here," he enjoined shortly. "I'll get it for you."

He left the room, and Dutley listened to the slamming of the door with a mild wonder in his blue eyes. Left alone, he rose once more to his feet and walked to the window. From there, he looked out across the yard toward the five huge buildings and the seemingly endless rows of one-story sheds stretching for an incredible distance, factory chimneys belching smoke, walled-in spaces with postern doors, before each one of which was a watchman's hut to guard the great pits inside—lakes of chemicals. The electric tramway was conveying a long line of trucks from the factory to the warehouses, and a constant stream of men, with sheaves of papers in their hands, were continually passing backward and forward between the counting houses and the factory proper. There were many thousands of workpeople scattered about in that long array of buildings, all working for the world-famed firm of Boothroyd. Dutley raised the window and, from where he stood, the roar of machinery seemed every now and then to surge into the room with an overmastering force, like some new element of nature passed out of control. The last time he had stood where he was standing now, and listened to it, although it was something entirely outside his life, he had felt a momentary thrill of inspiration. Today there was something threatening, almost sinister, in that concentrated roar. It was like a reminder that the great harnessed forces at work, which could draw merchandise from the jaws of a hundred machines, which had swelled the banking account of the firm and lit with greed the eyes of the investors as they watched the shares rise and rise, might in their turn rend and destroy.

Sir Matthew reëntered the room, resumed his seat, and passed a typewritten piece of paper across to Dutley, who glanced it through without any apparent show of interest. When he had finished his perusal, however, he looked across at Sir Matthew.

"Is this supposed to be a complete list?" he asked.

"A complete list of everyone who counts. We haven't put the operatives in, of course."

"Bet you there's a name left out."

"I should think it most unlikely," Sir Matthew rejoined. "Besides, which of our employes did you ever know by name?"

"Chap called Thomas Ryde," Dutley announced without hesitation.

Sir Matthew sat quite still in his place, but there was a curious change in his expression, an utterly unfamiliar glitter in his eyes. He seemed about to speak, then changed his mind. That curiously shaped mouth of his was drawn sideways, as though by some inexplicable emotion.

"What do you know about Thomas Ryde?" he asked harshly.

Dutley grinned.

"Not much," he admitted. "The last time I was up here, though, just before I went abroad, a little fellow with gold rimmed glasses was in this office, lecturing you about how certain books ought to be kept. I heard you speak of him to Stephenson as Thomas Ryde."

"But how on earth did you happen to remember the name?"

"Well, I'll tell you how I remembered it," Dutley explained. "There was a fellow named Thomas Ryde—a Harrow boy. I played against him for Eton. He was the first chap I ever saw to bowl googlies—you know, Bosanquet came out with them later. Thomas Ryde, they called him—wiry little fellow, he was; father an accountant. He got a job out East somewhere when he left school, so I imagine his cricket went phut."

"But how did you know that our Thomas Ryde had left here?" Sir Matthew persisted.

"That was a sheer fluke," Dutley admitted, sitting on the arm of his chair and

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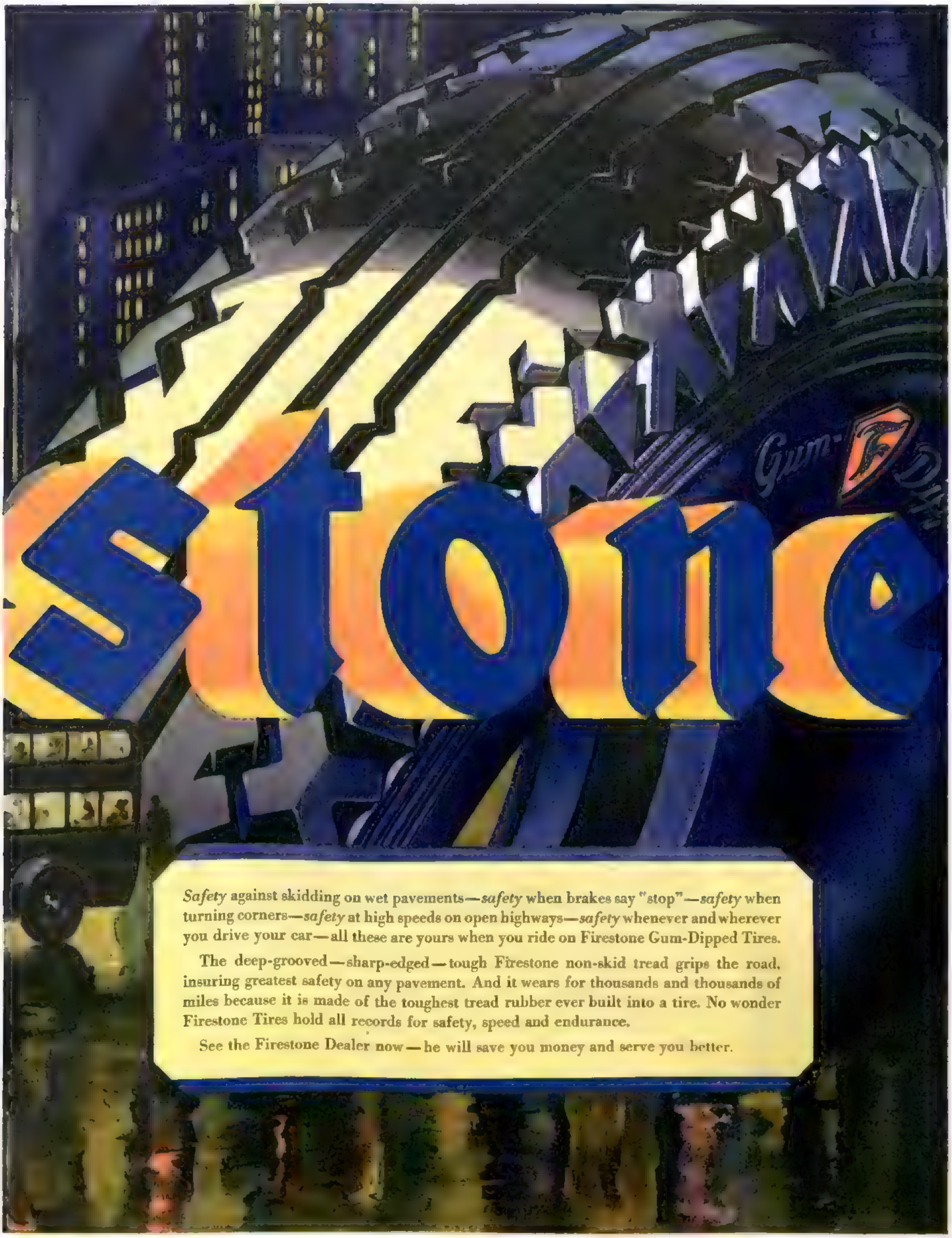
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(Continued from Page 69)

swinging his leg backward and forward. "I was in a block in Queen Victoria Street the other day, and I saw a chap emerge from an office building and hail a taxi. I knew his face was familiar, but I couldn't think where I'd seen him before. About an hour afterward, when the whole thing had really gone out of my mind, I suddenly remembered that he was the man who spoke to you up here that day, and whom you called Thomas Ryde. I may be wrong about his having left, of course, but, seeing him wandering about with a bag in the City, I took it for granted that he had."

Sir Matthew held out his hand for the sheet and took up a pencil.

"Thomas Ryde," he confided, "was sent down here first by a firm of accountants. He was one of those men who study office administration and effect economies. He wasn't really on our pay roll, which, I suppose, is why he was left out from the list. As a side line, he has an agency business now near Cannon Street. We let him have a lot of our old waste to sell. No. 6, Thugwell Row. There it is, you see. I've written it down for you."

Dutley thrust the list indifferently into his pocket.

"Odd thing," he mused, "how these names stick to one sometimes. . . . What about a mouthful of lunch down at the club? I suppose I'm still a member?"

"Whether you are or not," Sir Matthew said, a little ponderously, as he rose to his feet, "it will be my pleasure to entertain you. I only wish that it were a more cheerful occasion."

XI

DUTLEY indulged in a little grimace as his taxicab, that afternoon, turned into the spacious avenue leading to the home of Sir Matthew Parkinson. Notwithstanding its acres of conservatories, its imitation Elizabethan front, its spreading lawns, dotted with finely chosen shrubs, its fields dropping to the river below, Marlingthorpe House remained a gentleman's residence, standing in its own grounds.

Everything was extraordinarily neat. The parlor maid who admitted him was of the best type, there was a smell of beeswax about the polished oak floor of the hall, a sense of everything being in its right place in the familiar rooms of which Dutley caught a glimpse as he was piloted to his destination. The little apartment, however, into which the maid showed him was of a different character—untidy, faintly odoriferous of cigarette smoke, a few daring French sketches upon the walls, a heap of music upon a small grand piano, the most modern English and French periodicals lying without order on a round Chippendale table.

A girl rose from the depths of an easy-chair to welcome him, and held out both her hands. Dutley raised them to his lips.

"Grace, my child," he beamed at her, "you grow prettier every day."

She laughed at him and pushed him into a low chair by her side.

"Someone has to keep up the looks of the family," she declared. "Dad's going off terribly. It is good of you to find time to come up, Charles."

"I shouldn't think of coming here without," he assured her.

"Tea, or whisky and soda?"

He preferred tea, and she rang the bell.

"There are gaspers and Gullivans on the table there," she pointed out. "Help yourself."

She lay back with her hands behind her head, curiously unlike her father, slim and fair and dainty, with gray-blue eyes, a rather low, clever forehead, and a delightfully sensitive mouth. She was dressed more for a semi-bohemian Mayfair drawing-room than for a villa in Yorkshire.

"A good trip?" she inquired.

"Interesting," he admitted. "We didn't have much sport. I'd got most of the heads I wanted in the parts we went to. I did get one I was keen on having, though, and the finest leopard I ever saw."

"Had a few brushes with the natives, didn't you? I saw something of it in the papers."

He nodded.

"They're a wild lot," he said. "What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, giving a month or two to duty down here, and knocking about the rest of the time," she answered rather spiritlessly. "I went with Margaret Ritchies to Juan les Pins in July. That was rather fun."

"Gay crowd, eh?"

"A trifle advanced for my Yorkshire simplicity. Then we spent a month in Paris. I really thought of going back to stay with some friends at Rapallo, but dear old Mrs. Marsh—the vicar's wife here, you know—wrote and told me that dad was looking so ill that I thought I'd better come back. What's wrong at the works, Charles?"

"Well, that burglary was the devil of a nuisance. I suppose your father told you about the formula?"

"He hasn't said much about it, but he seems very worried. He's been like this for a year. I made him go to a doctor, but it seems there's nothing wrong—nervous strain, and all that sort of thing."

"Been seedy all that time, has he?" Dutley reflected. "Well, he couldn't have had anything to bother him until this show in July. Things at the works were going splendidly up till then."

She shook her head.

"Oh, he was queer long before. What about the formula, Charles? I know we're not to talk about it, but it doesn't matter with you. Is Scotland Yard going to get it back?"

"They haven't had much luck yet."

"Who do you think's got it?" she asked. "Really, for a business affair it sounds almost romantic."

"Well, you know my general state of brainlessness," Dutley smiled deprecatingly. "I haven't had any inspiration about it, and I don't think your father has either."

Tea was brought in, and Grace roused herself to serve it. Afterward, she sat upon the hearth rug with her hands clasped around her knees.

"Charles," she confided, "I'm getting restless. Give me some good advice. What shall I do? This place stifles me. I hate the granite houses and the macadamized road and the gray stoniness of it all."

"Get married."

"I'd love to," she admitted—"but to whom? I trot out religiously to the hunt balls and tennis teas and country-house cricket. I go everywhere I'm asked, with or without a chaperon, but nothing ever happens. I don't think I'm so very difficult, either. I don't like the local product round here, it's true, but there ought to be someone about with a *pied-à-terre* in London and a small country house somewhere, and a villa at Cannes. We're horribly rich, aren't we, Charles? This thing isn't going to make any real difference to the business? I can put up my share of anything still, can't I?"

"Not the slightest doubt about it," he assured her confidently. "Your father's got the wind up, I think, and he's selling half his Boothroyd shares, but they can't go flop all of a sudden."

"That's reassuring, at any rate," she murmured. "It's a pity about Lucille, Charles. You might have married me."

"You didn't develop quickly enough," he told her. "You were a boarding-school young lady when I lost my head about Lucille, and she's rather a dear, though I was terribly angry with her the other day."

"That sounds hopeful. If ever there's a vacancy you'll put me on the list, won't you, Charles?"

"My dear," he promised, "you will be the list."

He rose from his chair and selected a cigarette from the box.

"Grace," he said, standing upon the hearth rug and looking down at her, "this is between ourselves: I'm a little scared about your father."

"Do you mean his health?" she asked anxiously.

"In a way, yes. But everyone says he has been looking like this for the past twelve months. Now, when I left England we'd had an enormous year. We paid a big dividend. I must have drawn from my shares something like sixty thousand pounds. Everything went on swimmingly until the burglary. Now your father's selling his shares as though he had nothing else to rely upon in the world. Not only that, but—— How far are we pals, Grace?"

She stooped and touched her toes—a long, graceful gesture—touched the top of her head, and resumed her former position.

"*Voilà!*" she announced.

"Not a word to your father?"

"Not a syllable."

"Well, he's playing some game with me," Dutley confided.

"What do you mean?"

"When I come to think of it, I scarcely know what I do mean," he confessed. "Of course, I know I'm a perfect ass at that sort of thing, but I really did come up here with some kind of an idea of trying to find out what had become of the formula. Naturally, I asked him some questions. It seems a quaint thing to say, Grace, but he really has attempted deliberately to mislead me on one or two points connected with the burglary. Why? What can be the object of it?"

"My dear Charles," she remonstrated, "there could be no object in his doing anything of the sort. It's even more important for him to get the formula back than for you. The loss of it is worrying the life out of him. If he hasn't told you as much as you think he ought to have told you, it is probably—— You won't mind?"

"Of course not."

"It is probably because he doesn't think you would do any good by interfering."

"Do you think it's that really?" he asked.

"Yes, I really do."

He indulged in a little grimace.

"I wonder why everyone in Yorkshire always does, and always did, believe that I'm half a fool?"

"If you lived in Yorkshire," she assured him, "you'd know that it's only the fools or the half-fools who are tolerable. The rest of them are picking one another's pockets all the time. Don't be angry with dad, Charles, and don't get silly ideas about him. I expect he's really told you everything he knows, but if he hasn't, it's simply because he thinks it best not to."

"In that case," Dutley declared, glancing at the clock, "I will ask him no more questions. Put on your hat and come and see me off, Grace. I hate stepping into a railway train in cold blood."

"Got a car?" she inquired.

"No, a taxi, ticking up like blazes."

They found the train three-quarters of an hour late, and sauntered into the American bar of the hotel.

"You must go back tonight, I suppose, Charles?" she asked. "You wouldn't like to stay and dine, and have it out with dad? I'll take your part. After all, I don't see why you shouldn't be told everything there is to be told."

He shook his head.

"I can't do that, Grace," he regretted, "and, remember, I don't want you to repeat a word I've said to your father. He's holding back something all right, but he probably has very good reasons. Don't press him. I'm not at all sure that he wouldn't be better left alone for a time. Why don't you come up to town? You've got your club, and I'm always good for a meal."

She shook her head.

"I think I'd better stick it out here," she decided, a little drearily. "Father never opens his mouth to me, but I somehow feel that I ought to be around. Of course, he may move up to London himself, and if he does, I shall come along."

It was a noisy, unromantic little place. The scattered groups of men standing

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Faces against the Wilderness

TIRELESSLY, beyond the remotest outposts of civilization, crawled the covered wagons, into the setting sun.

Hardship! Indians! Desert thirst! What did it matter? In the rays that painted the canyons, gleamed the faces of conquerors—builders of the greater nation.

They were the pioneers of yesterday—the men who *looked out.*

Behold the pioneers of today—the men who *look up*—builders of a mighty empire.

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Stimulants, Sedatives or Food~

from a Health Standpoint

THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health and strength, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is undesirable and frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid "reducing" diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young "underweights" than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw in time of need to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury, although the accounting may not come until years later.

Despite the claims of faddists and selfish interests, there is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked bluntly, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not always, but everyone should try to put himself in such fit physical condition that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for nourishing food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

Perhaps it is too late to talk to older people stubbornly set in wrong habits, but if the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and think properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting the world's most famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

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about had one and all been engaged in some business deal or other. The majority were satisfied; a few here and there depressed. The two young people looked them over speculatively.

"You're out of your milieu here, Grace," her companion said.

"Don't I know it!" the girl rejoined bitterly. "What have I to do with this bargain hunting, money-making crowd? If only this trouble at the works could be cleared up, I think I'd get father to let me have rooms in town."

"Come and stay with Lucille," he suggested. "She'll put you up. That is, if she's forgiven me."

"Did you behave very badly?"

"I suppose I did—according to the modern standards," he confessed. "You know how bidebound we are about some things. A man annoys you before a woman, and you must go grim and white and tense, and hiss out words to the effect of: 'Wait until I catch you alone!' Well, you see, a man annoyed me while Lucille was there, and I didn't wait. Just how seriously I'm in trouble, I don't quite know yet."

A guard came in and made his way respectfully to Dutley.

"The train is signaled, my lord," he announced. "I have arranged for your place."

"I think perhaps," Grace laughed, as she strolled out onto the platform with him, "that I had better wait and hear the result before I suggest quartering myself on Lucille."

Outside, a drizzling rain was falling, and most of the passengers were standing back under shelter. With a shriek as she crossed the points, the Scotchman came panting in, stabs of flame from her funnel mingling with the smoke.

The guard and porter were fussing around them. Suddenly Grace caught her companion's arm.

"Why, Charles," she cried, "isn't that father?"

Sir Matthew, tall and impressive in his fur coat, was suddenly disclosed under one of the rain-dimmed lamps. By his side, talking earnestly, and gesticulating with every sentence, was a tall, clean-shaven young man.

"That's the fellow I knocked down at the Kentucky Club," Dutley exclaimed, stepping back into the shadows.

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TOMAHAWK RIGHTS

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oath to them. So he settled down to wait for a peace to be effected. He met White Fawn and took long walks with her in the forest, but he could not take her to his lodge, nor could he visit her in the lodge of Tonk-e-naw. Save for that fact, he was well content with his lot. He understood the Shawnees and enjoyed the wild free life of the wilderness. If he felt the lack of anything, it was more because he was deprived of the society of Gilpin and the two Hernes than any desire for civilized luxuries.

But the enmity of the tribes of the Ohio wilderness toward the settlers of the United States seemed to become ever more bitter. Peace was long in coming. As the months slid past and seasons changed, his being so long deprived of the right to take White Fawn to wife caused Buckner's original scornful anger to deepen into a cold dislike of all thickly settled communities and the ways of the people who dwelt therein. The two classifications into which he had grouped the population of his own nation in his mind grew more sharply defined, and with a wider gulf between. Donner and the inhabitants of Crenshaw Bottom seemed symbolical of one class. Such men as the Zanes, Boone, General Clark, and Buckner's own former rangers seemed to typify the other. In common with most men of action, whose lives are filled with hourly hardship, excitement and danger, Buckner was but little given to introspection and philosophizing. His thoughts had arranged themselves almost without conscious participation on his own part. His convictions and viewpoints were more largely matters of feeling, shaped by events, than the result of cold analytical reasoning. Those convictions, therefore, for that very reason, were proportionately more unalterable.

Always it had been his tendency to feel ill at ease and out of his element in thickly settled communities. Now he had formed a profound determination never to reside where populations were teeming. The frontier was the only enjoyable place in which to reside. There one could meet men of his own breed—and a few steps took one into the wilderness beyond even the last fringe of settlements. Well, he would take White Fawn to his uncle's colony on the westernmost frontier of Kentucky if peace ever came.

There were more white captives than ever before in the Indian towns of the Ohio wilderness. Many of them had lived among the red men so long that they had become naturalized Indians, with no thought of returning to the whites. Others, of course—largely the older captives, not the children—would never become reconciled. Many of these latter were ransomed from time to time by Canadian traders. Buckner heard that Captain Farris, captured during the first expedition down the Ohio at the time of locating the Buckner colony in Kentucky, had been ransomed some six or eight months after his capture. He had been taken to Detroit, and Buckner wondered if he had made his way to Kentucky.

For a time it seemed likely that a temporary peace might be patched up. Then an expedition from Kentucky made a swift march to the southernmost Shawnee towns and destroyed the crops. The inhabitants fled before the troops. Moluntha, the old Shawnee chief who had led the warriors against Boone's forces at the battle of the Licking years before, remained with his family and went forth to greet the troops. An officer—the same who had caused the disaster of the Licking by disregarding Boone's warning and calling on the men to follow him across the river—pressed forward among the men. The commanding officer of the expedition called out to him not to molest the Shawnees. But the officer struck Moluntha dead and would have murdered the rest of the family except for the intervention of the men.

Peace was again deferred and war parties marched south to raid in Kentucky. But such campaigns were increasingly difficult for the red raiders. A constant watch was maintained all along the Kentucky shore of the Ohio. It was difficult for war parties to cross unobserved, even at night. And Kentucky was now so thickly settled that thousands of men could be raised with a few hours' notice. Aspiring settlers swarmed through the passes of the Cumberlands and swept westward through Kentucky and Tennessee like a plague of locusts. Already Kentucky numbered a greater population than that of the combined Indian nations of the Ohio and Illinois wilderness. And on the east, another surging tide of settlers was dammed up on the shores of the Ohio in Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, waiting only for an opportunity to break through in an overwhelming flood.

At last it became inevitable, from sheer starvation, for the allied tribes to give way and make another stand farther to the west. There were many earnest councils in the wilderness.

"We must fall back to the north and west," a sachem of the Shawnees proclaimed to the warriors of the nation in

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council. "As our uncles, the Six Nations, and our grandfathers, the Delawares, lost their lands in the East and fell back upon the Shawnees of the Ohio, so now must the Shawnees give up a portion of their lands and fall back into the West. For more than a generation the Ohio has been the dead line. The instant we give way a foot, the settlers will swarm into Eastern and Southern Ohio. Already they have smothered our ancient hunting grounds of Kentucky as thickly as flies smother a carcass. But we cannot hold out here. Our women and our children wail with hunger. The Long-knives will make treaty. We will pretend to believe them. But we all know that their promises are written in the sand. It cannot be helped. We must fall back. The sun is setting on the great nation of the Shawnees as it began setting long ago on our uncles, the Six Nations, and our grandfathers, the Delawares. Perhaps sometime the sun may rise on the Shawnees again. Who knows? But now the face of Manito is behind a cloud. He sleeps and cannot see the distress of his people, the Shawnees."

When the troops marched into the wilderness to make the peace and effect the new treaty taking over a part of the Shawnee lands, some of the tribes did not even send delegates. There were Delawares and Wyandottes, but the main representation was that of the Shawnees. What that most powerful of the red nations decided naturally must be accepted as final by the rest of the allied tribes. Generals Butler, Parsons and George Rogers Clark were the treaty commissioners.

For several days the warriors poured into the appointed rendezvous in little bands. The council began with the passing of peace pipes. There was lack of the usual dignity and gravity that ordinarily were observed on such great occasions, for many of the Shawnee subchiefs were hostile and unruly, unwilling to abide by the counsel of their wiser leaders, who saw the inevitable and bowed to it. One of these unruly ones jumped to his feet and addressed the assemblage fiercely in the flowing, unpunctuated language customary in treaty councils

"Chiefs of the Big-knife I see no reason to give a part of our lands as our uncles the Six Nations and our grandfathers the Delawares have done before us their lands are gone and the Shawnees still retain theirs I do not believe we should give up a foot of it you ask for hostages to be put in your hands as a pledge that the Shawnees deliver to you the white captives among us and the captive black men who belong to the Big-knife as horses belong to the Shawnees the promises of the Shawnees have always been fulfilled faithfully and always will be for we are honorable men and do what we say while the Big-knife does not we have promised to return our white captives and the black men it will be done I speak for our uncles the Six Nations and our grandfathers the Delawares we will return the captives as we promised but we will give no hostages we never have so why should we now. . . . A string!"

The string that the unruly chief threw down was a string of black wampum, a war belt, meaning that the white leaders could pick it up if they chose, or abide by his words. There was great excitement in both camps and it appeared likely that the peace conference would resolve itself into the most sanguinary of affrays.

Cool and undisturbed, the three white generals regarded the wild assemblage. General Clark made a motion of distaste toward the war belt. His voice ringing coldly, he addressed the excited ranks of the council:

"The Shawnee speaks bad words. They are unwise. Leave us at once and return tomorrow, when you have considered this well and have listened to the counsels of the wise leaders among you. We will talk with you no more today. Leave"

The council broke up, to reconvene the following day. Meanwhile the wiser of the leaders, recognizing the inevitable, impressed the necessities of the occasion upon the more unruly members. General Clark made the first talk, concise and to the point, abating not a single item outlined in the original stipulations on which the treaty had been called:

"The chief who spoke so hotly yesterday was misinformed. The Shawnees have given hostages before as pledges that the captives will be returned to us as agreed." He cited the instances. "You know the terms of the treaty as agreed upon. We have no changes to make and will listen to none. . . . Two strings!"

Of the two strings that he threw down one was of black wampum, the other of white; one a war belt, the other a peace belt; indicating that the Shawnees might pick up either one that they chose. But the Shawnees had decided. They chose the peace belt and agreed to the terms of the treaty. As the oratory proceeded in the concluding details and in mutual expressions of everlasting friendship in the future, General Clark's gaze roved over the ranks upon ranks of fierce warriors assembled there. His eyes came to rest upon a mighty brave in the foremost row, his blanket pulled up to his chin. The border general's eyes lingered on the warrior's rugged features. An odd sense of familiarity flirted teasingly with his consciousness. Somewhere—no doubt, leading his braves in battle against the soldiers—Clark had seen that towering savage before. The thought tugged his gaze back to the painted face of the Shawnee brave.

Realization came to him with a shock. It was not the face of a former foe, but the face of a former comrade in arms—a valiant friend who for long had been mourned as dead. So Buckner had gone back to the wild, trading the comforts of civilization for life in an Indian lodge. So many woodsmen did. Well, if Buckner had found it good to revert, let him stay, and wish him well. As far as the world would ever know, Clark had not recognized the face of a former comrade beneath the war paint of a Shawnee brave.

But Buckner had no desire to remain unrecognized He waited only until peace had been definitely decided upon before approaching General Clark. When Buckner stated his intention of returning to Kentucky to take up land and settle, Clark wondered if one who had spent the major portion of his life in the wilderness would find anything but discontent in the settlements.

"Oh, I won't live in the settlements," Buckner said when Clark suggested the thought. "No settlements for White Fawn and me. We'll never go back to them. We'll settle in Kentucky."

Clark's eyes rested on the lovely, eager face of the woman. Then he smiled at Buckner.

"Kentucky is the 'settlements' now, Buckner," he said. "It is no longer the frontier, save in the respect that troops start from there every year to campaign in the Indian country of the Ohio. Already the woodsmen are drifting on, headed for new frontiers in the unknown wilderness of the West."

The general stood with folded arms and watched Buckner and White Fawn, accompanied by a small party of Shawnees, head for Kentucky to secure the goods that Buckner had promised to Tonk-a-naw.

Between the Kentucky shore of the Ohio and the Buckner colony, Buckner found that the wilderness route which the party had traversed to found that colony was no longer wilderness. There were cabins on every hand. Practically every acre of good land throughout the entire distance had been settled. There were clearings on every side, the smoke of burning logs and brush rising to the heavens for as far as the eye could see, as settlers cleared more land.

As the party reached the edge of the wide valley in which Buckner had located his uncle's colony, he called a halt and surveyed the scene. Cattle, sheep and horses grazed in hundreds on the broad meadows. A village of some fifty or more houses had sprung up at the edge of his uncle's land. There was a store building there, and the spire of a white church rose from among a few trees. A mansion, equal in size to that of Great Oaks, loomed from among the trees on the wooden point.

Looking back, it seemed no time at all since Buckner had visited that valley first with a hunting party of Shawnees, when the meadows had been full of buffaloes and elk instead of cattle. His heart swelled with pride at the thought that he had had a hand in winning this country for a land-hungry people. Still, he was slightly bewildered at the rapidity of it all.

He had left his own few head of horses and cattle with his uncle's herds. There would be more than enough to trade for such goods as he had promised to Tonk-a-naw, and plenty left to give him a start in stock on his own account.

Buckner led the way toward his uncle's home. He had forgotten the day of the week. The tolling of church bells and the sudden concourse of people streaming about the white church in the village apprised him of the fact that it was Sunday and that church was just over. Vehicles of various sorts containing settlers' families scattered widely along the roads that led out of the village. Several carriages rolled toward the big house among the mighty oaks on the wooden point and Buckner knew that his uncle was having in some of the gentry of the countryside for a big Sunday dinner.

The Shawnees looked about them as imperturbably as if such scenes were daily occurrences in their lives. The people were descending from the carriages before the big house, gazing curiously at the band of savages that advanced across the lawn.

Lucia Harper was first to recognize the tall warrior who marched in the lead. She took two quick steps toward him, her arms half lifted to him as if from some involuntary impulse. Then she recalled that she was Mrs. Captain Farris. The half-lifted arms were lowered, also her eyes, lest they reveal what she knew must have leaped into them at this sudden apparition from the past.

His uncle nearly crushed Buckner's hand, as did Captain Farris. All the young Virginians who had floated down the Ohio with the original locaters of the colony were there, most of them with wives who had come out from Virginia. It was a lively gathering and a merry one. Captain Farris, having been months in the Indian towns as an adopted captive and who understood Indians far better than at the time of his capture, signed to the Shawnees that there would be food in any quantity. The ladies cooed over White Fawn and she met their advances with the natural friendly dignity of an Indian.

The entire assemblage entered the huge living room in a flurry of conversation. Almost immediately there was a strained silence, covered by apparent effort at conversation on the part of Colonel Buckner's wife and guests. The minister leaped into the painful breach with a resounding offer of thanks for the return of the lost ones. Still, Buckner knew that something awkward had occurred. With a shock it dawned upon him that, instead of seating themselves in chairs as had the others, he and White Fawn had seated themselves cross-legged on the floor of the living room in common with the Shawnees. Odd, he thought, that such minute items of conduct were considered of such importance. He would have to pick all those things up again, as he had once learned them at Great Oaks.

Lucia Harper Farris, with native tact, smiled warmly upon Buckner and White Fawn, and observed, "Nice of you to do as they do so they will feel at ease."

But Buckner knew that every member of the gathering was aware of the fact that he had lived so much of his life in an Indian lodge that his act had been a perfectly natural one. Suddenly he knew himself as an alien.

But there was no intention on the part of those present to permit any such feeling to grow. Nothing but utmost friendliness and good fellowship were accorded him. His uncle summoned him to the broad veranda, where they were joined by Captain Farris.

The elder Buckner waved a hand to indicate the landscape that rolled away before them. "Your eyes were the first to rest upon this valley, Rod," he said. "It was you who located us here on the fairest lands in the world. As Boone and Simon Kenton fathered Kentucky, so you fathered this colony. You should be proud of your work."

Buckner nodded. He was proud of it. Yet in a way he knew that he had had relatively little to do with the building of this prosperous community. Left to his own devices, he would not have toiled toward that end as these others had. He belonged to the breed that blazed trails into new lands. Those who followed blazed trees and claimed those lands. He was proud of the scene of peace and prosperity before him. But there was something missing. Somewhere in the foreground there should be a bivouac fire round which a few buckskin-clad figures were roasting venison over the coals, a deer or an elk hung up in a tree.

"As you know, Buckner, I am living on the land you covered by your warrants," Captain Farris was saying. "I covered it with my own warrants as well, to make doubly sure. Thousands of titles are being contested these days by aspiring land seekers who have not the courage to push on to the frontier and take unoccupied land. Lawyers find it easy to cloud titles. But our title is safe. You will take half of it, of course."

He spoke as if the matter were settled definitely, and went on to speak of other matters. The elder Buckner declared that he had always intended a thousand acres of his own lands for his nephew and would deed them to him at once. Buckner's heart warmed at the loyalty of these fellow Virginians, but he declined their offers. It had only been raw land, he said, and it was through their own efforts that it had become valuable improved property. No, he would take tomahawk rights of his own on unoccupied land.

"Don't you realize that there is no unoccupied land within many miles of here?" his uncle demanded.

He would find some, Buckner insisted.

The wedding was spoken of long afterward regarded by many as a bizarre affair. For Buckner, devoid of sentiment in so many things which were considered subjects for sentiment by the civilized world, had his own sentiments as to what was fitting between himself and White Fawn. He declined to have a church or indoor ceremony of any kind. He had courted his mate in the forest, with no roof over their heads but the blue sky and the trees, he said, and they would be wed as they had loved—in the open.

They were married on the lawn beneath the great, spreading oaks. Buckner had insisted that Tonk-a-naw was the one to give the bride away. When the moment came for Tonk-a-naw's part in the ceremony, Buckner signaled him, and the ancient Shawnee spoke a few words in his native tongue which none of the fashionably attired guests understood:

"She has been a good daughter. I have already given her to this man. Three days back he delivered to me the presents promised long ago. I gave her to him then. That settled it. She became his. But the white men think I should give her to him again. The young bird that falls from the nest may fly back to it again, but she cannot fall twice from the nest without having returned to it once. Having given White Fawn once, I cannot give her again until she has returned to my lodge. One cannot give what he has not. She is yours. Keep her. It was already settled. To give her again is but wind in the trees. If the medicine doctor of the Long-knives wishes

(Continued on Page 81)

Socks by
Interwoven
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
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SLAVES—hundreds of them—heaving, grunting, sweating—some of them suffering—under the pitiless sun and the dominating eye of a Roman guard—laying the crude pipe that carried water to the aristocrats of ancient Rome. What a difference in the water service of today—with miles upon miles of water pipes under our great cities—serving water to millions of homes. And Mueller Faucets and Fittings—made of non-rusting everlasting bronze—to give perfect control of water in bath room, kitchen and laundry.

Prevent Paralyzed Plumbing

with Mueller Bronze Faucets and Fittings

FAUCETS that are deeply infected with Corrosion! Faucets that have been *ruined* by Wear, Warping and Distortion. Faucets that splash and splutter. Faucets that only dribble. Faucets that neither turn completely "on" nor completely "off." Faucets that roar and rumble or moan weirdly. Drains that refuse to carry off the soiled water in bath tub and wash bowl. Flush valves that fail to *flush*—usually on most embarrassing occasions.

These are signs of "Paralyzed Plumbing" which many home and building owners will recognize only too well. Control of the water service is literally *paralyzed*—because some one, for some unexplainable reason, allowed poorly designed and cheaply built *faucets* and *fittings* to get into the plumbing system.

"Paralyzed Plumbing" with its annoyance and inconvenience, to say nothing of its costly repairs, can easily be prevented in the home you are building or remodelling, *if you follow two simple rules:*

First: Don't put the cart before the horse. Don't let the eye appeal of beautiful plumbing fixtures, appointments and decorative effects blind you. Remember that *water service* is the first essential in bath room, kitchen and laundry.

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If your present plumbing system shows symptoms of being "out of sorts," why not call the "doctor"—your local Master Plumber? Have him make a "Health Examination." If he finds weak, sickly, badly "infected," warped or worn faucets and fittings, HAVE THEM REMOVED AT ONCE and replaced by Mueller Bronze fittings. Repairing a "shoddy" faucet only defers the inevitable replacement and adds expense

With that insured, you can safely go the limit in beautiful modern fixtures, appointments and decorations.

Second: Insist upon the famous Mueller Bronze Faucets throughout. These "quality" faucets and fittings are scientifically designed *to serve for the life of the building.* Each part is finished to The MUELLER standard of accuracy—a standard that is more exacting by far than that usually accepted as "good enough." And they are made of *superfine bronze*—the everlasting metal—the age-old enemy of rust and corrosion.

Your plumbing contractor can easily get genuine MUELLER bronze faucets and fittings from a nearby jobber. Every piece has the quality mark "MUELLER" stamped into the metal for the assurance and protection of all concerned.

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Millions of Pathfinders have been built by Goodyear, and they have served satisfactorily and well.

Now Goodyear offers a *new* Pathfinder tire—a *vastly improved* Pathfinder—embodying all the experience gained in making the earlier Pathfinders.

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Beneath that stout tread is a tough and sinewy carcass made of genuine Supertwist cord, with its matchless vitality and resistance to fatigue.

Big, strong, good-looking, dependable—*high* in value and *low* in price—this new Pathfinder is a genuine Goodyear product through and through!

PATHFINDER

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to make much talk about what has been done already, let him speak. He cannot change what has been written. That is all I have to say."

XII

THE peace which had resulted in Buckner's return to Kentucky had been of brief duration. Settlers had rushed into the Ohio wilderness, converting old Indian towns into white settlements and forging on to tomahawk their rights upon the trees and claim the land. So swift and urgent had the invasion been that the Indians, in a desperate effort to retain a bit of their territory, had made war against the fringe of settlers who had pushed their outposts farthest into the Indian lands

In the ensuing war the white soldiers had suffered fearful reverses. One army after another had been hurled back by the red warriors of the wilderness. Harmer's army had suffered great losses and retreated without inflicting a blow upon the savages. Then General St. Clair, with an army of three thousand men, had marched into the Indian country. Fifteen hundred braves had crept upon the soldier camp at night, crawling close in the tall grass. At dawn they had poured in a deadly fire, charging with desperate valor right into the ranks of the soldiers to bring their tomahawks into play. St. Clair's army had fallen back toward the Ohio in a disorganized rout. If the Indians had followed up their advantage it would have resulted in the greatest reverse in the annals of warfare between the whites and the reds on American soil. But the tired warriors, instead of pursuing their helpless prey, had stopped to plunder the stores and equipment abandoned by the fleeing army. As it was, the white losses had mounted to nearly five hundred men, with but a handful of casualties among the warriors of the allied tribes. Immediately after St. Clair's defeat, Mad Anthony Wayne had been selected to launch another and larger expedition. With an army of five thousand men, Wayne had ordered a spirited charge against some two thousand warriors—almost the entire remaining strength of the allied tribes—who had taken their stand in a large expanse of down-timbered forest. Pressed from in front and hemmed in on both flanks by cavalry and riflemen, the Indian leaders had conducted the retreat so skillfully that the Indian loss was but forty braves—less than that of the whites. But it was a great victory for the latter nevertheless. Unable to provide food for their families and still gather to resist the swiftly repeated thrusts of overwhelming forces, the warriors of the allied tribes were forced to fall back again; and Wayne's army, building forts to hold the frontier that had been gained at the battle of Fallen Timbers, had won the Ohio wilderness for the whites at last.

Buckner had taken tomahawk rights on a beautiful piece of land far beyond the westernmost fringe of settlements. Arch Herne, wed to a white girl captive among the Wyandottes, and Tom Herne, married to a woman of the Lake Delawares, had taken up land on either side of him. From the first, Buckner had been more hunter than planter. His broad fields had known but little cultivation, merely a few acres of corn and other crops. With rifle, rod and traps, he had provided for his family, trading with the Indians during peacetimes and disposing of his furs for trade goods.

But scarcely had he settled there before his home was no longer on the far frontier. Fighting with desperation in their own country, the allied tribesmen had been unable to do any but the most sporadic raiding in Kentucky. Since that fertile region had been made safe, the land seekers had come in an overwhelming horde. They had taken all the land round the holdings of Buckner and the Hernes, and surged on for twenty miles beyond. Already most of the game had been killed off. The woodsmen who had not gone on into the unknown West had made a habit of headquartering there upon the three square miles of land held under the tomahawk rights of these three members of their own clan.

Buckner had turned a deaf ear to all requests that he act as scout in the previous campaign.

"I have laid down the tomahawk with the Indians," he had insisted. "I'd fight for my own on the frontier if there was an Indian invasion. Invade their lands farther to make room for more settlements like Crenshaw Bottom, I will not."

Deep within him—though he thought of it but seldom—rankled the knowledge that he was still subject to arrest if ever he should set foot in Pennsylvania.

A sizable group of woodsmen had congregated at Buckner's. They felt that the battle of the Fallen Timbers had broken the backbone of the tribes and that the present peace would last for many years.

"It's odd, then," said a visiting settler, "that the Injuns went raiding again right off and sacked that boat on the Ohio."

"Thar's always a passel of wild young bucks that the chiefs can't control," another offered.

"It was whites dressed as redskins that done it," a woodsman said. "I heerd 'em talking amongst themselves when they thought thar warn't a survivor left to listen. I was telling Buckner and the Hernes when I first lit here."

The woodsman, coming down the Ohio on a flatboat that carried the families and effects of two settlers, had remonstrated at the folly of tying up on the Indian shore for the night, even though a peace between the settlers and Indians prevailed at the time. He had escaped the fate of the others by the mere accident of having dropped downstream a hundred yards or more in a skiff to fish for a few hours after nightfall. From there he had heard the attack on those who slept on the boat. They had been murdered to the last one and their goods removed.

"It is that plundering den of snakes in the Wabash country," Gilpin said. "That nest ort to be cleaned out to the last unholy miscreant."

"It's rated as a British settlement. If it was sacked our Government would view it as an act of aggression against England and outlaw the lot of us as bandits," Buckner pointed out.

"Governments, laws and lawyers is skittish and unstable as winds in winter. No predicting which way they'll blow next," Gilpin agreed. "Every man of that Wabash outfit is a murdering malefactor with a price on his head if he returns to the States. If we was to catch ary one of them on United States soil and tomahawk him on the spot, the authorities would label it a public benefaction. If we was to surge over thar and bag the lot, those same authorities would call it an act of war agin England and put the ban on every man of us, like Buckner says."

But all such casual and customary matters as Indian wars and plundering by renegade whites could not hold for long the interest of the remaining members of the brotherhood of the border fringe. Among them there was but one all-consuming topic—the vast frontiers that called all of their iron breed to the unknown West. Many of them had listened to the seductive song of adventure in far places and had headed into the setting sun to see what was in store for them. Some were destined to spring again into world-wide renown as overlapping waves of civilization overtook them. Ten times as many were destined to leave no record of their valiant deeds behind them save for the speculations of those later explorers who chanced across bones that had bleached for decades in the uncharted wilds.

Tales were plentiful of the splendors of the great beyond. Alexander Henry, Thompson and a few other gay and hardy souls had clubbed themselves together and had become known as the Northmen, a little group whose fame was destined to eclipse that of all others in exploration, until the names of the Northmen were forgotten. While the Revolution had been in progress, and during all the subsequent years, this little group of intrepid souls had disregarded all such minor matters as warfare to carry on the much more interesting life of exploring traders. Almost before the first shot of the Revolution had been fired, Alexander Henry, the Frobishers, Peter Pond, the Yankee, and others, had penetrated as far West as Fort des Prairies, to be known a century later as Edmonton, Alberta. They had established posts in the prairies of Dakota and Saskatchewan. Later they had been joined by one Mackenzie, who, not content with the post established by his comrades in the forests on Lake Athabasca, had pushed fifteen hundred miles beyond it into the North and West, across the Great Slave Lake and down the river that now bears his name, to the Arctic Ocean. Later, Peter Ogden, Frazer and other illustrious adventurers were to throw in their lot with them.

Former Kentucky woodsmen, returning with the keel boaters, spun yarns of the wide horizons of Texas and the fabulous wealth of the Spanish colonies of New Mexico. Others came with tales of the limitless prairies, extending from the country of the Osage and Kansas Indians to the mighty ranges of the Rocky Mountains that bounded the Great Plains on the west. They told of vast herds of buffaloes that darkened the prairies as the pigeon flights darkened the skies of the Ohio wilderness. And from every quarter all agreed upon the tremendous wealth of furs that waited to be harvested. The allied tribes of the Ohio and Illinois country could muster scarcely three thousand fighting men all told. Yet there were tales of a score of different tribes in the West that could number more than that in a single village; of perhaps a dozen red nations that could boast from twenty to forty thousand souls apiece. The remaining borderers spoke of all these things. The tales of those of their breed who had gone on beyond fired their waking hours and haunted their dreams in sleep. The gatherings at Buckner's became smaller. The wild woodsmen of Kentucky were faring forth into the great unknown. John Colter came no more. Later he was to cross the continent with Lewis and Clark, remaining to cruise the Northwest alone and become the discoverer of the Yellowstone. Robert McClellan, one of Wayne's chief scouts in the recent campaigns, found the settlements too tedious. Later he was to spring again into world-wide renown by guiding the Astorians to the Pacific. Others were to fill the ranks of the fur brigades and scour the West so thoroughly in their quest for fur that every creek that flowed and every lake the size of a pocket handkerchief were to become known to them a generation before exploring geographers rediscovered the West. The brotherhood of the border fringe shouldered long Kentucky rifles and marched into the land of the setting sun. Among those of their clan who remained behind there was unrest. The siren song of the great unknown was singing in their veins and teasing their feet upon untrodden trails. Out of Kentucky was drifting that breed of men who had made that fair region habitable for softer members of their race, leaving for others to hold what they had won, while the iron clan of the border forged on to conquer another half of a continent for those whose feet would follow the trails thus blazed for them.

Buckner, too, happy though he was with White Fawn, the mate of his heart, with their young son at her breast, was conscious of vague stirrings of unrest. Those tales of far places and battles unrecorded fired his imagination. Gilpin, attired only in moccasins, breech clout and leggings, sat in the sunshine before the cabin, but his old eyes were turned to the West.

A dozen lodges of Shawnees appeared suddenly one afternoon, having caused excitement and consternation among the settlers in their passing. They pitched camp before Buckner's cabin and kindled fires at nightfall.

(Continued on Page 83)

At first sign of ROOF LEAK

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WATERBURY • • CONNECTICUT

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"We go to the West beyond the Father of the Waters to find a new home where the Long-knives will leave us to our hunting," Standing Bear explained. "It is not long now until the Illinois country, too, will be lost to us. When the other Shawnees are driven beyond the great river they will find us waiting there."

Gray Wolf's lodge also was among this offshoot band of Shawnees that had given up the unequal struggle and headed into the West. For three days they lingered on Buckner's land, partaking of his fare. Meanwhile several settlers' families passed each day on their westward way, all of them looking enviously upon the broad acres held by Buckner and the Hernes, with so little of the land under cultivation.

When the Shawnees prepared to depart Tecumseh stood alone and watched them pack. They would meet him out beyond somewhere, they said in parting.

"It is farewell," Tecumseh said. "Never shall we meet again. Tecumseh will not be forced across the Father of the Waters. When the time comes he will stand with his back to the great river and die with his eyes turned toward the land of the rising sun."

With folded arms, the melancholy, haughty chieftain gazed after the little Shawnee cavalcade.

"Your kind goes, too," he said to Buckner, gesturing with both hands.

Buckner was conscious of a strange panic as he saw, far across the meadows to the south, the family of Arch Herne, all belongings packed on horses, angling across to join the march of the migrating Shawnees. To the north, the family of Tom Herne was similarly converging upon the Shawnee line of march. Smoke still rose from the chimneys of the two distant cabins, but Buckner knew that it rose from empty homes. Some way there was an empty spot in his heart.

"Yes," Gilpin said from behind him, "they decided to go out thar and have a look around—the Hernes did. I'll be taking the trail myself. Good luck."

There was an eager, questing look in the old man's eyes—the look that an ancient battle-scarred eagle might cast upon a new hunting ground—as he shouldered his rifle and strode out across the meadows on the trail of those who traveled into the setting sun. Half consciously Buckner observed that eagerness and contrasted it with the soberness of the Shawnees who had just left. He did not then realize the significance of that contrast. But Tecumseh, the melancholy Shawnee chief who stood with folded arms beside him, realized it all too well.

A light hand fell upon Buckner's shoulder and he turned and looked down into a pair of fond blue eyes that smiled into his with perfect understanding. The half panic subsided. Wherever he and White Fawn stood together, there were home and happiness, though nations rose and fell. His hand stroked the head of the rollicking infant that rested in the curve of her arm.

"Never let him forget that he is a Buckner of Kentucky," he said.

She smiled at him with the inscrutable wisdom of the female who knows that it matters not so much where one comes from as where one is going. She spoke in the Shawnee tongue, which she used but seldom now.

"No, my heart. Always he must know that."

She stood with an arm twined through his own, and he knew that all was well with him. But within the week that feeling of semipanic was recurrent. The section of Arch Herne on the south had been taken over by four settlers, each claiming a quarter of it. On the north the land of Tom Herne had been claimed by four others. And there was a fifth claimant in each case—eight available quarter sections with ten men claiming rights to settle there. Their wranglings were carried to Buckner for verification as to which one had been first to locate his family on each contested tract. A village had sprung up within two miles of Buckner's holdings and two lawyers had located there. They dipped into the matter of the contested claims. Buckner listened to equally plausible arguments on either side.

Suddenly he spoke.

"It is all wind in the trees," he said. Unconsciously, he moved his hands in the old gesture by which the Shawnees had indicated in sign language that they would have nothing to do with a matter. He stalked into the cabin and left all parties to their own devices. What did he care about squabbles over land titles when there was half a continent where one might have land for the taking?

But contesting of land titles was one of the chief occupations in Kentucky these days. Instead of the war whoop launched to the winds, the air now resounded with the oratory of politics and legislation. Those who coveted land in Kentucky, but who had not the hardihood to press on to the far frontier and take it, sought to dispossess those first settlers who had fought the savages to hold their homes, but who had been careless in the matter of perfecting titles.

Daniel Boone's two remaining sons had been dispossessed and had gone on into the West with others of their kind. Boone himself had lost all his valuable holdings in Kentucky through contested titles, which had left him unable to pay his neighbors the few debts he owed them. The Spaniards, knowing him for a great colonizer, had offered him a tract of more than eight thousand acres of fine land in the wilderness of Missouri. Later, when again the civilization of his own countrymen overtook him, he was to lose title to those lands too. As a very old man, he was destined to return to Kentucky and hunt up old neighbors, to pay from a buckskin bag of gold, earned by trapping in the West, the little debts which he had been unable to pay so many years before.

Buckner heard that Simon Kenton, too, had lost title to his lands and had slipped quietly out of Kentucky, unable to meet his small debts. Many years later he was destined to return, a strange figure, moving in bewilderment through the streets of Frankfort while the people smiled at the wild old man of the woods. An old-time resident was to recognize him as the man who was second only to Boone in fathering Kentucky and to take him before the Kentucky legislature, then in session, and announce his identity, that body voting him a pension of two hundred and fifty dollars a year.

General George Rogers Clark, penniless and no longer needed in Kentucky, had gone on into the West to hire his sword arm and his military genius to the French as a soldier of fortune.

Buckner felt himself stranded. His breed of men had gone on and left him. Instead of planting a greater acreage, that year he planted less. It did not occur to him that others might think it shiftlessness. His was the nonacquisitive outlook of the Indian and the border woodsman. Why raise more food when fewer friends came to eat his fare? He spent much time prowling the woods with his rifle, bagging squirrels and an occasional turkey. To drop a deer was an occasion of moment now. He secured two hounds and hunted varmints at night to allay the vague itch of restlessness.

With the settlers pouring by the thousands into the Ohio region, the allied tribes, pressed farther west into the Illinois country, still maintained the peace. Occasional families of Shawnees presented themselves at Buckner's cabin and feasted for a few days before heading on into the West to join the offshoot band of their nation that had preceded them. Occasional woodsmen, too, stopped there, then headed westward. Again and again Buckner observed that curious difference between the faces of the woodsmen and the Shawnees who headed into the unknown West. The woodsmen started out with that same

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You can quickly overcome the *embarrassment* of *cracked* walls and ceilings

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eager, questing light that had glowed from Gilpin's old eyes; the Indians with sober melancholy.

Quite suddenly, one day, he divined the reason for that difference. The Indians were banished against their will and went as the rear guards of a vanquished race, backing into the setting sun, so to speak, their eyes turned wistfully to the East, which they would see no more. The woodsmen went eagerly, of their own accord, the advance guards of a conquering breed. The slanting rays of the setting sun did not mean to them the eclipse of their race, but rather a beacon that challenged them to new and high adventure. The setting sun meant the descent of night to the red man, but a new dawn to the white.

Eastern Kentucky and much of the central area had been settled largely by Virginians under the old charter of that colony, which had given it territorial rights to the Kentucky region a hundred years before its settlement. But in Western Kentucky, many of the recent settlers had come floating down the Ohio from Pennsylvania. It so happened that all those who had taken up land on all sides of Buckner were of the latter type.

A hawk screamed one day from overhead and Buckner started with that old alertness. Always, in the days of Buckner's Rangers, the scream of a hawk had been the signal to take cover—that an enemy had been sighted in the forest. Those had been the days when enemies swarmed on every hand. He laughed at that sudden start at the hawk's scream. No, there were not enemies on all sides now. Still, those Pennsylvania settlers that hemmed him in were not his kind of folks exactly.

He sat one evening looking into the red ball of the setting sun. Out there where it still shone brightly were Gilpin and the Hernes, the Boones, McClellan and others of the border clan, and the offshoot band of Shawnees.

Long ago, on that morning when he had looked into the rising sun across the Illinois prairies, the picture of the onrushing swarm of settlers and the banishment of the Indians had been sharp and distinct. Now, as he looked into the setting sun, it was given to him again to lift for a moment the veil of the future, but the vision this time was vague and nebulous and lacking in detail.

It came to him merely as a picture of buckskin-clad figures moving west on a broad front, and coupled with it the knowledge that wherever powder burned on every new frontier, there would be long Kentucky rifles; and behind them, eyes that had been trained to marksmanship in the woods of Kentucky and the Ohio as the brotherhood of the border moved eagerly on to hew out new frontiers. And suddenly he was very lonesome.

White Fawn, sensing his unrest, came out and rested her hand upon his arm. And presently two figures came striding across the meadow from the west. Gilpin and Tom Herne talked until well into the night of the wonders of the Missouri wilderness and the Kansas prairies—of vast herds of bison, streams overcrowded with beaver, and Indian nations numbering many thousands, eager to trade for the white man's goods. Before they had recited the half of it, Buckner knew that he would go back with them for just one look around.

XIII

IT WAS on the second night of the westward journey that Tecumseh appeared unexpectedly in the camp of the three woodsmen and seated himself at the fire.

"Those who live in the little settlement west of the Wabash are bad white men," he said reflectively.

"None worse," Buckner agreed.

"When the hawks are at war with the owls they do not object if a few owls come forth at night to slay secretly among their own kind," said Tecumseh

"Sartin," Gilpin agreed. "The Injuns had no complaint if them miscreants of the Wabash made war agin the settlers in secret. It was just that much more fighting strength on the Injun side."

"But since peace was declared those men have taken several boats and killed half a hundred of their own race, leaving none alive to tell of it save a few women who have been taken to their lodges. Devil's business goes on there sometimes of nights. The women there have seen enough to know what will occur if they attempt to speak a word of how they came there. Such of their captures of boats as have become known have been blamed on the wild young men of the Shawnees."

"And thar's a similar nest o' vipers operating from the Osage country in Arkansas, preying on Mississippi River travelers, for which the Osages is frequent blamed," Gilpin said.

"This Kemper desires White Fawn," Tecumseh said. "It was that which I came to tell you. Finding you gone, I followed. Often, during your last months among the Shawnees, he sent messages to Tonk-a-naw offering greater and greater prices. After you returned to the settlements he did not despair."

Buckner was conscious of a thrill of apprehension. White Fawn and his young son were alone save for a black woman. Still, a raid on his cabin would yield small spoils in a material way, and those of the Wabash country pillaged for profit. A flatboat would prove a much richer prize and one to be secured with far less danger than a raid deep in the settlements. Kemper might still desire White Fawn, but those other marauders could scarcely be expected to engage upon a profitless raid fraught with considerable danger, for no other reason than to humor Kemper's whim.

Tecumseh, as if reading what was in his mind, continued: "There were many woodsmen round your cabin at first, and those of the Wabash turned a deaf ear to Kemper's plans. But he has an informant among the settlers who kept him posted about you. Kemper has prospered. He has offered two men a price far greater than they could make by capturing flatboats to watch their chance to steal White Fawn away and bring her to him. I have it from a Shawnee woman who is the squaw of one of the men living there. You should not leave White Fawn alone."

Two hours before dawn Buckner started back toward home, Tecumseh and the two woodsmen accompanying him. A great emptiness pervaded Buckner's heart as he entered the cabin and found it untenanted. The dead ashes on the hearth were no colder than the dread that clutched his heart.

"Took 'em early last night likely, so's they could cross back beyond the Ohio unobserved before sunup," Gilpin said. "Some neighbor's been watching you, like Tecumseh heard. No doubt Kemper's two miscreants hung out at the informant's place, watching their chance. Well, we'd best be on our way."

Buckner traveled with grief and black rage in his heart and with death peering out of his eyes. White Fawn, of course, would be delivered to Kemper alive. But Kemper would have no wish to be encumbered with an infant. Buckner had no doubt that the abductors had put an end to the black woman and his infant son after reaching the wilderness side of the Ohio. Those jolly little eyes, the same color as White Fawn's, seemed to gaze at Buckner reproachfully as he traveled through the forest. He could not rid his mind of the picture.

On the fourth day three painted braves waited for darkness in the woods a mile from Kemper's trading post. They had traveled hard and fast, but could not yet determine whether or not they had reached the spot ahead of the renegade abductors.

Impatience rode Buckner with merciless spurs as he waited. But he must keep cool for the work that lay ahead. He took quick turns round the immediate vicinity, unable to remain quiet in one spot. Gilpin and Herne sat immovable. Before leaving them, Tecumseh had explained the arrangement of the settlement. Kemper's post—merely a big log trade room with living quarters attached—stood in the center of a string of a dozen or more cabins straggling at intervals for a quarter of a mile along the course of the creek.

Darkness descended at last, and an hour later three warriors came through the blackness to the creek. A dog guarding one of the cabins rushed furiously out toward the intruders. A door was thrown open and a man stood silhouetted against the light.

Buckner scolded the dog in Shawnee and the man shouted a command to the beast to come back. The dog desisted from his demonstrations, returning toward the cabin with diminishing growls.

There was yet another cabin to pass before reaching the dark bulk of the trading house, from which a few lights glowed dimly. The door of the cabin opened just before the three prowlers drew abreast of it and a man came forth. He saw the three braves on the trail and greeted them as he stepped into it just ahead and started toward the store himself, paying little heed to the three savages. Indians of all tribes came here to trade or to beg for rum and tobacco at all hours of the day and night.

If this man joined those at the store it would mean one more to participate on the enemy side in whatever trouble occurred there. The trio followed along behind him in single file, Herne in the lead, almost treading upon the man's heels. There was the sound of a crunching blow and the man went down with Herne's tomahawk buried deep in his brain.

The three men swiftly removed the body.

"'Twould be simple enough if only we could ketch them outside in the night one at a time," Gilpin said in a low tone.

The door to the big trading room stood open, the interior of it dimly lighted by guttering candles. Two men sat there engaged in converaation. Buckner knew neither of them. Doors led from the rear of the main room into living quarters and storerooms behind. All those doors were closed save one, and it led into a fur house where raw furs were kept.

Dimly a hum of voices could be heard, evidence that some of those rear rooms were occupied. Swiftly Buckner rounded the corner of the building and moved back to where a vaguely lighted square revealed the location of a window covered by glazed deerskin, dressed thin as paper and greased, not too opaque to admit light, but not of a transparency to permit of one's seeing through it.

Benoit's voice, raised in anger, reached Buckner's ear through this window. Dark lines across the opaque parchment revealed the fact that the window was barred. Kemper's voice answered Benoit's:

"The plan was for them to pot Buckner when he was out in the woods hunting squirrels and bury him somewhere, then bring the girl here. But he started west for a trip of several months. So they took her. Neighbors will think she's gone visiting. The wench was killed this side the Ohio, so she'll never talk. What's wrong with it?"

"Oh, let it drop," Benoit conceded. "It's your game, not mine. But if you let that she-wolverine get away from you she'll outrun the lot of you to the Ohio and report."

"How will she get away?" Kemper demanded. "That door there, barred on this side, is the only opening into that room. If she did get out through it, which she can't, she'd only be in this room, and no way out of it except through another barred door into the main trade room."

"And she'll fight you like a she-panther every second you're within range of her teeth and claws," Benoit growled.

"Not at all," Kemper declared calmly. "Why do you think I had the brat brought to me alive—out of love for it? A mother will do anything to save her infant. She'll come to terms when she realizes that the babe gets the same treatment at my hands as I get at hers. You will see."

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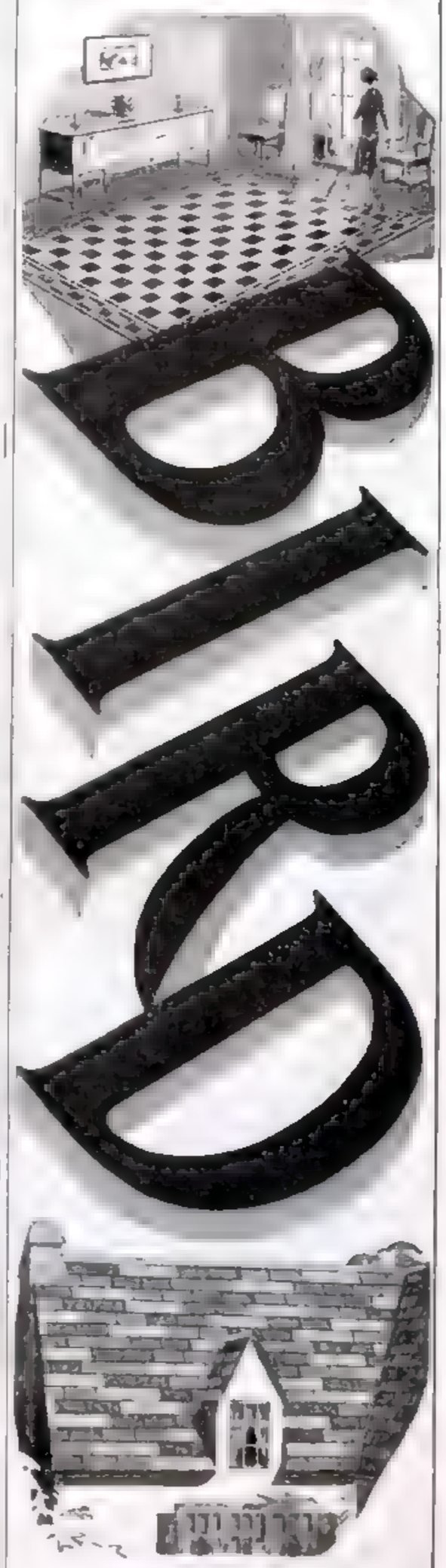

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A wave of joy flooded through Buckner at the knowledge that both White Fawn and his son still lived. Then poisonous rage at Kemper sent him striding toward the front of the building. So hurried was his pace that it revealed to Gilpin the state of the man's nerves, and the old woodsman halted him with a hand braced against his chest.

"Steady," he whispered. "Whatever is to be done now must be done with cool heads!"

Herne's fingers pressed into his arm. In Buckner's mind was a picture of a barred door behind which his mate and her infant were imprisoned; and before it, was a room in which sat two men whom he must kill before reaching that door to unbar it. He was impatient to start upon the work in hand. But he was too old a hand at border warfare to allow emotion to rise above reason for long. He fought to regain his usual iron control. This thing must be worked without a flaw. The least slip-up which would give Kemper and Benoit a second's warning in which to barricade themselves would be fatal. It would give the occupants of that scattered line of cabins time to swoop down to aid those in the post. Once started, the attack must be carried to a conclusion swiftly and, if possible, silently.

Buckner steeled himself to calmness. A whispered conference was held. It would be no trick at all to shoot down those two men in the main room.

But Benoit might bar the door to the room in which he sat with Kemper on the instant, until he could determine the cause of the shooting. It could not be done that way. Gilpin was elected to remain outside to intercept any who might come along, while Buckner and Herne attended to matters inside.

The two men who sat in the big main room looked up indifferently as two savages entered silently from the night, the dim light of the candles glinting on the bright paints that adorned naked chests and faces.

"Where trade man?" Buckner asked gutturally.

"He'll be out pooty quick," one of the men said.

Buckner sought to shuffle on past toward the closed door behind which were Kemper and Benoit. If he could once reach that door, throw it open and spring inside, Herne would handle these two men in the main room.

"Where you go?" one of the men inquired.

"Injun man talk now with trade man," Buckner grunted, holding to his course.

With surprising agility, the man sprang from his seat and barred Buckner's path.

"You no go there!" he snapped.

Those words were his last. Buckner's tomahawk was buried so deep in his forehead that as the man was hurled back by the force of the blow the handle of the weapon was wrenched from Buckner's grip. Without waiting to retrieve it, Buckner sprang toward that closed door thirty feet away. Even as he started, Benoit, bent upon seeing who had arrived, threw open the door and peered out. His startled eyes took in the scene and he endeavored to slam the door in the face of the savage who sprang for him with a naked knife in his hand.

Herne, who had struck down the other occupant of the room at the same instant that Buckner had felled his man, had tossed up his rifle to shoot Benoit, but could not because of Buckner's rushing form. Buckner hurled himself at the closing door and thrust one leg into the diminishing crack of it. It jammed the calf of his leg painfully. There was a roar from behind as Herne fired past him through the planks of the door. The heavy ball found Benoit and hurled him back. Buckner threw wide the door.

Benoit was groping about on hands and knees, stricken by Herne's ball. Buckner leaped over him and sprang at Kemper, who had gained his feet and had seized a tomahawk from the wall. Buckner's left hand clamped on the trader's right wrist before he could bring the tomahawk into play. Only then did he realize that there was another man in the room. From where he had been sleeping on a bunk in the corner of the room, a bearded renegade launched himself at Buckner with a knife.

Buckner swung Kemper to interpose the trader's body between himself and this new antagonist. Another form hurtled into the room as Herne leaped headlong over the groping Benoit to assault the man with the knife. The first blow of his tomahawk almost severed the man's wrist, the next found his brain.

"Look to Benoit," Buckner said.

His mighty left hand held Kemper's wrist helpless. His right hand held his knife low and to the rear of his right thigh, where the trader's clutching left hand could not reach it. His eyes glared pitilessly back into the terrified stare of his victim. Kemper struck him twice with his left hand.

From behind them Herne's voice sounded: "Too bad you can't look up, Benoit, and see whose hand is about to send your black soul to hell and put a stop to your murdering on the Ohio."

Stark horror stared from Kemper's eyes as Herne's tomahawk descended upon the head of the crawling Benoit. The trader's mouth opened to utter a shriek for help. Twice he screamed.

"So!" Buckner said. "You who have murdered many helpless ones in cold blood bleat in fear like a sheep when your own time comes to die. Keep quiet! Never before have I struck my knife into a screaming squaw!"

Twice his knife leaped up. Then he cast the man from him into a corner, where he fell in a limp heap.

Already Herne was lifting the two bars that secured a heavy door leading into another room. Buckner swung it open. White Fawn sprang into his arms, holding her infant.

"Come, my heart," he said, taking the baby from her. They fled out through the main room, Herne stooping to retrieve the rifle he had dropped to spring inside to Buckner's assistance. As he cleared the outer door and stepped into the night, Buckner grasped his own rifle, which he had left against the wall just outside of it. The intended program of silence had failed and the occupants of some of those near-by cabins even now would be on their way through the night to investigate. Even as he raised his voice in the signal to Gilpin to draw off, there was a heavy report from the far corner of the building.

Then Gilpin answered the call. Presently he was running with them through the forest.

"Since you'd made such a ruckus inside, I took the liberty of shooting down the big miscreant who rushed over so precipitate from the next cabin, instead of tackling him with a silenter weapon," the old man said.

Throughout the night they traveled into the south without a halt; then pressed on again after a few hours' rest. They made a forced march of it to the Ohio and crossed that stream at night.

"Thar's none who set eyes on us that lived to tell who done it," Gilpin chuckled as they parted there in the moonlight on the shores of the Ohio. "If it does come out we was in it, and they consider it an act of aggression against England, they'll find me and Herne in our new hangout half a thousand miles deep in Spanish territory, where the more aggression you practice agin England the better the Spaniards think of you."

"There'll nothing come of it," Buckner said. "It can't be pointed out that we did it, without pointing out why. The less investigating there's done round that renegade hangout, the better for them, and they know it."

Gilpin and Herne prepared to drop off down the Ohio in a canoe to head for their new stamping ground in the West.

"That country will be United States, too, one day," Herne predicted. "A large slice of the folks out thar is Kentucky border men. The Missouri wilderness is overrun with 'em now."

Buckner stood and watched their canoe glide off down the moonlit stream until it became a black speck in the distance. And his thoughts traveled on ahead of it to that bright country where they were heading. Again he saw a thin line of buckskin-clad figures, armed with long Kentucky rifles, advancing on a broad front into the glamorous unknown lands of the West.

The Buckner family bivouacked until dawn, then headed on toward home. As he strode along with his infant on his arm, without being conscious of it Buckner lapsed back into the old habit of addressing White Fawn in the Shawnee tongue. With quick perception, she answered in the same language. They made another overnight camp when within a few miles of home, for the reason that the infant was worn and cross from overmuch traveling. In the shadows round the edge of light thrown by the camp fire, Buckner seemed to see dim forms bivouacked for the night.

When he reached his own place early in the morning he was somewhat surprised to see a rude pole-and-bark shack at the edge of the timber a hundred yards from his cabin. There was a similar camp, with a wagon near it, farther along the edge of the meadows. Buckner went down into the meadow to catch his half dozen head of horses while White Fawn cooked breakfast. He picketed them near the cabin.

When he emerged after breakfasting he observed a group of men coming toward him from the pole hut along the edge of the timber. There were four men and three nearly grown boys.

"Well, we might as well tell you fust off," the spokesman for the party said. "We all has jumped your land, a family to each quarter."

The group eyed him with truculent apprehensiveness, resolved to carry through their plans, yet doubtful as to what a man of Buckner's reputation might do. His breed usually took the law into their own hands. For a space he regarded them in fierce silence.

"We're willing to law you about it," the spokesman said. "Thar's only one squar way to settle sech matters—accordin' to law."

Still Buckner maintained silence. The fierceness faded slightly from his eyes and into them crept an expression as if they gazed upon some distant scene.

"The lawyer who settled us here says you ain't got the ghost of a title. It ain't boughten land or warrant land. You took it by tomahawk. But you ain't worked it, except for a triflin' patch of crops, and ain't even fenced. Lawyer Enders says he can bust your title easy as prickin' a bubble. No use fighting about it. We'll settle it by law."

They watched him with that same truculent apprehensiveness. A woman with hair as yellow as his was black, and with pansy-blue eyes, came from the cabin to join him. She spoke to him in some alien tongue and the men fidgeted with uneasy suspicion as Buckner answered her in kind. Turning their backs upon the visitors, the pair of them disappeared in the cabin, to emerge again in a brief space, their arms loaded with personal effects which they deposited near the picketed horses. Swiftly Buckner saddled two of the horses and put pack saddles on the others.

The land jumpers held a heated conference some little distance away, then approached him again as he expertly packed the effects which White Fawn was carrying out to him from the cabin. He put the final hitch on the last pack and swung to the saddle, his long Kentucky rifle balanced across the pommels before him. The men drew back as he faced them from the saddle. But there was neither melancholy nor menace in the eyes he turned upon them. Rather there was an eager, questing light in them, as in the fierce eyes of the eagle that has been caged and liberated at last to fly again toward the sun.

Then Buckner headed his horse toward the West on the trail of his fellows of the border clan who had gone on ahead. Never again would he fall so far behind them.

The men stood there until the forest beyond the meadows had folded round the little cavalcade. Then they turned to gaze at one another in wonder at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished.

And off in the forest that had enfolded them, Buckner and White Fawn gazed at each other with perfect understanding. With eager hearts and high hopes they were riding on toward that land of promise that lies always just ahead—always just around the bend or over the next divide.

(THE END)

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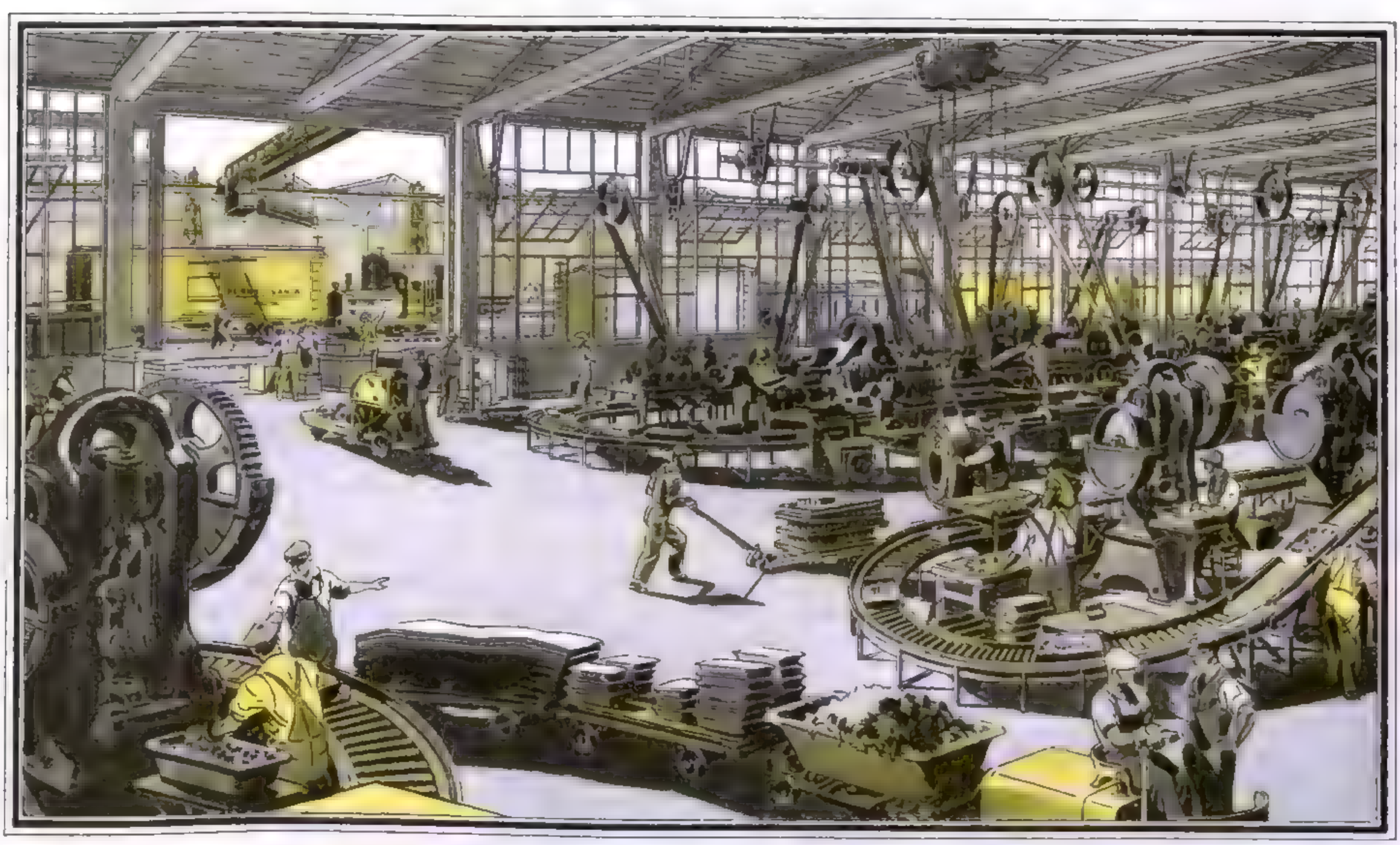

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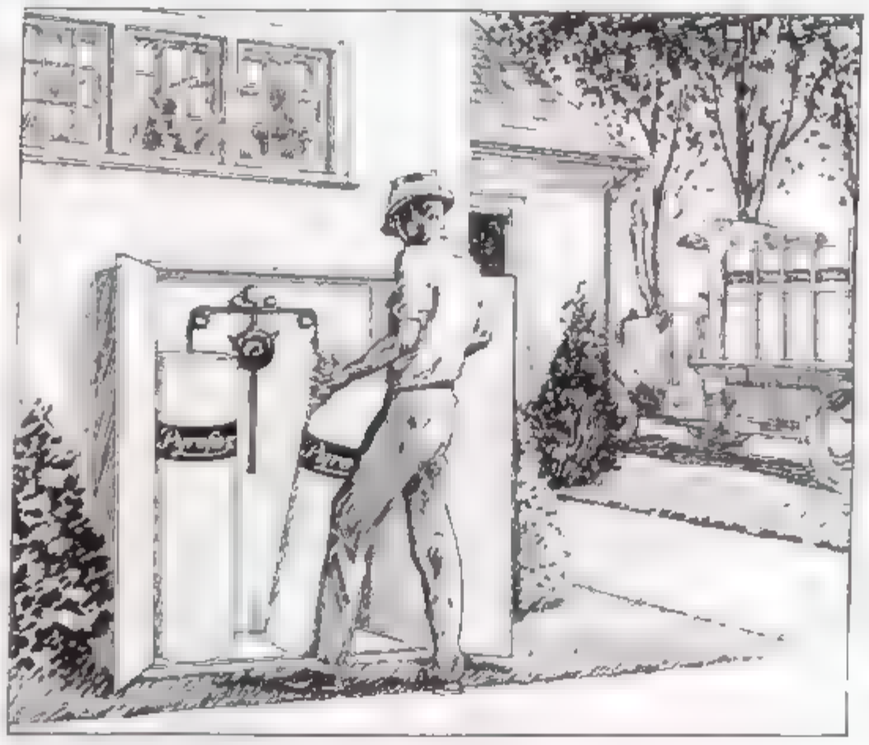

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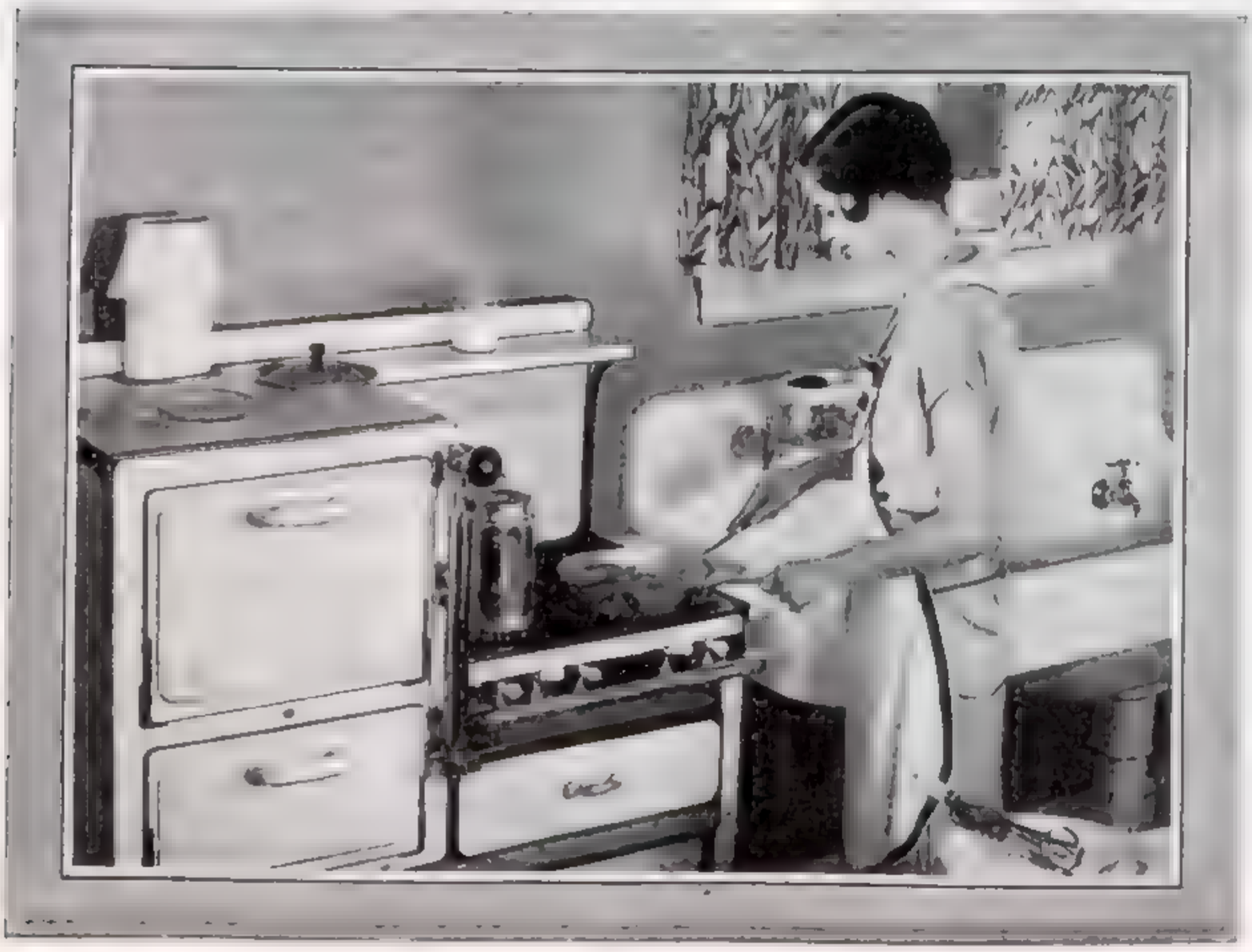

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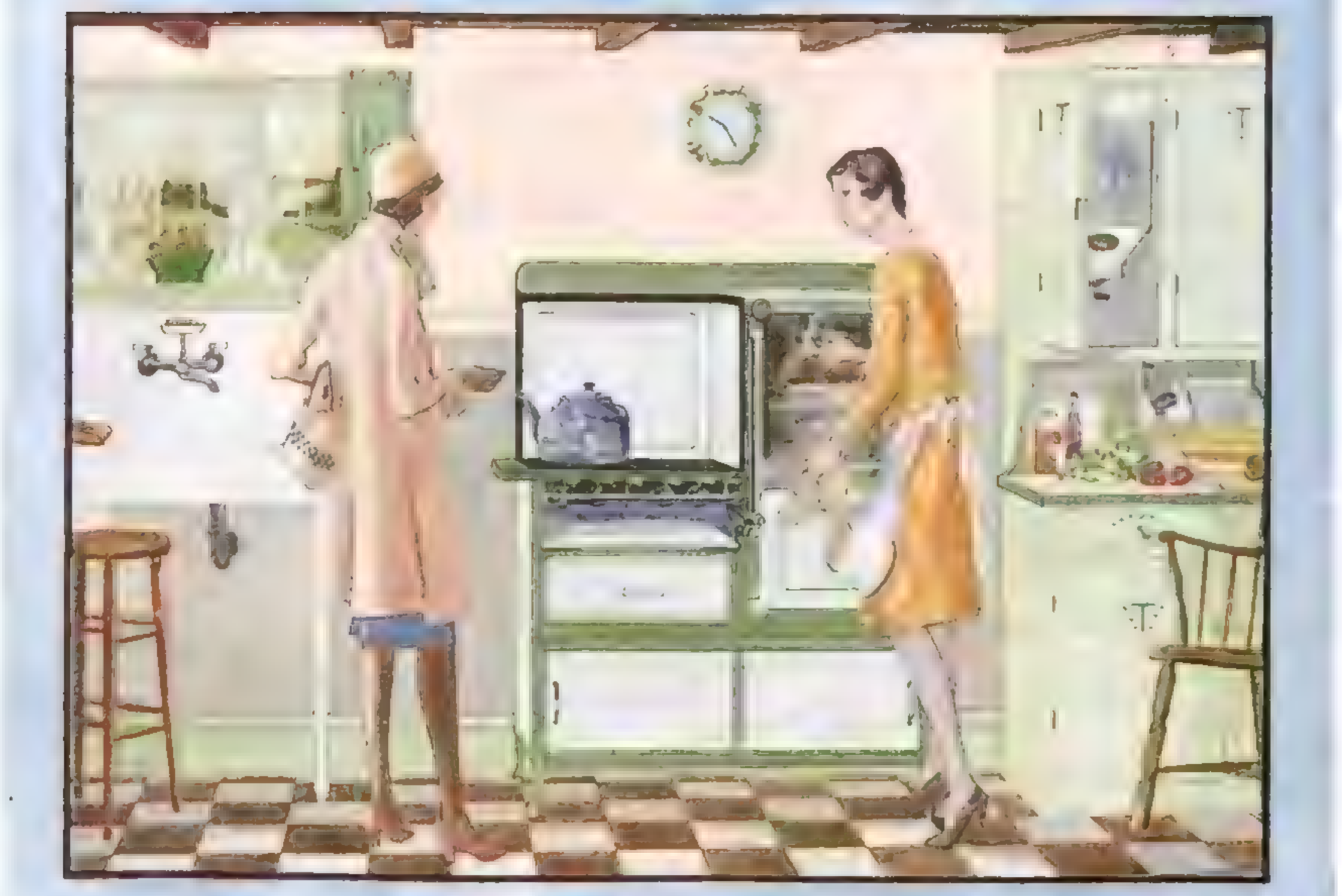

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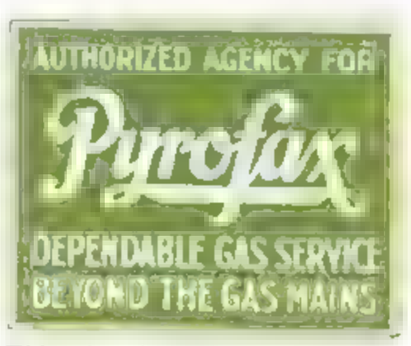

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MONARCH

(Continued from Page 17)

The old legs straightened and sent stiffened muscles into slow play. The swayed back tensed and his head jerked upward. Then, at last, he was on his feet and moving uncertainly toward the bars of his prison.

A night like this was unusual for circus animals; ordinarily, even when the warmth was sufficient to admit of the side boards being removed, there was at least the shielding of the canvas covers to prevent a view without. But tonight there was nothing; the canvas shields were furled at the tops of the dens; before Old Joe Dokes lay a shifting world of moonlight.

He pressed himself against the bars, braced on his knotty legs against the motion of the train. He peered out toward the splotches of silver and the ragged lines of black, toward the silhouettes and undulating vistas. Then, with a strange nervousness, he began to pace, awkwardly, painfully upon the uncertain footing, halting to look outward, then pacing anew before he should pause again. It seemed to Shorty Allerton, sitting back in the shadows, that there was more of the regal about Old Joe than he had seen in years. His mane appeared to be so full and black tonight in the moonlight; Shorty knew that it was because the beast's neck was arched with a strength that had been missing lately. His heavy, broad head was tilted, now upward, now to one side, as with constant attention. Unconscious strength had taken much of the dip from his injured back; time after time he posed in tremendous silhouette, and each time it was a momentary picture of the monarch he once had been. Then at last, hard against the bars, he opened his great jaws and roared in rough, barking sequences; gruff roarings, like the coughing of a giant. Shorty went beside him and crouched there, his right arm over the beast's heavy mane.

"What do you see out there, old podner?" he queried. "Do you see the water hole like it used to be on a moonlight night like this?"

Shorty had read much of Africa. He had read much of animals. Once he'd thought he'd like to sit down sometime and write something about what he personally knew about 'em. He'd have done it, too, only for the punctuation and everything.

"Is that what you're giving the once-over?" he asked as the lion roared again. "Looks like th' old water hole, huh? And I guess that black lump away off there—I guess that's you, eh, old podner?" Suddenly he extended his free arm. "Sure enough it is! And look. Ain't that a zebra comin' down over that little hill—over there where them three things stick up like giraffes' heads? Ain't that a zebra? Sure it must be, kind o' mincin' along an' stickin' up his mule ears every now and then while he samples the air to see if there's a lion around."

He caught the beast tighter in self-generated excitement.

"Is that what you're lookin' at, old stager? Easy now, watch your step; keep your head down an' that spiked tail from swishin' around too much. They've got good ears, them zebras. Don't make a move until he's just right. Wait till he pussyfoots past a little ways before you take the run. You know—just enough of a start to send you curvin' just right over his back, so you'll sink them fore claws in his shoulders to hang on by while you crack down on his neck bone. Easy now—easy now, old podner!"

The lion roared again, and breaking from his comrade paced anew. But he halted finally at Shorty's side again, and once more the little man began his imageries. That could be Africa easy enough, out there in the moonlight, Shorty told himself. And there could be a water hole, with zebras and wildebeests and maybe an ill-tempered, shortsighted rhinoceros hanging around somewhere. By and by it grew late and Shorty gave his ancient charge a good-night pat. Then he cussed the drawbar on the cage door as he worked to close it in the darkness; it was security, however, which angered him, rather than a lack of it. The bar fitted so tightly that all his strength was required to shove it home. The most intractable animal on the circus never could work that door open.

It was just something to grouch about because he felt melancholy. Shorty forgot it almost before he had edged around the shrouded tableau wagons of the first flat car; other things had returned to take his attention.

"Yeh, that's it," he mused—"thinkin' about home. I guess everybody does that when they get along toward the end."

But Shorty in his deductions was nearer a solution than the heavily maned beast which stood still braced against the bars, looking out at the swirling, moonlit countryside. Old Joe did not truly understand what urged him to this; he only realized obedience to strange cravings which did not make themselves clear to him, restless flashes which crossed his brain, uncertain stirrings which forced him to forget the oldness and swellings of his joints, and the pain of movement. What it was or why it was—that was something beyond the mentality of Old Joe Dokes. He saw nothing specific in the distance when, as if called, he shuffled to the bars and stared without. He recognized nothing familiar, he looked for nothing as a particularity. He only knew that something would suddenly surge in his brain, and that, grudgingly, he would exert himself to answer its summons. Then sometimes his heart would beat faster and he would bestir himself to an old attitude of supremacy—but he did not know why.

The show traveled over the divide and down past the Salton Sea to Yuma for its last stand of the season. There was the final dinner in the cookhouse, with a specially printed menu and speeches by the bosses. Then came the last performance, and the Home, Sweet Home finale by the band. After that, a great show disintegrated, performers leaving upon regular trains for their winter work in theaters and motion-picture studios or to winter loafing, while workingmen migrated in a dozen directions. The circus trains, carrying only skeleton crews, set forth upon the long journey eastward and northward to the winter quarters of the Grand Amalgamated in St. Louis.

The home run of a circus is a tedious affair—hour after hour of jogging along or of waiting on sidings because of the priority of fast freights and passenger trains. Beside this, there is the delay of feeding and watering stops for the care of the animals. The next afternoon found Shorty's section still dragging over hot, dry, comparatively desert country. The side boards were off menagerie cages, and the canvas raised from the shady sides; cat animals panted, led stock fretted in the horse cars, elephants trumpeted in protest against the heat and swayed uncomfortably at their ring pins. At last the menagerie superintendent approached the bunk where Shorty was sprawled.

"Just talking to the manager," he said. "Got a clear rail now, so we ain't going to make a feeding stop until after sundown. We'll hit a water tank along about that time. It makes a little longer running without a stop, but it's best. It'll be cool in the twilight; and if we have to stay a little longer, there's the moon to work by."

"Yeh," said Shorty Allerton. Then with an afterthought: "Guess I'd better go back and sit a while with Joe. I ain't seen him since morning."

"All right, is he?"

"Who—Joe? Yeh, seems kind of tired, though; he was at the bars pretty near all the time I was back there. Funny how he acts, ain't it?"

The menagerie superintendent did not give an opinion; he only cursed the heat and dropped into his berth. After a time, Shorty Allerton arose and, tossing aside his magazine, went forth for the hot journey across the flat cars toward the cage of his beloved lion.

Old Joe was pacing slowly when Shorty pulled the grudging drawbar and entered the cage; the animal trainer felt that he noticed about him the evidences of a new agitation.

"Too much scenery, old kid," said Shorty Allerton. "It's got you thinkin' about things."

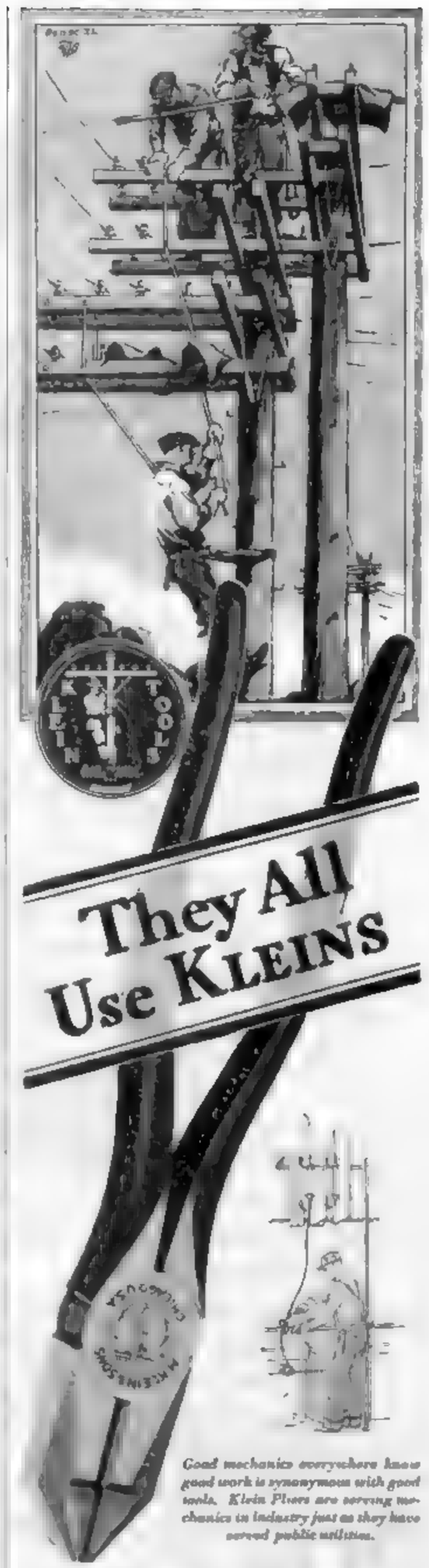
But Old Joe Dokes was only doing what he had done before—answering strange, confused commands within his brain. A day of travel like this was distinctly unusual—even the Sunday runs of the circus were mostly accomplished with the side boards in place. Today there had been nothing to obstruct the view. Ever since dawn, Old Joe Dokes had watched a succession of changing scenery. There had been far-away hills and trees, and winding arroyos with perhaps a trickle of water in the center of a wide depression of sand. There had been clumps of sage, rocky slopes with stunted trees upon them, or the blue-gray of tenacious vegetation. Now and then there had been life—scrawny cattle or swarthy people standing in front of 'dobe dwellings. There was the blue of the sky, the hint of far places, and the constant blow of speed-engendered breeze, bringing strange scents to age-dulled nostrils. All these things had combined to keep him constantly alert; his coughing roar had sounded more than once that day.

Shorty Allerton's presence, however, seemed to bring a calming influence. The old beast halted for his usual petting; when he continued his pacing, it was for a shorter interval. Finally, tired, the soreness of his muscles asserting itself, he hobbled to his straw pile and settled there. After a time he slept.

Two hours passed. Screeching brake shoes gave evidence that the feeding stop had been reached. Shorty Allerton rose from his resting place on the cage floor, and as the train came to a halt tiptoed to the cage door, working slowly at the drawbar, again cussing the tightness of the locking device. Then someone called him from up the line. The animal man eased himself out and caught the drawbar, meanwhile shouting over his shoulder as he drove it home, with extraordinary ease, he thought.

It was only momentary consideration. There was a jam up at the horse cars and the menagerie superintendent was yelling for him. Shorty Allerton swung from his position, and leaping to the ground, ran to the work ahead. In the cage, Old Joe Dokes stirred slightly, stretched his thickened legs, rolled to his back, and like a cat before a fire, slept on.

Moonlight had come when the lion awoke. Outside, there were still the voices of men and the nickering of horses, combined with the chirruping and grunting of the elephants as they fussed about their hay at a temporary picket line. But these were fading sounds; the train was moving jerkily as the engine gave and took up slack on the way to a siding, some half mile away. Old Joe watched the vague, passing figures beside the track without curiosity. Then he turned and, with equal lack of interest, regarded a noise-making device at the end of his den. It was the door of his cage, swinging wide or clashing, steel against steel, as it closed momentarily, only to sway outward again with the rocking motion of the train. Shorty Allerton had failed to notice, when that drawbar had moved so easily, that it was moving outside its hasp. Now, with the bar protruding, the door could not even mesh with its framework when it closed; the steel impediment merely rattled and sent it gaping again. It caused little concern for Old Joe Dokes. At last, as the engineer widened the throttle to back the train upon the siding, the door swung clear against the cage



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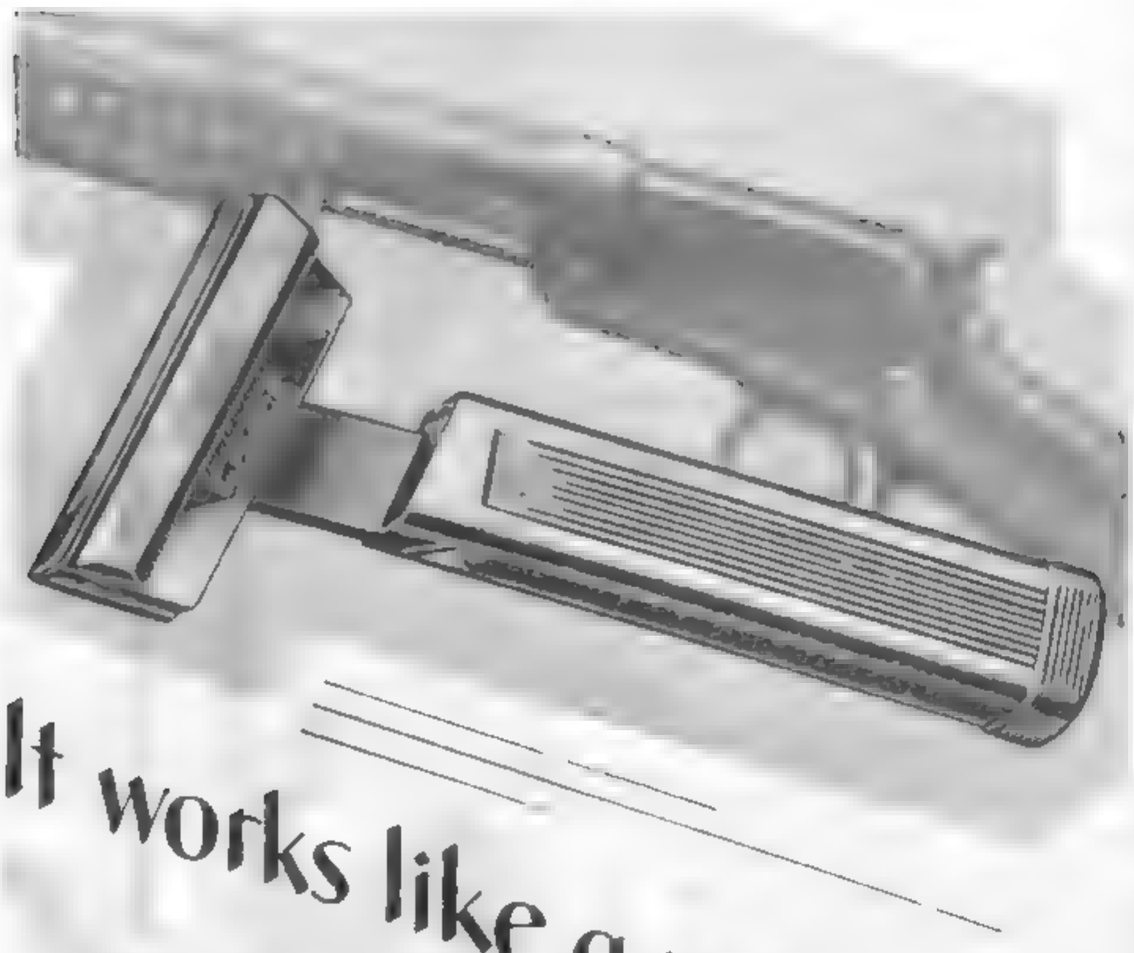

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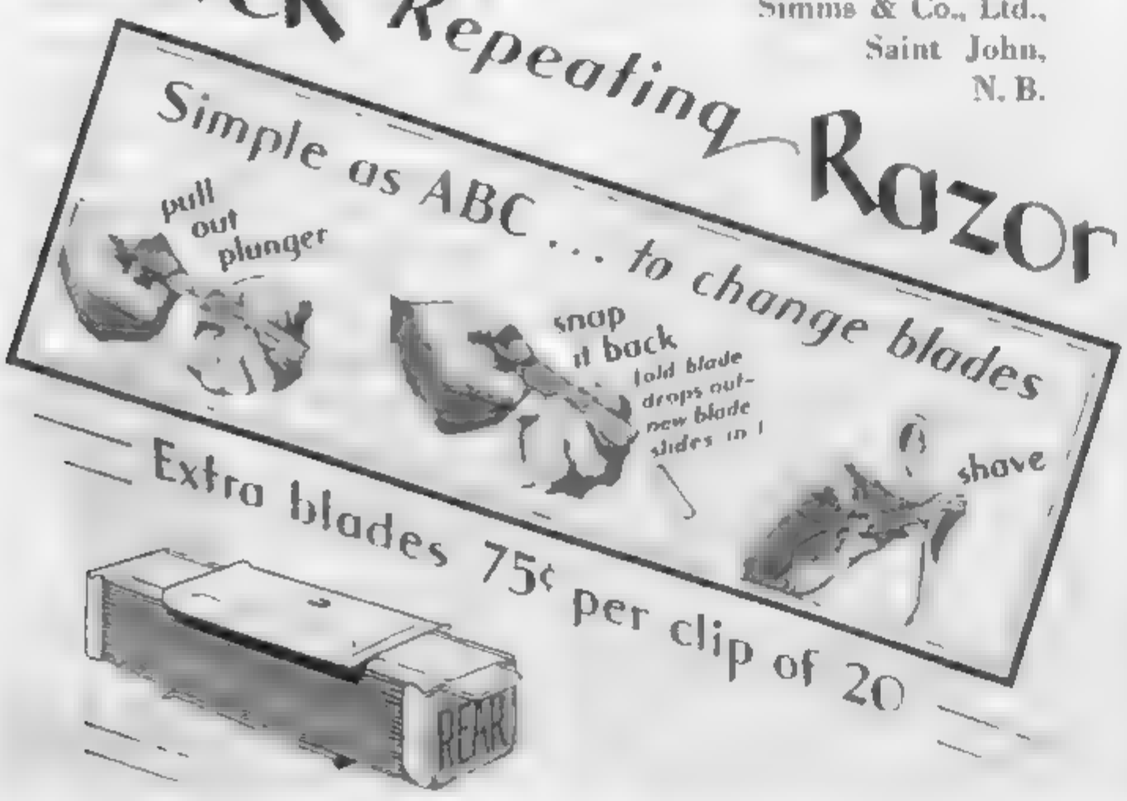
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REAR

proper, and tangled with a loose rope from a canvas tie-off. The noise ceased after that, for the door now remained open. But Old Joe Dokes paid no attention to that either.

The noises of the feeding lot had traveled far away. There was only the creaking of night insects beside the tracks, the faint breathing of the engine far ahead, and the thumping of cat animals in a near-by cage as they paced in answer to nocturnal instincts. Beyond that, there was quiet—quiet and moonlight, and strange things in the distance beckoning Old Joe Dokes once more to go to the bars and look out. Then, from far away, over a filmy ridge of hills, came an eerie, wailing call.

It was high-pitched and weird, breaking from the crescendo wail into a series of sharp yappings. Then there was silence. But after a time the call came anew, this time from a different direction. And for a third time; then slowly the cries began to converge, signal and answer, call and command; somewhere, out in the dusk and silver of the distant hills, a coyote pack was assembling with the curiosity engendered by strange animal scents. Higher and higher the cries rose, piercing the night. Old Joe Dokes pressed his giant head against the bars and growled. He did not know why.

An interval of quiet followed. Then a new succession of those weirdly engrossing cries arose. The lion began to pace, a slight rigidity making itself apparent in his heavy, spiked tail. Strange things were struggling within his aged brain; once he went to the open door of his prison and stood there with his head out, peering dimly into the moonlit distance. Then he resumed his pacing.

Fires had begun to burn in that ancient heart now. It was beating faster, slowly faster; and there was more warmth in his enfeebled legs. He growled anew; suddenly his big head went upward and the roars came, bellow upon bellow. As if in answer, there sounded from a pinnacle of the silvered night the cry of a lone coyote, signaling to the stars.

It angered the beast; a blunt anger, achieved without mental direction. He whirled and sent a gruff challenge into the night. Then once more he paced, and once more he paused at the door, with his head and shoulders protruding. Now the whole pack was screeching, as if in answer to his sonorous call; higher and more unearthly became the screams, and again something writhed within his brain, struggling for freedom. The swayed back straightened. The great throat bulged again with gruff outbursts and the spiked tail swung in stiffened ovals. Old Joe Dokes moved out of the cage to the floor of the flat car. But once there, he only stood peering into the distance, his rough tongue running nervously about his bristling lips. After a time he moved again, this time to the ground. It was an involuntary action. He only knew that he was obsessed, to go onward, out into the moonlit night, toward those cries of the far beyond.

It was an aberration which lasted until the lion had traveled for perhaps half a mile from the track, a period in which a rushing passenger train, its whistle hard down as it passed the feeding stop, had torn onward through the night, silencing for a time the unearthly chorus from the distant hills. Then red had glared from the fire box of the circus train, whistles had signaled, and the section had backed up to receive its cargo; a task completed in comparatively short time. Soon Old Joe Dokes, hesitating upon a slight knoll, saw a shadowy string of bulky cars begin to glide away. Farther and farther it traveled into the half light, until at last it had disappeared.

The lion growled with gruff concern. A vague understanding suddenly had come to him. He did not belong out here. He was old and crippled and tired. He was lost, directionless, far from the only thing in the world he had known as home.

For a few moments he merely circled, uncertain as to his course. In his whole life there never had been such a feeling as this; at last he struck forth, moving for short spaces, then halting to try the air with fevered sniffings. But his old nostrils told him nothing.

From a distant hill those cries began anew. Then they disappeared, to sound again. This time they were closer. An hour later, a harassed, sway-backed animal, his rheumy eyes rolling and his tongue darting at short intervals to his heavy lips, paused, listened, then strove to put more speed into the movement of protesting legs. For the first time in his life, Old Joe Dokes was under the weakening influence of fear.

He did not know where he was. He did not know where to go. Cage-bound for the greater part of his life, softened by lack of exercise and by age and illness, this comparatively short journey had sapped much of his reserve. What it was that howled and screamed in the distance, he did not know; but instinct told him that these were the cries of pursuit, and that danger trailed him step by step.

It was creeping danger, skulking, cowardly. Old Joe Dokes did not realize that. Neither did he realize that the ten gray, doglike animals of the coyote pack moved warily, hesitantly, and held to the trail only because they felt sure they pursued something crippled and weak, something which they need not fear since it fled at their approach. Only the strangeness of the scent held them to a distance; this quarry could not be catalogued. The ammonia smell of a cat beast in his cage is vastly different from that of any animal in the wild state.

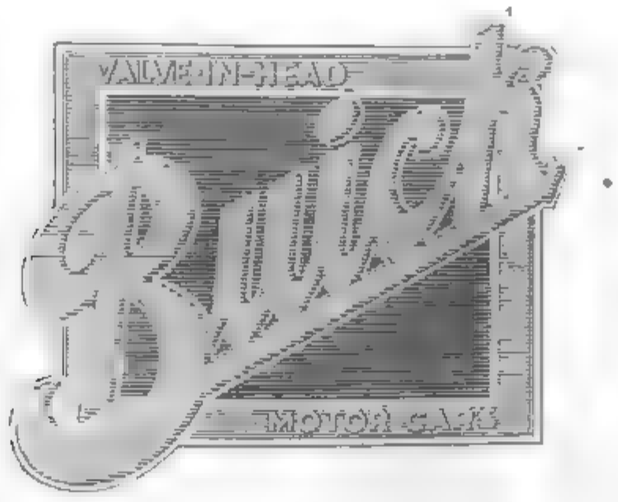
So the pursuit was one of curious caution rather than the hurried attack of confident marauders. Step by step they dogged him, edging constantly closer, yet holding always to a distance safe for flight, while in the distance, plain to their sight now in the moonlight, the dragging figure of Old Joe Dokes went onward, each step an action of anguish.

Exertion was taking its toll. Each time he sent those grudging muscles into play, the pain shot from his ankle joints to his shoulders with the stab of a thousand burning needles. His back swayed the more; it was as if he carried a load of lead. His heavy tail dragged at intervals; sometimes his tongue would protrude over a sagging jaw and hang there, lifeless. Behind him, stealthy, creeping, sharp eyes centered, nervous nostrils to the ground, the pack came on.

Another hour passed, and still another following that. Fifty feet behind him, a gray figure, less cowardly than the rest, sneaked forward, yapped bravely, then skulked away. Then another ventured, and a third and fourth. Old Joe Dokes swung his black-maned head and growled querulously; it sent the whole pack scampering. Midnight came and went. The pursuers grew brave again.

They came closer this time, one craven figure scurried forward, his jaws clicking as he meshed them repeatedly only a few inches behind the tired beast. The lion growled again and quickened his pace. This time the pack did not retreat. That growl was apparently harmless. Now the curious brood began to spread, fanning out on either side, and giving less care to the necessity for a clear road of retreat. Old Joe Dokes began to run in a hampered, shuffling scamper; his great head weaved and his dim eyes rolled; his growls now were more grunts of pain than outbursts of anger.

But even as he groaned his discomfort a fire began to kindle in him again, and the slightest arch made itself apparent in his neck. Suddenly, at the sight of an arroyo, he slid down the sloping bank and for a time made his way along its tortuous course, while on either side a shadowy army trailed him, growling and yapping above him. At last he halted and stood bewildered. The arroyo had ended in serrated sandy walls, too steep for his aged legs to climb. *(Continued on Page 94)*



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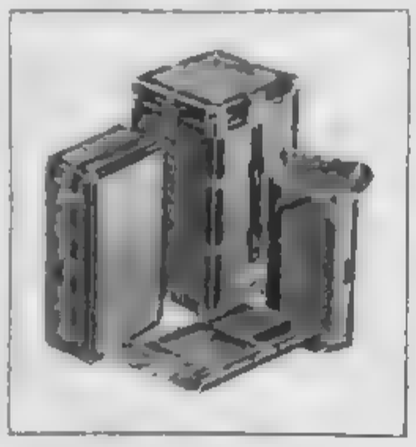

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THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

(Continued from Page 92)

He half turned, his hind legs dragging now. He slumped for a moment, sprawled, and rising, strove to turn back. Endurance was all but gone; he sprawled again, and it seemed as if this action were a signal.

Down the sides of the arroyo they came, from the right, from the left, and behind him. They leaped at him, snapping, and darted away. He felt the sharp blades of their teeth in his haunches. And with that the smoldering thing which had been growing anew within him for the last quarter of a mile, burst into life. Conflict!

It was what he had wanted and not known it, what he had longed for and not realized it, and looked for with those old dim eyes. It was the thing that had sent him roaring to the bars without a knowledge of why he had gone there. It was what had caused his throat to fill with roarings when he had left the train. Conflict—conflict—one more thrill of battle before he died!

His hindquarters strengthened in new life. With one foreleg braced upon the ground, he sent the other out in a swift half circle as a coyote leaped within his range; instantly a form traveled high above him and crashed to the right wall of the arroyo, screaming and scrambling there an instant before death should silence it. Then another form flew away; Old Joe's other great forepaw had swept into action now, and a second enemy lay ten feet away, bleeding out its life. The lion roared and whirled. Skulking beasts, suddenly courageous with fear, had shot behind him and were striving to pull him down from the rear.

He swung three of them about, their teeth hooked into his flesh, as he shifted for newer battle; Joe Dokes was old no longer. Again those forepaws lashed and circled, again beasts leaped and darted in their frenzied efforts to evade him; some to succeed, two more to die. All at once, in a concerted effort at flight, the remnant of the pack strove to ascend the steep slope at the end of the arroyo. They slipped and scrambled, and in the instant of delay a black-maned monster drove them down again, by sending a hurtling, disemboweled member of their pack among them. To the bottom they came, and then, their course blocked, ratlike desperation taking the place of their usual skulking natures, they swept forward in attack, five against one.

The voice of Joe Dokes rose in tremendous crescendoes, roar atop roar, and these mingled with the yowling and screaming of desperate cowards. Under him and over him, at his sides and at his rear, they tormented and struck and parried and thrust. They caught him in his tender flanks; they rolled beneath his stomach, knifelike jaws cutting with the sharpness of vicious shears. They tangled in his greasy mane and screeched their anguish as short, jabbing blows of giant claw-fringed paws lashed out with the death blow. One rolled away and was silent. Then a second was felled, and a third and fourth. Finally there was but one survivor, screaming and scrambling as he strove to climb out of reach. But the fanlike claws of Old Joe Dokes cut him down, and then there was only the roaring of a triumphant lion.

The smell of blood was in his nostrils, the fires of victory warmed a soul no longer warped by age. His stance was straight and strong now, forelegs spread, ears flat against his head, hind legs braced as he raised his head and cupped his red-streaked jaws. The moon was just above him, shining between serrated walls. He roared to it, the thunderous, booming roar of the monarch he once had been and the monarch he had again become. A dozen times, a score of times, he sent forth his reverberations of victory. Then turning, he sniffed about him, and began to strut from one gray form to another, nosing the still-warm bodies, pawing them or scraping the rough fur with his filelike tongue. And at the salt taste of vanquished veins he roared anew. A monarch!

One after another he made the rounds, but gradually his step slowed. After a time, he halted, as with surprise, and doubling swiftly, licked at a long, jagged place in his side where teeth had torn deep into his flesh. Then another wound began to burn, and others. Old Joe Dokes settled himself and licked them one by one, pausing betimes to send his rumbling roar out of the deep arroyo and across the night—the roar of victory.

Again the moon beckoned him and he pulled himself to his feet. The process was slow and painful. When at last he stood erect, the old sway had come into his back and his hindquarters weaved with a roll that all but unbalanced him. But the coughing bark was still strong; he continued the outbursts until his breath had failed, just for the sheer joy of roaring.

At last he settled again and licked once more at the deep lacerations of battle. But finally he ceased, and stretching, extended his forelegs to scratch contentedly at the sand, like a cat, sharpening its claws upon a carpet. He sighed, but it was a sigh of glorious weariness. He allowed his head to fall between extended paws, satisfied eyes gazing upon the shadowy mementoes of his victory. Slowly, however, the scene became dimmer, dimmer; at last, it was gone forever.

It was in this position that Shorty Allerton found him the next morning after an all-night search; Old Joe's absence had been discovered some five miles down the line. For a time the little menagerie man merely stood there, rubbing nervously at his throat. At last he crouched beside the still form and a hand went out to the shaggy mane of the silent Old Joe Dokes. Then the hand rose and fell in slow, soft pattings. The animal man bent closer.

"Shorty knew all the time," came quietly. "Everything's fine now, ain't it, old podner?"

The Great White Throne in Zion National Park, Utah

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This village boxing match is not recorded in the annals of sport, but it was an epochal event in the annals of the war against tuberculosis. In 1877, at the age of 29, Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau was suddenly told that he had tuberculosis—that he had but a few short months to live. Yet five years later he accepted a challenge from a local Adirondack champion—and gave him a sound beating. This feat, considered almost incredible at the time, was dramatic proof that Trudeau had discovered how to arrest the progress of the disease. He lived to be 69 and his teachings restored countless invalids to health and usefulness.

Six important facts you should know about Tuberculosis

TWENTY-TWO years after the boxing match pictured above, Dr. Trudeau helped to found the National Tuberculosis Association. The annual campaign of this organization to bring tuberculosis information before the public begins this spring. Parke, Davis & Company are glad to coöperate in this effort by giving widespread publicity to certain well-established facts concerning the disease.

1. ***What is tuberculosis?*** It is the destruction of body tissues by microscopic germs known to Medical Science as *tubercle bacilli*. Normally the body tissues are able to "wall up" these germs, prevent their spreading, and thus limit their power to do harm. But when the body lacks effective resistance, the germs multiply and spread and the disease called tuberculosis is the result.

2. ***Tuberculosis is discoverable.*** The competent physician, aided by X-ray, microscope, and stethoscope, can answer "Yes" or "No" to the question, "Have I tuberculosis in active form?"

3. ***Tuberculosis is curable.*** The earlier the diagnosis or discovery, and the sooner the treatment is begun, the better. Under the guidance of a trained physician the conscientious patient can often be cured without leaving his home, when sanatorium treatment is not practicable.

4. ***Tuberculosis is communicable.*** Like all germ diseases, tuberculosis is infectious. Yet Medical Science has learned how to protect against infection even those who live under the same roof with a tuberculous individual. The one time unreasonable and ignorant dread of a "consumptive" has been almost banished.

5. ***Tuberculosis is probably not inherited.*** Records show that infection rarely exists at birth. But, of course, the children of parents who have tuberculosis need protection against infection in the home.

6. ***Tuberculosis is preventable.*** The prevention of tuberculosis is chiefly a matter of proper living. Everyone should consult a physician at least once each year for a thorough physical examination. Your doctor's advice may save you from running many needless risks.

The battle against tuberculosis still goes forward

Medical Science is steadily widening its knowledge of tuberculosis. For example, Parke-Davis bacteriologists and chemists are just now assisting in a nation-wide coöperative study of the chemistry of tuberculosis. This work is under the able leadership of the Research Committee of the National Tuberculosis Association. What the ultimate results of this undertaking will be, only time can tell.

Meanwhile the fight goes on. New, powerful allies mobilizing for humanity's sake. Odds slowly but steadily increasing against this dread disease!

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE
Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

MEN AND MARKETS

(Continued from Page 7)

goes in too. . . . How much? Oh, he ought to take about 10,000 shares. Absolutely no, we won't have anything to do with it unless the whole metal crowd goes along with us. What? I don't care if they are in Florida. We can organize the syndicate just as well if they are down there. You say Jennings took the train this morning? That doesn't make any difference."

The broker rang off and turned to me. "There's the answer to your question," he said. "Of course what you heard is confidential as far as names are concerned, but it gives you the information you want."

I asked why the pool was being formed, and he went into a long-winded explanation about how two directors had quarreled, how one of them wanted to sell his stock, and how it seemed wisest to form a pool to distribute part of it. But while the broker was perfectly willing to answer my questions, he was not greatly interested. It was too much of a routine affair. He was anxious to show me around the offices, to explain how the rooms were to be enlarged, and to show me all the latest mechanical devices which expedite the brokerage business in an active market.

In search of further information I called upon representatives of three Stock Exchange firms, each of which has the reputation of handling business for one or more of the great operators of the day. The first of the firms visited is understood to buy and sell for the Hunter family—that closely knit group whose enormous wealth was acquired in industry and which is extending its holdings in so many directions. The second firm handles business for an individual operator, commonly regarded as somewhat more speculative than the Hunters, perhaps the largest single leader of all, whom we shall describe as Sharpless. The third firm occasionally handles orders for a man whom we might call Clement, a famous figure in the world of finance for years past, at times captain of industry and nearly always a gigantic operator in the market. Naturally, none of the brokers interviewed discussed their clients' affairs, but they described certain phases of the market with an absolutely disconcerting candor.

"There is large buying power in this market," said the first one, "but it is hard to start. We can recommend a stock until the cows come home, but the public won't buy until there's a movement. The most phenomenal movements have all started purely and simply as pool operations. Rich men realize that certain stocks have value, but they can't go to the ordinary man in the street and say to him to buy so-and-so. What they can do is to interest other wealthy men, and then you have a group or pool capable of starting things."

A Tip From Above

"A year ago we became convinced that Electric Radio and Aeroplane Light was a good buy. It was selling at 80. I went out to Ohio, had a long interview with the president and visited the plant. Everything I saw and heard confirmed our opinion, but could we work up any enthusiasm in our customers over that stock? Not a bit of it. But when a wealthy group pushed it up to 125, then the public came in by leaps and bounds.

"What the average speculator wants is a tip. Point out the beauties of a company to him and he asks who's behind it. Tell him that the Hunter brothers and Sharpless have organized a pool to put the stock to 200 and he flocks into it without asking another question. People don't want to know what the earnings of a stock are; they want to know who is back of it and how high the pool is going to push the price.

"We send out market letters, but people write back and say that they're not interested in what the market did yesterday. 'I heard that you handled accounts for the Hunters and so I thought I'd get some tips from you.'

"One of our partners has a host of friends. Someone meets someone else who knows him, and people buy because the word is passed around that way. They all want to go in the back door in their market operations. The average speculator has no opinion of his own. He wants to know what this or that crowd is doing. The way to get people to buy a stock, I tell you, is to see that a prominent name is attached to it."

"Sharpless and others like him have made fortunes by digging up really good stocks and keeping them for at least four or five years," said a representative of the firm which handles orders for that coolest and boldest of all the great professional operators. "They and their friends tie up so much of the share capital that they deplete the supply. They have gone into such choice, such really valuable issues that it has given them a big reputation."

Strong Stocks Help the Weak

"But there is another and different side to the story. Because of their reputation they are afforded the opportunity to distribute stocks of smaller companies which insiders would like to get out of, but do not dare by themselves. However, by connecting up with these big operators, the insiders can get out. What they do, let us say, is to give Toole an option on a block, and the public is told that Toole is in. I understand he has distributed as high as three-quarters of a million shares of a single stock in that way. Don't for a moment confuse the issues which these speculative leaders attach their names to for a short time with those valuable ones in which they have taken a position for several years.

"Naturally, many executives of smaller companies want to get rid of stocks at high prices. They have made a lot of money and the public is in an exploiting mood. The profits in the really good stocks furnish an ideal background for distributing a lot of weaker ones. The average speculator sees United States Steel go up; he can't afford that, but he gets a hot tip on something else. Of course these big players don't reveal their methods or write the inside story in the newspapers. The public goes in when a big move is on, but what the public is never told is when the liquidating and unloading movement is to start.

"We try to protect our customers, but it is very difficult, because if we send out a warning that a stock is too high the insiders who have made arrangements to distribute get angry at us. In one case I personally discovered the possibilities of a company and we managed the whole campaign. When it went too high I warned our customers, but the management of the company, who were profiting the most from the advance, were sore at me."

"Of course this is a gambler's market," said the representative of another firm supposed to act for the big players. "The public thinks a stock is cheap at 65 after a pool has rushed it up from 40 to 72 and let it down a few points. But don't forget that these groups or so-called pools know where the big holdings are. Who do you suppose is passive, who do you suppose refrains from impeding when a pool rushes a stock like American Telephone or New York Central? Very high-up people indeed."

"But who is the biggest of these speculative leaders?" I inquired. "Is it Toole?"

"You can't get at the real big guys," was the reply. "Do you suppose Toole could make a market unless there is some understanding with the owners of the big existing blocks? But coming back to Toole and other leaders, people follow them because they have made money. The public sees no reason to change. If you trade you've got to trade on someone's imagination. There have been no real scares lately, and the big players have made their money going up. They don't know any other way. Why should they change their mode of procedure?

"Of course, there are lots of pools. Look at Brash Motors last week. For three days there wasn't any activity in any motor stock except Brash. It got the whole works, up 20 points and the other motors up hardly a point."

"But that looks like strong-arm stuff to me," I commented

"Sure, but that's the way the big money is made. So they keep right on. There has never been such wonderful coöperation among the big fellows. These big guys used to gun for one another; now they make it nice for one another and for the country. The truth about this market is that all the boys are in the saddle and they all have their bets."

One of the brokers with whom I talked took a calling card from his desk drawer and handed it to me. "Go and see this man," he said. "His job is to put out favorable publicity for pools. Perhaps he can tell you something."

The card gave only a name and address, and did not mention the gentleman's occupation. When I found him in his office and asked him whether he could throw any light upon what seemed like manipulative activity, he looked at me rather suspiciously and even menacingly for a moment, and then good-naturedly decided to throw all his cards upon the table.

"I'll tell you how it is," he explained. "Take Plimpton Petroleum. It's earning from three dollars to five dollars a share. I bought some at 22 or 23, and it's selling at 20. Their depreciation is very heavy, better even than in most of the Standard Oil companies. It's a very good stock, but there's no pool in it. Only four or five hundred shares are dealt in daily. It may be worth $100 a share, but there's nothing doing in it. So who wants it?

"If I tell you these facts about Plimpton Petroleum you'll never do anything, but if I shove you into a corner, shut all the doors in the office, say that Sharpless has gone into it and that you mustn't tell anybody, you will go right out and not only buy yourself a bunch but will tell fifteen other people."

Sleepers on the Board

"Remember there are lots of sleepers on the board, and they have to be waked up. There's Trippett & Moore. There's a really good one, but nobody wants it. The last report showed earnings of $6.82 a share, yet the stock went off several points and is under 99 now. Other companies in the same industry that are no better sell for twenty times the earnings.

"Six months ago I bought 1000 shares of Hillary Oil at 31. It promptly went down to 27. I took a small loss and got out. Then it shot up to 45 so fast you couldn't spit. After that the news came out that Sharpless was going on the board of directors. Sharpless and activity are synonymous. He buys 100,000 shares of a stock and allocates part of it to the Hunters and others. Delancey, Block & Co. would be selling at 115 or 110 now, instead of 400, the sensation of the whole market, if Sharpless hadn't gone in. If it were only a jiggle, the price would be back to 110 now.

"Doesn't everyone want the stocks in which they are interested to sell high? If there's a pool in it, you have confidence that you can buy and sell later. Contrast Pepper Oil and Byron Oil. Both are good, but Pepper is popular because it has a good market. The trouble with Byron Oil is that Byron himself owns half the entire share capital. In other words, there has been no proper distribution. It's not a good market stock. He wouldn't go to a big banking house to distribute for him because he wouldn't pay their commissions. It earns four dollars a share, sells at 34 and has a book value of at least 55. It can compete with any company. I heard recently that Byron had seen the light. The Hunters are going in and some day that stock will get where it belongs and they will be able to make a deal with some other company for a merger.

"I bought some Universal Power this morning. I don't know whether there's a pool in it or not, but I'm going to find out this afternoon. If there isn't, I'll sell right away. You came in here and asked me about pools. I tell you, there has to be an element of mystery in the market to make it attractive. The centurions threw dice for Christ's garments, and people will be gambling for centuries to come. The Stock Exchange has a monopoly of gambling in this country; in fact it's the biggest dice game in the world. It costs the American people several billion dollars a year to support those 1100 brokers, but the country is more than willing and able to pay the tax."

No False Modesty

"No one buys stocks because they are good or cheap; they buy them because they are active. Of course our chief business is not putting out information of this kind. That's too spasmodic and fleeting a thing. We could not make a steady living that way. There are times for two or three years when the market all goes the other way."

Now, if it be objected that I have been portraying a very cynical view of the stock market, I can only reply that the facts have been stated as accurately as possible. Besides, the cynicism of this article, if there be such, does not begin to equal that of the public itself. Everything is taken as a bull argument, mergers and split-ups, both. If two companies are put together, it is considered a bull argument, and if they are separated for incompatibility later on, that, too, is a bull argument. When prices are rising, everyone is having a good time, and with that condition as a premise, reasons must be found for it. At a dance one young man asked a friend if he hadn't found Miss Smith a good conversationist.

"Yes," replied his friend, "but she takes everything I say as a proposal of marriage."

The attitude of the market is, to say the least, frank and unabashed. Stocks of electric and power companies are rushed up in a few hours on the news report that a railroad proposes to electrify part of its lines, although the work will take many years.

There is no false modesty here. Thousands purchase a stock overnight and drive it sky high for no other reason than the suggestion of a single tipping bureau. Issues of new and unknown investment and holding companies are oversubscribed with extravagance and abandon. Overtrading and pyramiding are forgotten words.

The leaders invent a new social philosophy to the effect that public welfare requires a continuous and permanent rise in prices, and the public casts aside as a lemon any issue which does not go up in a straight line. Anything is welcomed, good or bad, if only it will afford a ride. All that is asked is that more sticks of dynamite be provided. The mental process is mutual and accelerative.

People merely laugh at an occasional tragic incident. A man of substance in a Southern community had made so much

(Continued on Page 100)

"I have recommended Yeast for 40 years"—

Dean H. H. RUSBY, *M.D.*

Professor of Physiology in America's largest university

PROFESSOR of Physiology and Materia Medica and Dean of the Faculty in the College of Pharmacy, Columbia University. Formerly Professor of Materia Medica, University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York; member, Pan-American Medical Congress, and expert on medicines for the U. S. Government. Author of many scientific and medical works and member of American and British scientific societies.

"The laxative action of yeast is mild but reliable. Yeast cleanses the system. In continued small doses it is often of service in overcoming habitual constipation. Its effect is to promote both appetite and digestion, resulting in improved nutrition . . . For 40 years I have been lecturing to students on the value of yeast in these directions."—Abstract from text book on "Materia Medica" by Dr. H. H. Rusby.

DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. He is an authority on medicinal plants. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental.

Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

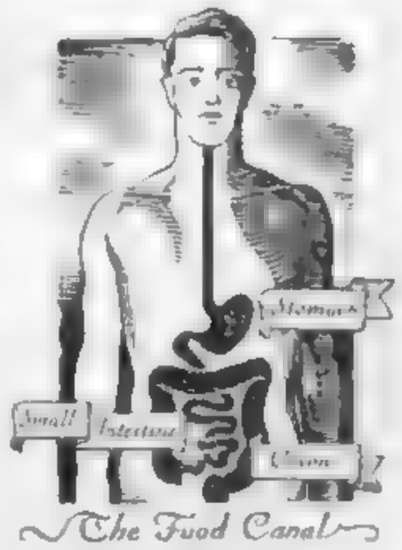
For 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, he has been teaching and expounding the value of yeast as a natural food-corrective for constipation. And in corroboration, a recent survey in the United States showed that half the doctors reporting prescribed fresh yeast as the great corrective food for clogged intestines and related ills—indigestion, bad skin, headaches, depression, "nerves."

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily, they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

For health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before or between meals; plain or dissolved in water, either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink.

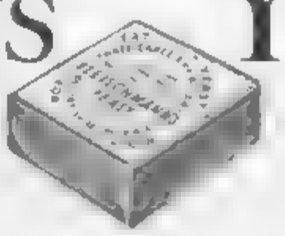
To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply, as it will keep in any cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept D-87, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N.Y.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is a continuous tube. Here 90% of all ills start, as poisons from a clogged intestine spread through the system! But here yeast works, helping normal elimination and purifying the whole body. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



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CHRYSLER MOTORS
STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches of the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

What is the Source of All This Success?

NO STREAM can rise above its source, nor can a business aspire to a larger scope and a richer service than are visioned by the ideals of the founder.

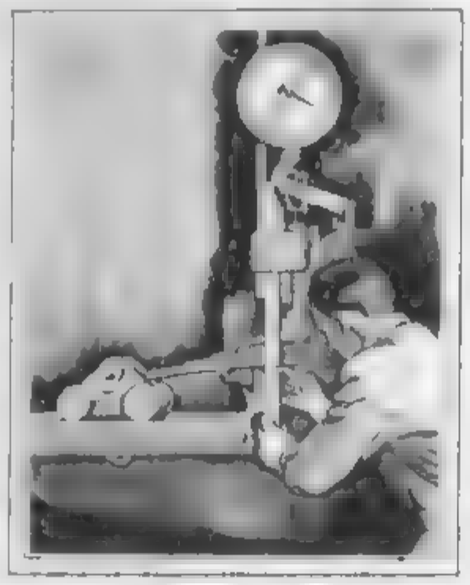
As far back as the beginnings of Walter P. Chrysler's first car, he laid down a program so pretentious in its conception and so far-reaching in its aim that realization, even to the most optimistic, seemed to be inevitably in the remote future.

With those whom he associated with him, he determined to create motor cars in a wide price range, each car to challenge every other in its field for appearance, performance and value.

Surely no manufacturer ever set before himself a loftier goal than that subscribed to in this covenant —to render *better public service.*

The results of the acceptance of that high mission are now evident all about us. Tremendous and unprecedented expression of public confidence led to the formation of Chrysler Motors, a natural grouping of all the vast Chrysler properties under one active, personal direction.

There followed huge group purchases of raw materials, with consequent greater dollar-for-dollar value. Finer engineering was the fruit of collective facilities for research. Interchange of manufacturing ideas and ideals enabled Chrysler Motors to spread the benefits of its unique policy of Standardized Quality over all its products. The total result has been ever new beauty, greater performance, higher quality and value.



TESTING SPRINGS

Every spring of every Chrysler Motors vehicle is tested for resilience before assembly. Every model has the correct springs for its load. Every vehicle has all its springs in perfect balance. This machine is also used for testing out springs for fatigue. It accomplishes in a few hours the equivalent in a road test of many thousands of miles.

Every season has brought fresh proof that the success of Chrysler Motors is no accident, is not the product of flamboyant exploitation or extravagant claims, but is deep rooted in a manufacturing and engineering genius of outstanding stature combined with a rare gift for understanding and satisfying the public taste.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

CHRYSLER "75" CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES
All Products of Chrysler Motors

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

CHRYSLER '75' ROYAL SEDAN, $1535 (*wire wheels extra*)

Many a Roman aqueduct still stands, after 2000 years, the epitome of strength and beauty. That same charm of line and that same trustworthiness of construction are reflected in the "arched-window" silhouette of the Chrysler today.

A Wealth of Strength

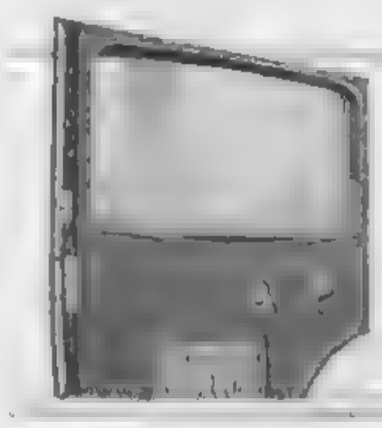
Beneath Its Classic Beauty

WHEN the first Chrysler overthrew traditions of motor car beauty and behavior, there was a twofold purpose for devising new practices in design and construction.

Chrysler engineers determined to replace awkward bulk with lithe grace, stodginess with alert and zestful performance. Guided by the canons of classic art, they translated authentic principles of beauty into automotive terms.

The purpose of Chrysler's new design was also to enhance the utility of the Chrysler car.

The sturdy arches of the Roman aqueducts which have stood for 2000 years have been recognized as among the finest achievements of man's handiwork.



THE arched window construction of Chrysler inclosed cars eliminates annoying window squeaks and rattles and the gaping aperture between door and frame which so often appear after a car has been in use for a time.

Not appearance alone directed Chrysler engineers to the arch of the aqueduct. The true arch is the acme of strength and rigidity, and so it was the Roman arch that served as the model for the construction of Chrysler windows and doors. Thus, solidity and trustworthiness were concentrated at this point, masked by classic curve and flowing line.

It was not haphazard experiment and accidental achievement that developed Chrysler cars into symbols of grace in motion. They give greater value in performance as well as appearance because Chrysler engineers have never relinquished that twofold purpose of combining beauty with utility, swiftness with sturdiness, and luxury with dependability, in the proved integrity of Chrysler cars.

New Chrysler "75"—*Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345.* New Chrysler "65"—*Six body styles priced from $1090 to $1145. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

Now!
From Your Dealer
RENT
a SPRAYIT for
Spring Painting
Here's the way to easy painting—no matter what the task may be colorful lacquer on furniture or old pieces—paint for the walls—enamel or varnish. You can now paint at home by the same speedy, professional method used by industry and shops the country over. Many other uses such as spraying germicides, disinfectants in home, on plants, shrubs etc. Just RENT an ELECTRIC SPRAYIT from your dealer for a nominal daily charge. Plug into any light socket. Simple directions make your work equal to original professional finish.
Clip and mail coupon below for complete details of the SPRAYIT RENTAL PLAN. Your paint, hardware or department store is in a position to serve you.
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SPRAYITS can be purchased for industrial, shop or home use,
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State
Town
Send Dealer Plan — Line of Business

(Continued from Page 98)

money subscribing for new stock issues that he neglected to read the terms of one prospectus. He thought the stock was priced at so many cents a share and was ruined when he had to pay in dollars. Not so long ago a member of the Stock Exchange who bought his seat originally for a trifling sum sold out for $400,000 and was congratulated by all his friends. They told him how shrewd he was and how they always knew he would sell at the top. But when the price soared to $600,000 they derisively called him a sucker to his face.

Yet, through it all runs a sinister strain. Bankers and brokers show what they actually think by shoving margins to unheard-of heights. One is reminded of the story of Governor Flower's famous movement in Brooklyn Rapid Transit many years ago. He urged his employes to buy first at 50, then at 75, 100, 125, and even 150. A stenographer came to him when the stock was selling at 129 and asked him whether she should sell.

"Where did you buy?" he asked.

"At 28," she said.

"Sell!" he shouted.

I asked an old friend—a broker on the floor of the Stock Exchange—to explain the market to me. "It is simple," he said. "The corporations are so rich they can give their stockholders a split-up every year and tell the banks where to go." I changed the subject and asked him if life on the floor was not hard on the nerves. He said he enjoyed it most of the time, but added:

"I hope I'm away on a vacation when conditions change. It will be awful to be on the floor then with the responsibility of handling other people's money."

"Gambling is just as inevitable as thirst," said another broker. "It's got to find expression, and this is the respectable way. For the machinery here can handle investment as well. It's better than horse races and card games in an alley. The whole people can't go to the race track, but during a flu epidemic anyone can sit with his feet in a mustard bath and play the market.

"This brokerage business is a facile thing. We are always dealing in the profitable securities. The public speculates only in things that are going up. It gets hooked in things which are going down and stops trading in them. In 1916 we had war brides, in 1924 motor shares, and in 1928 chain stores. You can't lose in the margin business, if properly conducted. Of course we never speculate ourselves—that is foolish."

Producers and Speculators

Whatever benefits there may be in speculation, a moment's thought must convince anyone that it may easily run into excess and constitute a grave national abuse. This is as obvious as the proposition that two and two make four. It has been said frequently in the past year or so that the whole American people were speculating. Plainly this is an egregious exaggeration, for if all the people were speculating there would be no work done and nothing left of the commercial and industrial structure of the country. Beyond a certain point, speculation becomes a contradiction in terms, a logical absurdity and a sheer physical impossibility, which simple fact is curiously overlooked by many people. One of the leading bankers in the country said to me:

"Just the other day a young man whose family has been in an honorable commercial business for three generations sold out his interest for half a million and bought himself a seat on the Stock Exchange. Obviously, if all the brainy young men went into Wall Street, the country would be like that fabled land where the only means of livelihood is taking in one another's wash. I believe in this country for the reason that the overwhelming majority of people are not interested in the market and are not gambling. They have their homes, their life insurance and a few bonds and stocks. If they really should all turn to gambling in stocks, then the country would be headed straight toward ruin."

It is a well-established fact that excessive speculation tends to make people careless of their regular occupations, and minimizes the virtues of industry, sobriety, thrift and even honesty. But no way has ever been found to create industrial values except by the exercise of these qualities. Thus, if speculation goes far enough to undermine them, it destroys the very basis upon which the whole worth of stocks must in the nature of things rest.

Easier to Buy Than to Sell

But there are new elements in the situation, we are told, such as the investment trust and the willingness of rich and powerful corporations and individuals to supply unlimited sums for stock-market speculation. Whatever more laudable achievements may be credited to the investment trust, it lends itself at present to the distributing activities of groups, syndicates and pools which find it easier to acquire stocks and run prices up than to unload them. People will buy shares in an investment trust when they will not buy the individual holdings. Large interests are thus enabled to sell out for much higher prices than they would otherwise obtain. The investment trust or company may well lend itself to the distribution of eventual losses as well as eventual gains.

But this is not the most important point. Even the stoutest defender of the investment trust must admit that the scale on which this device has been adopted of late represents one of those fads of finance which come along at intervals. If capital did not go on an occasional blind drunk and if human nature were not given to extremes, there would be no great stock markets. The public is no more enthusiastic about industrial common stocks or investment trusts today than it was in regard to bonds a few years ago or in the late 90's, or about holding companies and collateral trust bonds in 1901 and 1902, or of railroad stocks in 1905 and 1906.

It does not fit in with human experience that the whole batch of new and hastily formed companies in any field shall succeed. There has always been a heavy mortality in such movements. One of the most spectacular of present motor successes, both industrially and stock-market-wise, came out of two receiverships. When the financial pace is as swift as it has been of late, serious mistakes are inevitable. Nor is it likely that a ready market will be found on which to sell these new, untried and miscellaneous share issues, most of which are not listed on the Stock Exchange, in case the public should shift from a buying to a selling complex. Under such conditions it is infinitely more difficult to sell than to buy.

It is true that vast sums are being loaned to stock-market speculators by corporations and individuals, and that this is a new form of support to the market. In earlier days the only credit available was that extended by the banks. But there is nothing new in the efforts of powerful, audacious and intoxicated speculators to reach for new supplies and agencies of credit to keep the market boiling. In 1905 they nearly ruined the life-insurance companies by grasping boldly at the resources of those institutions. On more than one occasion they have sought credit in Europe when the supply failed in this country, and often in years past they have pushed their operations ahead in the face of the danger sign of almost prohibitive interest rates.

But always the running wild of speculation against the warning of panic rates for money has brought retribution in one form or other, no matter what the devices employed to keep up the speculation. The ultimate effects are like those of any other intoxication. Not all the ringleaders of the day are able to keep their heads. Prosperity undermines their common sense and good judgment. They overrate their own abilities, and the bigger they are the harder they fall.

At such a time mob psychology may change suddenly and unexpectedly. No matter how sound fundamental business conditions are, some unexpected collapse or a new turn in affairs may hit the whole elaborate structure of speculation. In the 1908–1909 period one of the big speculators of that day was asked by an even more powerful financier to go into a market deal. The first man refused through some unexplained instinct. The second operator tried to reassure him by saying that money rates were sure to be easy. But he did not foresee the long political campaign against the railroads which hit the stocks of those companies for ten years.

The Vanishing Point

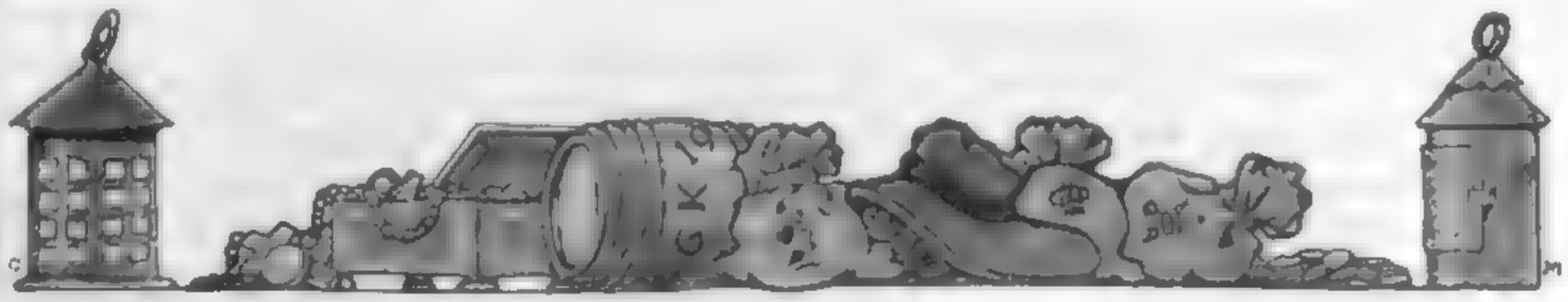
One of the great former operators on the floor of the Stock Exchange was frequently besought by younger men for his opinion of the market. Usually the question was no more than a morning greeting and he paid no attention to it. But in one frenzied market he was asked the usual question by a young man who seemed so earnest that the famous operator turned upon him and, grasping his coat, said seriously:

"This is a great country, but my advice to you is to forget that fact once in a while."

I should not express the idea in quite the same language. I do not believe that we need to forget the greatness of this country, in an investment sense, at any time. But belief in the continuous advancement of share prices must be, in the very nature of things, no other than a symptom of the mental derangement that goes with gambling greed. Every sensible man knows, or should know, that many things, desirable up to a certain point, cannot be pushed to a logical conclusion without breaking down the whole system of human society.

A continuous, permanent and rapid rise in share prices, demanded and justified as it is by so many people, would gradually absorb all the resources of the country and leave nothing for the production of further wealth. Those who think in terms of the balance and proportion of human institutions, or even in those of plain arithmetic and the physical properties of matter, cannot and do not entertain any such thought; it belongs only to those who are blinded by the infection of cupidity.

But we know that gambling in a nation has always run its course and people have always been cured of it, given time enough, as of any other epidemic. Otherwise nations could not endure.



How many times have you bought a basket of tomatoes and found some deliciously juicy and others dry and pulpy and tasteless? Although tomatoes may look alike, there may be vast differences in quality between them.

Just as truly . . . there may be vast differences in quality between lamps that *look alike.* Housewives have this advantage in buying lamps: the name MAZDA is stamped on the bulb of every Edison MAZDA Lamp. This assures high quality and the high quality guarantees *the full value of the current consumed.*

The convenient and logical way to buy Edison MAZDA Lamps is in the carton of six. Safely packed to prevent breakage, a supply of lamps on your shelf will allow you to keep sockets filled . . . will make the risk of *dangerous eyestrain* unnecessary . . . will do away with unsightly empty sockets.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

* MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

QUEER COZUMEL

(Continued from Page 13)

brought me—the inaccessible language of a race mysterious beyond all telling:

U tepal, binix molocob tulacal balcah tu zinil; zayhom tanamob, bin yanacob tu noh; zayhom yucob, bin yanacob tu dzic, bin yan ac tu dzic lae, u lobil uinicob, ah-ma-oczahob ti yalmah-thanil Dios tulacal; ti tun u binob ti hun-lukul numyail mitnal tu lamay cab.

Which is to say:

The whole world shall gather, from every hand. The good, the humble, shall be at his right hand; the evil and the rebels shall be at his left. At his left also shall be the wicked men, those who did not obey all the commandments of God. Thence they shall go to the eternal torments of hell, to the central point of the world.

It was another Maya, in a blue apron, who later explained to me just how the immense stones of the long-ruined Cozumel temples and pyramids were put in place by "*los antiguos*," the ancients from whom he had descended.

"They were dwarfs, short and thick," he expounded, sitting at a cement table in the little *puesto*, or bar, beside the plaza, drinking my beer. "The small doors of the temples prove it. Strong men. *Si, señor*, very strong!"

"They must have been strong," I agreed, "to lift all those mighty stones."

"Ah, but they did not lift them!" the Maya expounded. "No human being could have done that. One of their great *caciques*, who built the temples, used to sit on the ground with bamboo shoots and whistles in his hand. At his order, *señor*, the stones obeyed. They were not cut out with stone hammers, nor were they carried, as you white men think. No; at the chief's command they took wings and flew to their places. Wooden beams and everything that was needed flew through the air just like birds!"

"But," I cautiously objected, "how were they fed? You can't expect beams and stones to work like that without eating."

"Quite true," my Indian assented, swallowing an olive; for in Cozumel olives always are served with beer. "After the beams and stones reached their places, their wings fell off at once, and they haven't worked since. And there the great beams and stone are to this very day to prove it!"

Convinced, I bought my golden-skinned Maya still another drink.

A Striking Clock

From the plaza where I learned all this, San Miguel radiates—San Miguel, the town where live about 1500 of the island's 1800 inhabitants. The center of it all is a statue of Juarez, Mexico's supreme hero. A concrete circle, dazzling in the sun, forms the civic center, and all about it lie police and governmental buildings, barracks where soldiers pace on guard, red-tiled shops, bars, billiard rooms, an enormous school—one of the many schools now constituting Mexico's greatest hope. Partly shaded by huge laurel trees where tick birds perch and mockingbirds delightfully make melody, the plaza drowses, with vignettes of brilliant sea half glimpsed beyond the customhouse.

By no means must we forget the clock tower; one of the most simple and appealing little towers imaginable. It's unique in that it announces every hour twice over. First, its chime gives a fourfold jingle; then the hour strikes. Two minutes later it strikes again.

"So that if you wake up in the night, *señor*," Cozumel explains, "and miss the first striking, you may have another chance. A good idea, *no es verdad?*" You must admit it is.

Waking at small hours, you may also hear serenades—old Spanish songs "to the sound of the light guitar." That gives you quite a thrill, even though you realize the ardent swain himself is probably not singing. No, it's customary to hire serenaders. Thus does professionalism invade even the greatest sport in the world—love-making.

Hard-trodden, rocky and grass-grown streets where casual pigs root stretch away between lime-washed walls over which nod coconut palms, bananas, mango trees and papayas. Along those streets uncertainly progress bicycles, huge-wheeled carts, even flivvers, a quartet of which have already invaded Cozumel. You can wander in search of color or, more lazily, just loaf on a plaza bench, smoke your corn-husk cigarette and drowse in the tropic sun, and let the island's life drift past you.

That life, you soon realize, has no place for the black man. The negro isn't wanted in Mexico. Even if Mexico in general and Cozumel in particular isn't exactly a white man's country, at least it's an Indian's.

Dishwashing Eliminated

"Five-hundred-pesos bond has to be posted by any employer of negro labor for every black man or woman brought in," Adams informed me. "That's to insure the black being deported again when the job is finished. These people here simply won't have negroes playing in their yard." You see no dusky faces at Cozumel.

Loafing, you behold a barefoot old Maya woman trudging along in a head shawl and a long, elaborately embroidered dress. Next comes a fat official with whiskers, spectacles, a pink shirt, and a huge umbrella over a wide-brimmed sombrero, to keep the sun from cooking his brains.

Behold now a boy with a huge tin box on his head. The boy slaps his hands together and then pounds his box to announce that Cozumel's bread supply is going round. Another boy shoves a barrow with ice cream. Oh, yes, there's an ice plant on the island; also an electric-light plant. Three Indians pass, dangling sections of *jabali*, or wild boar, crudely roasted with the skin on, hair and all. The boar's head looks ugly enough, with its long snout and curved, wicked tusks. Soon the boar will become *bisté de puerco*, or pork beefsteak. Any kind of sliced meat is always beefsteak. Your venison comes to you as *bisté de venado*—deer beefsteak.

Diet at Cozumel, by the way, isn't overluxurious. Fish and meat stew, with lots of garlic, capers and chili; corn cakes baked in an iron pot; plantains; *cazón*—a kind of edible shark—beans and rice, are about the total menu.

Sometimes you get *toloposies*, which are big, thin, round *tortillas* that come threaded through the middle on a string. You put your dinner on the *toloposte*, for a plate, and then finish by eating the plate; a real economy in dishwashing. Vegetables and fruits are scarce, which seems strange in that tropical land. The Mayas simply don't care for such.

The wild-boar-carrying men, by the way, are barelegged and wear sandals. Their dress is simply an undershirt, apron and white knee trousers. This is the usual masculine costume, just as the head shawl and long, embroidered dress are customary for women. Cozumel is at least one place where few flappers, bobbed and short-skirted, are to be found. No American customs have as yet invaded it. Life still goes on there dreamily, pleasantly, and with a feeling of *mañana* that really never comes.

No daily newspaper vexes its calm. No library tempts one to waste time in reading. But in one respect the island—like all of that Mexico whereof it forms a rather detached fragment—is not only very much up to the minute but from our point of view very far ahead of it. I mean, labor.

"Unionism is supreme in Cozumel," I was informed. "An employer can neither hire, pay nor fire his help. If you even discharge a servant you have to pay several weeks' wages in advance. The union attends to everything. This union is the Liga de los Obreros. Every worker belongs. Otherwise, no job. All the members' names are written on blackboards every day, and from these lists the union chooses its workers, the top names getting the first jobs, and so on down. The secretary gives out the work at 6:30 every morning, and if you don't show up in time you're out of luck, for there are never enough jobs to go round."

But as you may always get a job *mañana*, and two or three days a week are enough work anyhow, why worry?

The employer pays the union and the union divides the money among its men. The work is mostly lightering chicle and other freight between wharf and warehouses or back again; packing, storing and handling goods.

No unloading machinery is used, and little horse or mule power. Men's sweating backs serve all needs.

"Why not use wagons?" I innocently asked a toiling old Maya.

"Ah no, *señor!* Think of the honest men out of jobs if horses did their work!" One has to admit the logic of that.

A Daily Labor Turnover

Five hundred tons of freight a day, landed and warehoused by straining man power alone—it makes you ache to think of it. In Progreso, Yucatan, I later found that with every ton carried, the men "changed off." Not so, at Cozumel. There the Mayas transport loads all day long under which a white man could hardly stagger, and at night they still come up smiling for more. They're very evidently of the same race that once manhandled all those huge stones for temples, monuments and pyramids.

Cozumel employers suffer more than Cozumel workmen. For the employer can't fire a loafer or reward an extra-good workman. Neither can he retain a good one in his service. All he can do is report the idler to the union, which—theoretically—attends to the case. And the extra-good man must next day work somewhere else. It's a new deal all round, like a card game, every morning

About the only activity the union doesn't control is the spending of the money. Many a Cozumeliño's dream is to sail in a little coasting boat over to Progreso and get rid of his savings in the shortest possible time. Powerful beverages, painted ladies and plenty of riding round in "*fotingos*," together with the goddess of gambling, presently remove all cash—which, by the way, is far less than it seems—a peso Mex. being worth only about forty-seven cents American.

Then back again the busted Maya comes, once more to shoulder stupendous loads all day under a broiling sun.

"Easy come, easy go!"

Ruins of the Passed-Away Ones

I made acquaintance with many of these childlike, good-natured and simple folk, once the builders of gigantic cities, now—though no man knows why—content to fetch and carry, to fish, farm a bit of rocky soil or lie under a thatched roof in a sisal-fiber hammock, smoking cigarettes while the old woman cooks in an oil tin over three stones on the dirt floor, babies and flies swarm, dogs scratch, pigs grunt and the trade wind dryly rustles palm fronds in the sun.

It was young Roberto Polanc, a bronze, young, sloe-eyed Maya, who one day took me out for a trek through the bush, to see some ruins of *los antepasados*, "the passed-away ones." Incidentally, I still bear reminders of that trek. For the Yucatan tick—but we're coming to that bird later.

Roberto, immune like all Indians from tick bites, went bare of leg. Snakes? Oh no, *señor; few* venomous snakes on Cozumel. Later I heard four or five bad ones had been found there, odd times. Glad I didn't know it when I went ruin hunting. For the Yucatan snakes—the yellow-jawed tomigof, the *cuatro-narices*, the *cola-de-hueso* and others, are a tribe to be sedulously avoided by all who love life.

Out of town and up the rocky shore we trudged in a battering heat, with Polanc carrying my camera and chattering an endless string of information about the crotons and calabash trees, the custard apples and guavas, the cactuses, corals, birds; even the crabs and lizards. A storybook figure, this Polanc; and what a lad to laugh. "Nueva York" was all he knew of America. He longed to go there—but without a centavo, how was that possible? And work was not to be had, for he was too young to join the union and "*aquí, trabajan los ligados, nada más*"—"Only union men can work here, *señor*."

He led me an endless way, then over limestone walls and through a maze of jungle where thorn bushes damaged clothing and skins. At last: "*Señor, las ruinas!*"

That was one of life's big moments—to behold ruins of the ancient ones looming up out of the deep bush. Not a sound there save the fluting of unseen birds, the far-away grumble of surfs on coral. Silence and the mighty sun dominated long walls, a tower with gum trees sprawling atop, while serpentlike cactuses writhed over stones that for long centuries had been down-crumbling.

All round the tower lay a labyrinth of ruins, masonry, chambers, tombs—"of chiefs, *señor*," Polanc asserted. And there were flights of steps leading nowhere, wells choked with the dust of desolation infinite, a cemetery where every bone had long since

Continued on Page 107

The Lively Spider-Monkey That Greatly Diverted Cozumel by Stealing My Panama and Attempting to Read It Brim From Crown

A FUEL BILL
TO BE ENVIED

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Suppose that you could stand all day, and all night too, before the heater in your basement. Suppose that you could know each exact moment that the fire needed another ounce of fuel, and you should toss it on. It would catch fire at once with no smoldering and smoking. Then do that over and over again, feeding one small bit of fuel at a time, and you would approximate the efficient way in which fuel is fed by its own weight from the Spencer storage magazine.★

Yet even that would not show why the Spencer can save as much as half your annual fuel bill. Until the Spencer was invented, man knew no better way to make heat than by burning large size fuels on flat grates.

Your flat grates won't burn small size fuels efficiently. The Spencer sloping Gable-Grate will. It allows fire to burn up-hill, the natural way. The self-feeding feature of the storage magazine keeps the fire bed always uniformly thin. That gives a better, more efficient fire with small size fuels than flat grates can with the large domestic sizes.

The simple reason why a Spencer can save as much as half your annual fuel bill is because it burns these small size fuels. For example, No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite costs an average of half the price of egg, stove and nut sizes. Yet you are not restricted to any special fuel. In Spencer Heaters you can burn No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, coke or graded bituminous coal.

You have thirty-two years of successful use in thousands of installations as the practical experience back of the Spencer Heater of today. Even at first when sales were limited and costs high, property owners demanded the Spencer for its proved savings. As sales grew, costs came down. Today, with tremendous factory facilities and large production, even the Spencer first cost is little higher than that of ordinary heaters.

For any home or building, from bungalow to skyscraper, a cast-iron sectional or steel tubular Spencer will quickly pay for itself in fuel savings. After that it keeps on earning, by saving as much as half your annual fuel bill year after year.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company
Williamsport, Pa.

Below is the newest Spencer Heater, designed for even the smallest homes. It is made with the exclusive Gable-Grate and Magazine Feed, like all other Spencers, to give to owners of small homes the comfort of steam, vapor or hot water heat with Spencer low cost.

★ *The Spencer scientific principle*

Once a day fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D), it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed. Fuel feed is by gravitation—no mechanical parts, no smothering and deadening of the fire. Uniform depth of fire bed gives maximum efficiency with minimum fuel cost. Spencer Heaters, sold and installed by all good heating contractors, bring modern convenience to the neglected cellar. Write for the Spencer Book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains the Spencer scientific principle in detail.

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steam, vapor or hot water
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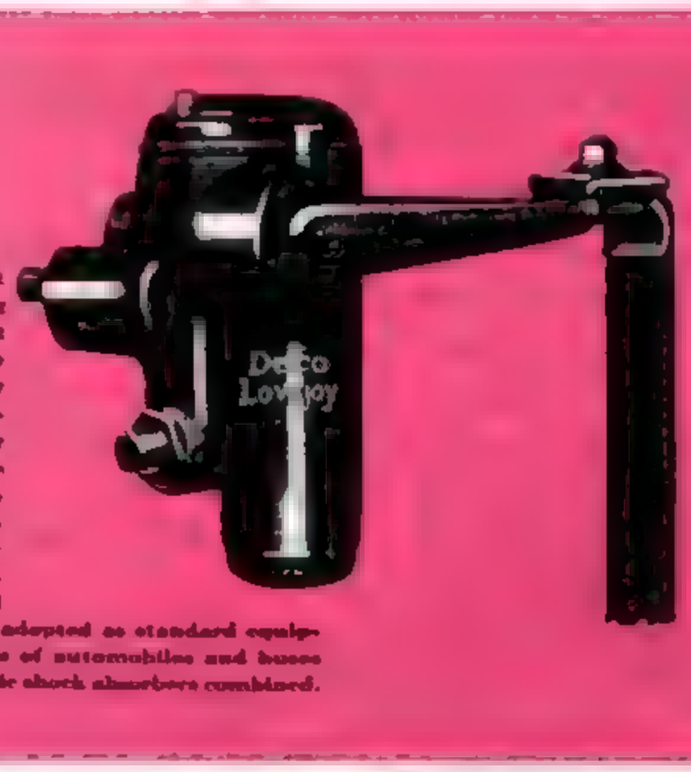

Less expensive, but equally outstanding in performance at their price, are the original Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. Proof of their superiority lies in the fact that they are now giving thorough satisfaction in daily use on more than a million cars—and that they have been adopted as standard equipment on more makes of automobiles and buses than all other hydraulic shock absorbers combined.

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4-Square Lumber is put up in packages—the *species* and *grade* are plainly marked on the label and guaranteed by Weyerhaeuser. There can be no more question of getting what you ordered than when you buy a package of breakfast food or a golf ball.

4-Square Lumber is lumber of guaranteed quality—*and more.*

It is better Lumber—the result of refined manufacturing processes. It is seasoned lumber.

It is also money-saving lumber—because it is cut to *exact* lengths and trimmed *precisely square* at both ends, eliminating needless hand trimming.

It is cleaner lumber because it is packaged and protected.

It will pay you to go to the 4-Square Dealer for your lumber needs —and for all other building materials as well.

His 4-Square sign stamps him as a reliable dealer—a lumber merchant who is building his business on the basis of quality and service and doing his part to put the buying and selling of lumber on a sound, business-like foundation.

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Weyerhaeuser Sales Co., *Distributors*, Spokane, Washington. *District Offices:* Minneapolis, Kansas City, Chicago, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York

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An achievement in heat saving. An essential part of the complete, modern heating equipment. The thick, flexible insulating blanket for walls and roofs of houses.

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Bringing the economies of scientific planning, large scale sawing and waste elimination to any manufacturer requiring containers individually designed to fit standard products.

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An achievement in modern lumber handling through a chain of Distributing Plants strategically located to fill America's emergency lumber needs almost overnight.

(Continued from Page 102)

crumbled to powder; all buried in jungles dense as only in the tropics.

The lizard, the leaf-cutting ant, the *cao*—Maya for blackbird—the vulture and the land crab—these were now the only dwellers where perhaps in centuries gone some Mayan king or priest had raised hymns to the Feathered Serpent, chanting processions had passed with human victims, serfs had toiled and died, or copal fires had wreathed their smoke against the azure sky. Where were now the hands that had so deftly laid these stones? Where all the vanished tribes? Mystery!

Once Cozumel—the wise ones say—was a very holy Mecca of the Mayas. Pilgrims journeyed thither from all over Yucatan, by canoes and on stone roads and causeways, to the temples there. Parts of those roads still exist on the island, built of great limestone slabs worn smooth by feet innumerable. No few of the temples still remain in the jungle and along the coasts. Such are to be found at San Tomas, Cinco Puertas and Casa Real. One strange ruin still shows sculptured figures, each with its right hand raised—like a traffic cop's—as if prohibiting entrance.

White Meat Preferred

Shrines, chambers, patios, stairways—all are now disintegrating. Pillars and pyramids are crumbling, sinking back into the forest, whereof the vigorous tree roots tirelessly wrench mighty stones apart. Man, too, has played his rôle of destruction. One Cozumel temple was recently torn down for stone to build a jail. And some few years ago Mexican vandals used another near San Miguel as a quarry for cut stones—stones, by the way, patiently pecked out by the ancient Mayas, using no tools but flint chisels and stone hammers. For the Mayas never advanced much beyond the neolithic stage. Despite their wonderful calendar, their higher mathematics and accurate astronomy that could predict eclipses long in advance, their only metals were copper and gold. And these they used for ornaments alone.

Southwest of Cozumel, on the mainland, the temples at Tulum have fared somewhat better. Pilfering hands have largely spared them. Still today they stand boldly looking seaward, as if to descry the coming of those legendary white and bearded god men destined to deal the final blow to a civilization that, though already perishing, had been by far the most brilliant ever independently developed in this our Western world.

And now that we're in the deep jungle, it's perhaps the best possible time to notice birds and ticks. The ticks you're positively bound to notice after you've been in the bush, whether you will or no. The birds are worth your thought, because though the island is hardly more than twelve miles from the mainland, it is remarkable for the number of peculiar species that not only fail to exist in Yucatan but are found nowhere else in the world than just on Cozumel. As I'm no bird expert, why not let one, Ludlow Griscom, give the facts? He says, in substance:

> Their origin is a problem. Cozumel is a great exception to the rule that island fauna is like that of the adjacent mainland. Here the species are very distinct. Nearly half are related to West Indian forms, instead of Central American ones. One, a thrasher, is the only tropical representative of its group, which does not occur nearer than the mountains of Mexico, 800 miles away. It is a close cousin to a species in the Eastern United States. The fact is remarkable that a considerable group of North American species which migrate in winter to the West Indies, also occur in Cozumel. Such mainland species as are found there are comparatively rare and local. The fact that some 100 species of land birds are found on the adjacent mainland, but do not occur on Cozumel, shows how sedentary many tropical species are.

I only wish the Yucatan tick was sedentary too. But alas, no! He loves to travel—preferably on strangers. He seems to let the Indians alone, but when he gets hold of a white man, m'm! His principal name is *garrapata*, and his victim's title is Despair. He's blent of fire, red pepper, tabasco sauce, dynamite, vitriol, pizen and pure cussedness. Nothing will keep him out; and when he gets in, you long to move out of your skin and let him keep the darned thing—it's no good to you any more.

A friend of mine who had been in Cozumel once drew for me a portrait of a Yucatan tick, with a corkscrew for a nose. Error! Señor Garrapata carries a full set of bits and braces, drills, barbed arrows, trench tools and high explosives. He's microscopic, but when he digs in and starts his bombproof trenches, you know just where his campaign is under way. And he attacks you in regiments, brigades, armies. Attila, the Hun, was a philanthropist by comparison.

So hellish is the Yucatan tick's disposition that he ups and dies on the premises, bequeathing terrific agonies. All that you tickless people know about itching and torment is mere child's play. Mosquito bites, by contrast, become downright delicious. Wasp stings are a treat. And it takes you many weeks to recover from a tick barrage. I've been away from Cozumel about two months, and my tick bites are still visible. Like love in some phases, they'll probably leave permanent scars.

Alcohol and tobacco are the one best bet against the *garrapata*. Externally, I mean. Internally, one longs for quick poison, to end it all. You take pure alcohol, soak leaf tobacco in it, and rub yourself about twenty-four hours a day with the mixture. This may possibly discourage the tick and allow you to exist without screaming. But really the most satisfactory method is to cut out the bitten place. And only time can assuage your anguish. What pikers the medieval masters of torture must have been! Now, if they'd only known how to apply Yucatan ticks to their victims——

You come back from ruin hunting to find a pale golden light all across the sea and a white bird of a schooner softly folding its wings as wearily it slows to rest off the long beach where snowy surfs are creaming. A canoe, laden with plantains and pineapples, foams ashore, driven by paddling Indians with huge sombreros. The town bell has already given two musical strokes and then one, announcing the arrival of a sailing vessel. Three double strokes mean a steamer; five, a motorboat. The red-white-and-green flag of Mexico at the schooner's masthead wavers gently in the dying breeze against a sky ineffably pure.

Fish Caught to Order

Down along the shore you wander, past a moldering wreck, old boilers and anchors, piles of boxed-up gasoline tins. In Cozumel, as everywhere these days, gasoline is the blood of life. Brown nets hang on wattled fences over which lean almond trees and soursops, oranges and oleanders. Sea grapes and Australian pines stand sentinels along the shining sand. Gun on shoulder, heavy game bag slung on his back, an aged Maya trudges homeward to some one or other of those pink, yellow or blue plastered little houses where brown and naked babies crawl in Edenic simplicity.

"Surely," you think, "nothing could be more picturesque than this particular bit of Cozumel." But lo! presently you catch a glimpse, through an iron-barred window, of one Indian woman smoking a cigar as she combs and braids the long, lustrous hair of another, both women sitting on a red-tiled floor. The next house, its doorway ornamented with an eagle figurehead from some long-forgotten ship, shows you a girl squatting in front of a chair, and on the chair a sewing machine that the girl is operating by hand. Queer, eh?

You catch swift pictures as you walk: A *cantina* with white-clad men playing dominoes, drinking, arguing politics. Patios where game cocks strut and challenge the world, shrilly as professional patriots; where an indulgent father plays an accordion while children laugh and dance; where a slim boy with a knife is cutting up a shark hung from a red gum tree.

As you reach the wharf you encounter an Indian carrying the most tremendous lot of hens, and children running home with bits of fish strung on thatch-palm cords. A fishing boat it is. At the wharf end you stand amid Indians to watch the fish as a brown boy dives clean under water in the boat's well and with his bare hands catches the one, all alive and flapping, that each customer chooses. The buyers toss their coins, a-clink, into a rude pottery dish on deck.

And now you see the name of the newcome schooner is León de los Mares, and agree with a wrinkled Maya who looks at least two hundred that Lion of the Seas is a most beautiful name for a schooner, indeed. *Que si, señor!* And as the evening fades and umbers and soft pearls appear above the far-off Yucatan shore, you know that Cozumel is no real island after all, but a dream island of mysterious swallows that, like those of Bécquer's lovely poem, "can nevermore return."

Something to Chew Upon

By next morning, however, your mood has changed and you consign Cozumel to hotter places even than the tropics; for by then the ticks have begun their work in good earnest. And talking about stings, you come to learn of several other kinds that operate there. The Latin American is extraordinarily fond of the law. There's enough law on Cozumel, and to spare. For instance, merely try to import or export anything, and you'll likely have no end of amusement.

"You've got to use just exactly the right kind of documentary stamps for everything," one business man told me over iced beverages. "And almost always, when you go to buy such stamps, there aren't enough. It's like the paper money that no longer exists in Mexico. If paper money were legal now, everybody'd begin printing it. So only a little gold and a whole lot of silver are circulated; with silver at $2.16 Mexican per dollar U. S. A. And for any fair-sized transaction you have to bring the money on a mule.

"Oddly enough, though, no such amounts—big canvas bags of silver—are ever stolen. You can drive muleloads of money through the streets in perfect safety.

"But about the stamps. Every official differs from every other concerning the exact kind to use. If you take any official's O. K., another one usually says: 'Ah, but he was mistaken.' Furthermore, as you can be fined up to four thousand dollars for using the wrong stamps, you perceive the life of a business man in Cozumel isn't a happy one."

The young idea is plentiful. Those who claim the Mayas are dying out should visit Cozumel and see the swarms of children there. What is there for them all to do? No chance for them as newsboys, because there's no newspaper. And as for becoming bootblacks—well, a bootblack in that barefoot or sandaled island would have less chance than a watermelon at a colored picnic. By the way, I found a few red-headed boys on Cozumel. What remote Nordic ancestor once swashbuckled in those romantic parts, I wonder? Page Mr. Namgay Doola! A red-headed Mayan Indian is worth noticing any day.

Children and chicle seem the island's biggest products. And on chicle, especially, rests the life of Cozumel. Though it's only a small island—perhaps six miles wide by twenty-four long—it's one of the world's greatest chicle centers. The prosperity of Cozumel depends almost entirely on the activity of American gum-chewing jaws.

Please, by the way, don't say "chickel." It's "*chew*-clay." And no doubt some of you who read these words are even now masticating gum from Cozumel. Not that the island itself produces any of that precious latex bled from the *sapote*, or sapodillo, tree. No, Cozumel is only a concentrating and shipping point. But during

"Oysters for my Horse"

IT is related of Benjamin Franklin that one cold night he came to an inn, and having stabled his horse, entered to find every available chair around the fire already occupied.

Ordering his dinner, he asked that some raw oysters be taken to his horse. Those who heard this strange request did not believe a horse would eat raw oysters. Franklin assured them that this was no ordinary steed, and they went to see for themselves.

Of course, the horse did not eat the oysters, but when the incredulous guests returned to the fireside, Franklin was already ensconced in the most comfortable chair on the hearth.

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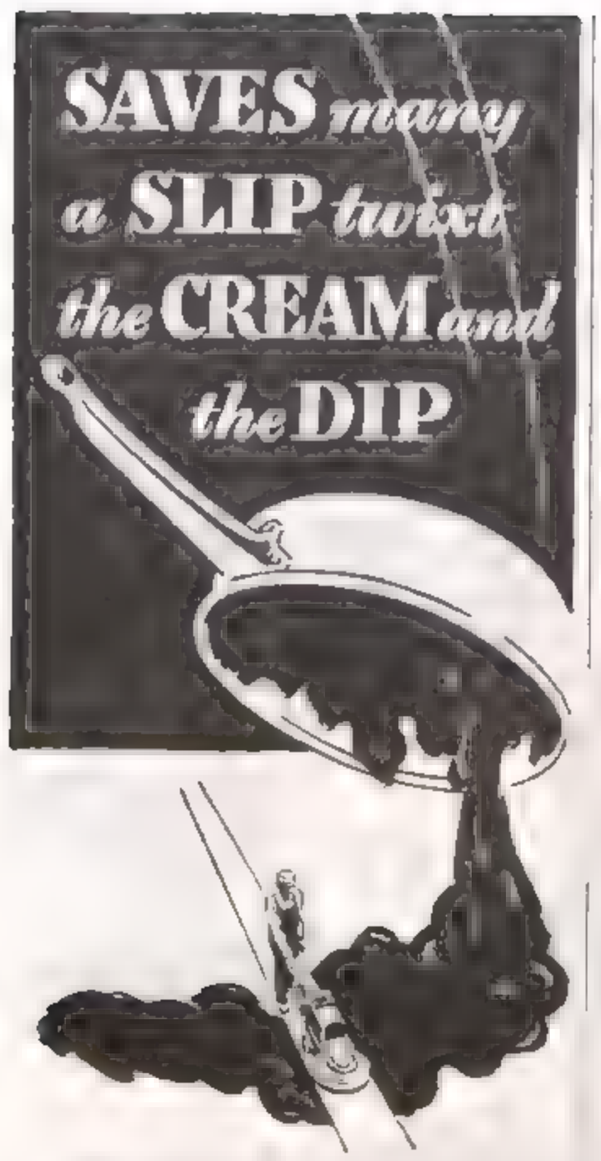

CHOCOLATE spilled, butter dropped, milk splashed—an employee hurrying across the room, then crash!—and another accident is added to the toll of those caused by slippery floors. It was in such a candy factory that a FINNELL Engineer was called to demonstrate what the FINNELL Electric Scrubber Polisher could do in getting floors clean. In a chocolate room, around the dipping pans, the chocolate had piled up 2 to 3 inches thick.

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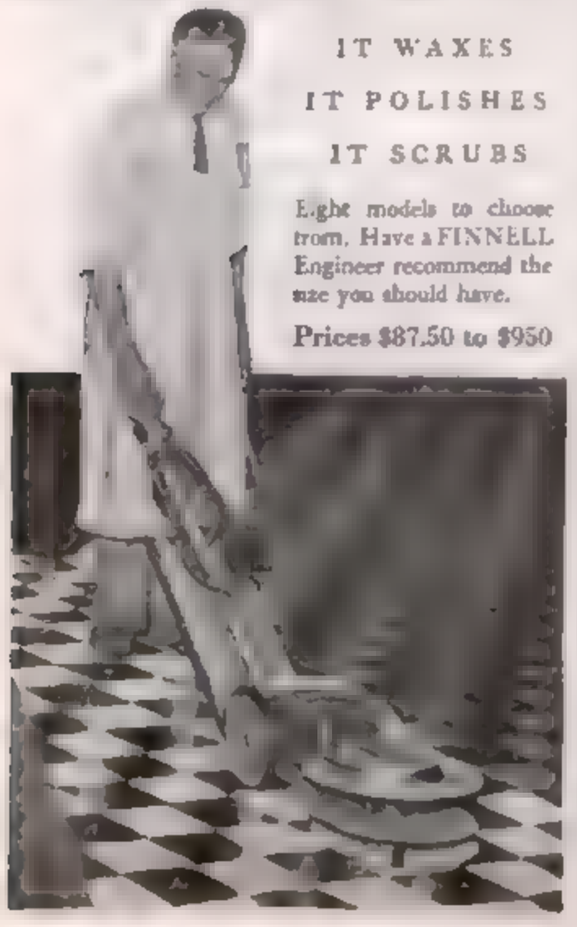

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lively months two hundred tons will be no unusual amount for the island to handle.

The epic of the *chicleros'* lonely and deadly perilous toil in far, snake-infested jungles of Yucatan and Central America is not now for us. What tense drama, though, lies in that battle with the wilderness, where tree-climbing men with keen machetes often swiftly chop off their snake-bitten fingers—or even hands and arms—to save their very lives, but in spite of all heroic measures, often die frightful deaths in the bush! I could write pages of horrifying snake stories, but space lacks. When, however, you're sometime putting a penny in the slot for a neatly wrapped bit of gum, give a second's thought to where that gum originated, and how, perhaps, some lowly Maya bartered his life for it.

The story of chicle is a long and devious one. For now, all we can glimpse is its relation to Cozumel. Out of the formidable Yucatan bush, all through the working season of June to February, the boiled and hard-packed chicle comes by mule trams and on mule back to tiny coast stations; thence by schooner—ten to fifteen tons at a time—to Cozumel. The individual blocks weigh about twenty-two pounds. And here, too, a little stinging process gets in its work, unless the buyer is thoroughly wide-awake.

For the simple-minded Maya is growing civilized. He has learned to put clay and stones inside the blocks of gum, carefully covering them with layers of first-quality chicle. Once a pair of overalls was discovered in a block. Oh, yes, modern ideas are making headway, even in the fever, tick and snake infested forests of Yucatan.

You get a vivid notion of America's rapacity for chewing gum as you stand on the wharf at Cozumel and watch the huge *lanchetes*, or barges, being sculled ashore from the schooners. With long sweeps manned by bare-armed, golden-skinned Mayas, the barges labor in over tumbling, amethystine surges. Pelicans wheel and plunge, a-splash; needlefish dart at gleaming schools of sardines, and the high tropic sun glows down on colors that the Northland never knows. Meanwhile, reeking with sweat, and with sculptural muscles tensed, the Indian bargemen bring their heavy craft to land.

Chewing Gum in the Rough

The sweet and languid perfume of the chicle rises all about you as powerful arms swing up the bales, each of some hundred and fifty pounds, to the wharf. There, two men hoist each bale to the neck and shoulders of a laborer. Every carrier wears a pad and a big piece of bagging for protection. White-clad, the porter trudges up the wharf, only to be replaced by another and another. Antlike, the procession toils away to the chicle warehouse with its blinding white walls of masonry, its vast dim shed a-reek with perfume. There, two other men help lower the bales of precious stuff to the floor of wet, red tiles, where Indians rip the bales, exposing the gray and soggy mass within.

All is activity inside the shed, its white interior spotted with brown where chicle has discolored it. Thud! thud! thud! sound meaty blows of short, broad cleavers as sinewy arms chop up the bricks. That's to make sure no pebbles, clay or overalls lurk coyly inside. If they do, somebody gets docked, for every cake of gum is stamped with the *chiclero's* initials. And every cake, too, has bits of it taken to a laboratory upstairs, there to be most carefully tested for its moisture content. No unduly watered stock gets by at Cozumel.

You think it one of this world's fine sights as you watch those powerful Indians, barefooted and in undershirts, laboring at an immense mountain of gum in one corner of the shed. Two or three of the Mayas are chewing bits of the raw stuff. Here or there an Indian has a cud stuck to his broad sombrero, ready for another chew. I've tried the raw gum myself, and it's not half bad.

You watch other Indians packing huge henequen bags, propping the bags up with blocks of gum, and with big sticks hammering chicle into them till just the right weight is reached. They bear the sacks to scales, where a customhouse officer carefully checks them. Adding a tiny bit of gum, cutting off a sliver, they bring the weight correct to a fraction of an ounce. No guesswork with stuff as valuable as chicle!

As other Mayas sew up the filled bags you ask: "And what's the idea of that man sweeping the floor all the time?"

"Vital economy," Adams informs you. "A bit of loose gum here, and another bit there, sticking to the outsides of the bags and getting wasted, runs into tons and tons a year. And tons of gum mean money. It's bad enough, old chap, to have the chicle shrink in weight after we pay for it, without wasting any afterward."

And so, before your very eyes, part of the chewing-gum process goes steadily forward—the immensely long process that begins at some *chiclero* camp in Quintana Roo, only to end by exercising some American jaw. All Cozumel's prosperity rests on that process.

A Nightly Fourth of July

Not till chewing gum grew popular did Cozumel begin to thrive. As recently as eighty-five years ago it was practically uninhabited. The Spanish conquistadores here—as everywhere they could—played hob with the aborignes. And Cozumel was one of the earliest portions of the New World taken by Spain. For it was away back in 1518 that Juan de Grijalva sailed four topheavy ships westward from Cuba, discovered the island and forthwith annexed it to Spain.

Grijalva reported finding large houses and towers of masonry and plaster; and we may safely assume that the Cozumel Mayas, like those on near-by Mujeres Island, wore mantles and shirts of colored or pure white cotton, with gold and jeweled earrings and feathered headdresses. The forefathers of today's chicle workers failed to realize that the newcomers meant to oust them, and thus were friendly; crowding to see the Spaniards, eagerly touching their weapons, wondering at their splendid whiskers. As we have already noted that the Mayas are almost beardless, a fine white soldier "bearded like a pard" must have seemed a godlike creature.

The *cacique* gave the Spaniards jars of honey, but the Spaniards were shy of possible poison and refused such hospitality; whereupon the Indians offered jewels and shirts of cotton cloth. Though impressed by the Mayas' superior civilization, which had so astonishingly developed without metal tools, beasts of burden or even wheels, the invaders broke all the idols they could get their hands on and heaved others into the sea.

"To arms!" cried the outraged Mayas. But gunpowder and coats of mail defeated bows and arrows, spears and turtle-shell shields, and down the Indians went. Gradually depopulated, Cozumel staged a comeback less than a century ago, and began thriving only when American mandibles began to grind away at Yucatan chicle.

Except for chewing a little gum and driving four flivvers, the island is one of the few places in this narrowing world that hasn't been modernized by American tourists. That species simply doesn't exist there, and life remains quiet, simple and drowsy. Apart from a little once-in-a-while movie, a game of dominoes in a café, or a *novena*, no press of diversion distracts the mind. That is, nothing but fireworks.

What do you mean—fireworks? I mean rockets and pinwheels and crackers. No special feast day or holiday is needed for such—and Lord knows, holidays and feast days are thicker than hops in Mexico! Any old time at all, at Cozumel, is the right time for pyrotechnics. Every night you hear them going bang-bang! or throwing sheaves of sparks against the lovely tropic constellations. The porters, the fishermen, the *chicleros* and all see no waste of money in an exchange of lathering, sun-cooked toil for a boom! or a sis-s-s-s-plunk-ah! Even rockets at seventy-five cents apiece they consider fine investments.

"Only four or five hours' work, *señor*, will pay for one. And *Dios mio*, what a sight, how *magnifico*, to behold a *volador*—a rocket, what you call—ascending at night from the beach!"

Again a case of easy come, easy go.

On a velvety night, with all the stars in the universe glowing their very best, I paid a visit to the dance hall. The long, bare room, with roof of lashed and thatched poles, had for sole decoration a few religious pictures. Carbide lamps slashed raw lights and shadows over the watching throngs packed about the walls. So dense was the jam that dancers and musicians hardly found space. Those musicians—Indians all—huddled at one end. Fourteen of them, they committed assault and battery on a tune, using brass and drums, gourds, rattles and what not as weapons.

Strange and ragged was their tempo. It would have created a sensation in discriminating jazz circles. To its alluring cacophony men in shirt sleeves and women in crying colors jerkily moved in that oddest and most stationary of all dances, a Mexican *danzón*.

For an hour I stood there, wondering that such things could be; mourning that no artist was at hand to paint the scene. Then home again to the kindly English house of Adams, home along vague streets where goats blatted in the star-set gloom, bats flickered and uncertain lights in Maya huts revealed strange pictures of a life dreamlike in its unreality.

Up Anchor and Away

It was by starlight, by the warm glow of an immense and almost-to-be-touched Milky Way, that I saw my last of Cozumel. One midnight found me sitting on the chicle warehouse, with various Mayas, waiting to go aboard the León de los Mares, bound for Progreso.

The vaguely sweet perfume of the chicle blended with the salt aroma of sea and surf; and ever, mingled with that surf's gentle breathing, sounded a faint, continual creak and murmur as the piles of gum settled, settled down and down.

Dim figures passed, speaking a prehistoric tongue I could not understand. San Miguel was falling asleep. But there was no sleep for me. I must up and away, to unknown places; for so my life is, ever up and away. On, always on; forward march!

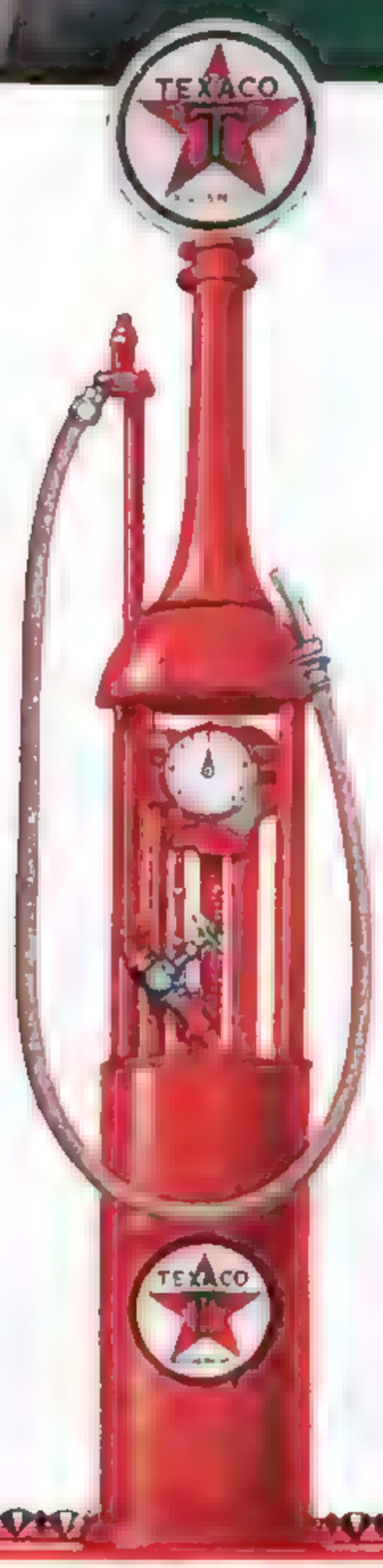
"*Vamos, señor!*" at last a shadowy arriving Indian bade me.

Dunnage bag over shoulder, I followed down the long and half-seen wharf where gentle surges curled to phosphorescent flame. A native canoe received me. What seemed the wraith of a Maya boy paddled me out over limpid, star-mirroring seas to the waiting schooner.

Aboard, in a space that might possibly have held ten passengers, I found about forty Indian men and women, with children, turkeys, dogs, pigs and baggage, much of which consisted of amazingly ardent spirits. No place to sleep but a bit of the forward deck with my head resting on the anchor. Two days and nights of marvelous miseries before me. Nothing to eat but *totopostes*, rice and fish. Roaring reefs, unlighted and perilous coasts, devastating heat, and a thousand tick bites raging. Never mind; such is your lot if you elect to see far and untraveled places.

Up with a rattle came the anchor, destined to be my pillow. The trades filled our bellying canvas, pale-looming in the tropic night. Uncertain gleams glinted on coppery faces. Cigarettes waxed and waned. The Lion of the Seas moved gently forward, a ripple at the bow.

Somewhere ashore, a cock shrilly crowed. A few faint shore lights dimmed and faded. Out of my life slipped Cozumel, out and away forever—vague island in a sea of strange and pleasant dreams.



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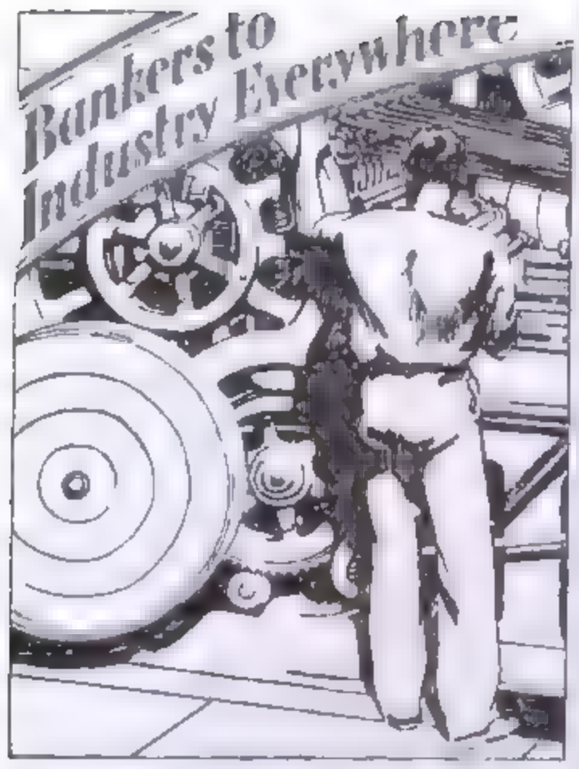

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OH, MAJOR, MAJOR

(Continued from Page 8)

is too bizarre—and you are young and you are the bane of society. You are an aristocrat. You hate the major because he is impossible, but what dif'rence does he make? Forget him—forget him now, because some day you will forget, and then remember it was no-thing."

Ridiculous, you call it? Of course it was ridiculous, but little things were all that mattered. Somehow, the Army always seemed filled with little things, and even when we stood more or less in the valley of the shadow we snarled with trivialities. What happened was probably bound to happen.

Now the major was not so bad, as you think of him now—somewhat of a rough diamond and wanting to be different from what he was, but not so bad—and he did like Benny Briggs, because, you see, Benny was everything he wasn't.

Benny always said that he was the one Élise smiled at across the restaurant, and not the major; he said it was part of the major's vanity to think the girls were always chasing him.

"Can you beat it?" said the major. "Look at her smiling at me. Isn't she a peach?"

And the major stroked his mustache and gave a pull at his blouse, as though he were looking in a mirror—the major always seemed to be looking in a mirror. He seemed entirely oblivious that his hair was thin and fuzzy on the top and that he had a dumpy figure.

"Briggs," said the major, "that little girl is smiling at me, and isn't she a peach?" They had been drinking champagne, because, as the major said, it was the last time they might ever drink it. But champagne or not, Benny said it would have been the same.

The major was on his nerves, you understand. The major was sticking to Benny's nerves as heavy sirup sticks sometimes to the tongue long after you have had enough, and Benny was not the boy to stand it. He was a civilian, you see, just as Duroc had said, and for the life of him he could not get away from an order which was not military. He had tried, as he told us once, when the major had asked him to dine that night. He had tried to talk to the major as he had to others with whom he sat at table. He must have taken to heart what everyone had said about being nice to the major, but what could Benny do, when he was one thing and the major was another? The champagne only made it worse, for it lubricated the tongue of Major Bryor.

"And now," said the major, "we'll have some more—eh, what, Briggsey?" That was what the major called him—Briggsey. "It won't hurt you and me to have too much, Briggsey. Do you know why?"

"You puzzle me," said Benny, emptying his glass. "You are the most dumfounding feller, major. Why won't it hurt us to have too much?"

"The average man, you know," said the major—"you'll understand me when I say this—the crowd a man gets thrown with, don't know how to handle their liquor, but you and I do. We've been around in the company of ladies and gentlemen. We know how things are done. Now when I was at Meadowbrook with the polo team, that young Josiah Braddlebury said to me ——"

"Oh, major, major," said Benny, "did you know Josiah?"

"In that intimate way that you get to know a man, Briggsey, when you both have had a drop too much." The major inclined his head proudly. "Why, once Josiah said, 'Bramble,' he said—you know the way Josiah gets words twisted. The Van Buren girls used nearly to die laughing when he called me Bramble, instead of Bryor ——"

The major himself laughed at that happy distant picture, and Benny could imagine it.

"He said, 'Bramble, if you only take enough, you'll stick to anything.'"

The major's forehead was moist, and he was becoming noisy. As Benny said, you could just imagine that major sticking to a party, oblivious to hints and sighs and curses, just as the major was sticking over there in that restaurant in Bordeaux, garrulous and full of hope; just as the major would stick to Benny back through the sand of Camp de Sac, because they both were gentlemen and knew how to hold their liquor.

The champagne which Benny drank must have made his impulses unusually strong. Suddenly he knew there was one thing he wanted more than anything else the world could offer. It was to get away from Major Bryor and from all that system which forced him to be polite because the major was a major.

"Briggsey," said the major, "I don't know what the girls see in me."

"Oh, major," said Benny. "Don't you really, major?"

"But they see something," said the major. "I'll swear they do. Now look at that little girl all alone by the table. She's smiling at me again."

Benny followed the major's glance. Sitting across the restaurant was one of those French girls. She might have been mademoiselle from Armentières or mademoiselle from anywhere else—dark hair, red cheeks and a soft white neck—and of course Benny was the one she was smiling at. Benny did not want one of those training-camp adventures. Benny was not the sort, which may have been why they always singled him out, and she was a long way from any girl that Benny knew. What would Adele Findlay have said if she had seen Benny then, smiling across the tables? Benny would never have been able to explain that he was actuated only by that consuming wish to shake Major Bryor, but that was all it was, Benny always said. Benny smiled more cheerfully and set down his glass.

"*Bon jour, ma chérie.*" Beneath his breath Benny hummed the beginning of that A. E. F. song, without ever thinking where a song might lead him.

"*Bon jour, ma chérie; comment allez-vous?*"

"*Pas mal, mon lieutenant, merci beaucoup.*"

"Briggsey," said the major. "Give me your attention, Briggsey. There comes a time in the affairs of men—I'm going over to speak to her, Briggsey."

"Good!" said Benny heartily. "Don't you mind me, major. Go ahead. I'll be all right."

"Hey?" said the major. "But you're coming over too."

"Now, major," said Benny, "don't tell me you can't manage them alone!"

The major looked embarrassed, as he sometimes did.

"Just to start us off," the major explained. "Hang it! It's my French, you know. Once the ice is broken, it's all right—but just come over for a minute. Can't you start us off?"

Benny always said he could not understand why he didn't want to start the major off. He never knew exactly what got into him that night. He only remembered being annoyed with the major. You might have thought the major could have seen that she was looking at Benny Briggs—and Benny was something to look at. He never saved money on his uniform, any more than General Pershing. As they walked over, the major collided gently with a table, in spite of being able to hold his liquor, and Benny steered him gently away from a plate of pastry.

"*Bon jour, ma chérie,*" said Benny.

As she looked up at him he saw that she understood. She knew exactly what the major was, and you wouldn't have been ashamed to be seen with her anywhere. Her fingers were delicate and tapering. You wished that they would touch your hand. Her eyes were filled with all the lights in the place—and, after all, who in thunder was Major Wheatley Bryor?

"Ask her if she doesn't want a drink," said the major. "Tell her she's the cutest little kid ——"

"*Ciel,* but you are slow," she said, and nodded to Benny Briggs.

"Briggsey," said the major, "what's that she's saying? It's too quick for me."

"Slow," said Benny, and the shades of French governesses and childhood came before him, "but honest and faithful as the sun upon its course. When I saw you from over there, I hesitated for an instant, from a feeling that I was unworthy."

"Ah," she said, "but he has the *blague,* this one!"

Now what would Adele Findlay have said if she had seen Benny then? Naturally, he meant nothing by it. It had occurred to Benny, through the buzzing in his ears, that it wasn't his place to select the major's lady friends. It had occurred to Benny more than once that he wished the major was somewhere else.

"Not *blague,*" said Benny. "Mademoiselle will see ——"

"Briggsey," said the major.

"What?" said Benny Briggs.

"I guess you've said enough, Briggsey. You must have given me a good reference and you can leave us now."

Benny grinned, and the idea which came over him was not a bright idea. In fact, it was hardly any idea at all, but only a desire to get in a nasty dig.

"Major," said Benny, "I can't understand it. I'll have to break it to you gently. I'm the one she wants."

The major's mouth fell open. It was funny to see the major.

"Why, look here," said the major. "I thought you were going to tell her ——"

Benny smiled sweetly and shrugged his shoulders. "Yes," said Benny, "but you know how women are. I'll see you back in camp."

No, it was not a bright idea to get in a row with the major over a girl in a café. The major's mouth shut tight and he began to scowl.

"Double-crossed me, did you?" said the major.

"Oh, major!" said Benny. "Really, major, now!"

"Now you needn't take that tone," said Major Wheatley Bryor. Of course, he was angry. He had every right to be angry. "Or she ——" And of course the major was too full of champagne or he would never have said it. "Don't you know better," demanded Major Bryor, "than to get fresh with a brigade adjutant?"

"Is it part of my military duties," inquired Benny, "to pick out your ladies for the evening?"

For a moment the major's eyes were glassy, and that sneer of cultivation which a gentleman should assume when holding his liquor cracked and broke.

"Say," said the major, "do you think you can make a goat of me, you little shavetail?"

For a moment Benny almost liked the major. There was hearty honesty in the major's wrath, which made things nearly even.

"Well," said Benny, "can't I?"

"I'll show you whether you can or not," began the major. There was an honest, stupid rage in the major, which made it almost seem that the major was going to try, despite the time and place

"Not now, you're not," said Benny, and still smiled at the major sweetly, "because you've got sense enough not to start a row over a girl in public. Oh, major; don't you try to bluff me, major. It doesn't go over any better than the Meadowbrook stuff."

"How's that?" the major asked, and it seemed to Benny that heaven at last had

(Continued on Page 112)

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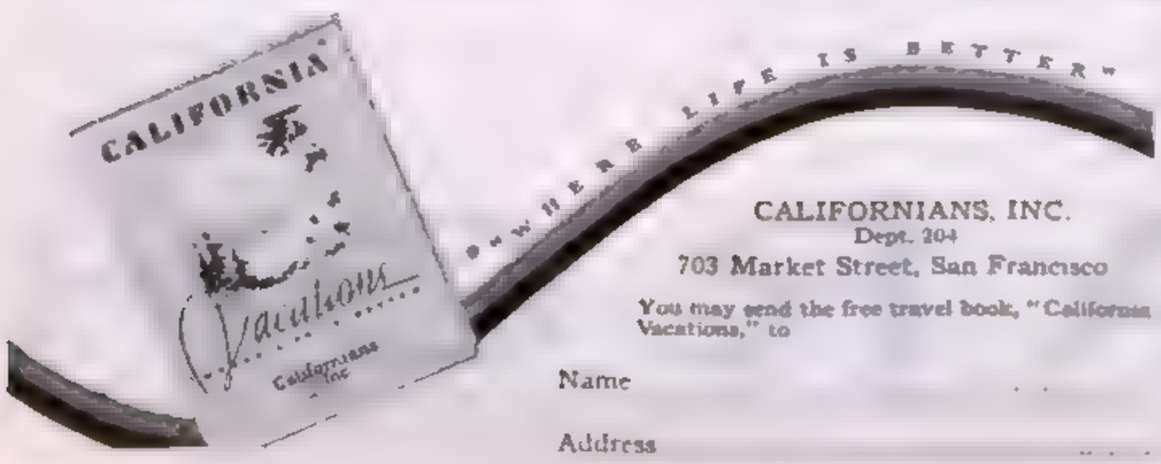

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(Continued from Page 110)

given him the opportunity to say everything he wished to say. A look at the shining boots and belt of the major was enough, and Benny told him; and as Benny spoke, the major punctured like a balloon. He gave Benny the oddest look, because he must have known that everything Benny said was true.

"Yes," said Benny—and he never forgot that the whole business was about as undignified as you could hope to wish—"don't you try to Meadowbrook me. You don't know half the people you talk about, and you know it. What's the use pretending you always lived there, when you stayed three days? Don't you know they wouldn't let you inside the place now? I hate a four-flusher, and that's what you are, and I'm glad I've said it. You're as full of bluff as a turkey is with stuffing. You don't know what an ass you're making of yourself. Now shut up and be natural. See you later, major."

Of course no soldier would have spoken so—only a half-baked civilian officer who was very young. Even so, Benny was almost sorry when he had finished. If he had not grown angry, he would have seen that he had acted like a cad. He should have known that no pride is stronger than false pride. The major's face was pale and moist. The major put his hand to his little mustache, and almost immediately drew his hand away, and his mouth drooped stupidly.

"I think," said the major somewhat huskily, "you've said about enough—for you."

"Do you?" said Benny.

"Ab-so-lutely," said the major.

And that was how Benny met Elise. It made no difference that he never saw her again; it made no difference that he never wanted to see her. She had changed his life as surely as Helen of Troy had changed the lives of other greater captains.

As Benny sat down at the table and looked at the girl he felt a little dizzy and saw that his hand was shaking, and he did not feel relieved or proud of himself. Rather, he felt ashamed; he felt her looking at him curiously. He felt the eyes of other diners, all of them turning, looking.

"Who was that type?" she said.

"No one," said Benny. "Just my major."

"And why were you so *fâché?*" she said. "What did you say to him, my lieutenant? Why did he go away?"

"Because"—Benny drew a deep breath and tried to smile—"because I told him exactly what I thought of him, and I'm glad I did, truly. He is a grotesque *farceur*, that major."

A little wrinkle appeared on her forehead and he saw that she was looking at him, not as a girl should, but seriously, like an older person. They knew so much more of the world than we did—all those girls.

"My friend," she said, "don't you know better than to tell anyone what you think?"

"No," said Benny. "Why? . . . *Garçon*, bring me another bottle, please."

"Because"—she leaned a little across the table—"now I will be as your grandmamma, *mon lieutenant*—it always hurts when one tells what one thinks, and why give pain when there is so much pain? And he will hurt you back."

"Let the devil fly away with him."

"So," she said, "perhaps the devil will. But why be angry? You should not have told him what you thought, for you will forget him soon."

"Mademoiselle is mistaken," said Benny. "I won't forget that major."

"So?" she smiled at him exactly as an older person might. "Ah, but you will," she said. "It is the way of this *sacrée* war. As for me, I have forgotten a hundred officers who have gone away to die, and, believe me, you, too, will forget. Before you know it, my friend, you will forget me. You will forget everything. It all will be a cloud, a haze."

Benny laughed gently. "Don't say that," he said. "How should I forget you, my dear?"

Five minutes later someone slapped him on the back; it was Howe, the lieutenant who commanded the brigade detachment.

"Hi!" said Howe. "Have you heard? I have it straight. We've got our orders. We're pulling out next week."

One remembers how one heard such things almost any time.

"Sit down and have a drink," said Benny. "We'll be here for twenty years." But Benny was wrong for once. Trained or not, brigades like the old Umpteenth were going to the Front in the summer of '18.

It was about enough for Benny, just as the major said—and could you blame the major? He never spoke of Meadowbrook again at mess, or of chukkers and all those other things they have in polo. Benny had arranged for that, but Benny got what was coming to him the day before we all pulled out to that land where the roofs were off the houses.

The regiments were loading up field desks and blanket rolls, and the guns were on the flat cars, when the general sent for Benny Briggs. The general was in his room, alone, sitting in his folding chair smoking a cigar. His room, always bare as a monk's cell, was barer yet. His trunk was packed, and his field desk and his books. The general's face was thinner, it seemed to Benny Briggs—thin as a hatchet blade ground to a cutting edge. The general's nose seemed very long and slender, and when the general looked at Benny Briggs, Benny had a feeling that he had run into something.

"Briggs," said the general, "report to Captain Lavalle at headquarters of the school."

"Yes, sir," said Benny. "Is that all, sir?"

He remembered being puzzled that the general should send for him, when a message from an orderly would have done as well. The general kept looking at him sharply through a thin mist of cigar smoke. Benny Briggs had always cared more for the general than he had for any of the rest of us, but judging from the general, the feeling was not mutual.

Crack went the general's voice, so sharply that it seemed to echo down Benny's spine, and it gave Benny such a jolt that he caught his breath.

"Briggs," said the general, "I never thought you'd be hanging back. They weren't like you when I was young. . . . Yes, that's all. You heard me. Don't argue. Go there and report."

Benny went at once, and Benny must have known there was something wrong, as he walked down the main camp road to the artillery-school headquarters. What was it that the general never thought? There was no doubt the old gentleman was angry about something. You could see it behind his eyes, but Benny Briggs was not the boy to imagine what. Benny was so innocent he never guessed the major might be working in the dark with a benzine bottle in his hand.

At the French military mission the grounds were quiet about the school buildings. The French tricolor was drooping in the sun. In another week a new brigade, fresh off the boats, would be at Camp de Sac, and lessons would go on. It seemed to Benny Briggs that the whole place was waiting solemnly, inexorably, and suddenly it all seemed to him very grim, when he thought of all the officers who had filed past those doors never to come back. For a moment Benny wondered where he was going and where he would be six months from then. It was one of those things which you could never picture in that world of shimmering heat. You could never guess what war would be like, in spite of French officers with perfume in their hair who had seen the war. Would it be something that was not real, but unbelievably grotesque? How would he behave, for instance, when he saw a dead man, a hundred dead men, lying in their blood? He knew it was in him to behave properly, and yet it was solemn, now that he was going away.

(Continued on Page 115)

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Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by Floyd Munson

"HURRY," said mother, giving Homer a quarter to get an extra head of lettuce . . . "Hurry," said the foreman to the truck driver with a load of express . . . And now one of them will never hurry again. And the other will lose his job, his license, and his peace of mind forever.

Automobile accidents have become so common that some editors consider even a fatality worth no more space than the short news item above. But loss of life on the highways is not presented by the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers with such slighting brevity. It is presented as vital news, as a warning, and to focus public attention again on one of the major menaces of the day . . . traffic.

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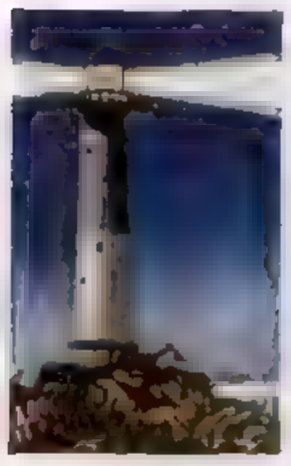

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(Continued from Page 112)

Captain Lavalle, the commandant of the school, seated behind a pine table, looked up at Benny and raised a thin, pale hand to his visor cap, and Benny looked at the ribbons on the captain's chest—the Croix de Guerre with those palms and the Médaille Militaire. The captain's eyes were very dark that morning, and his face was a yellow-white. On a wooden chair which was tilted against the wall was Captain Schultz, heavy and hard-faced, detached from the A. E. F. to teach firing data, according to the plan to mix American officers with the instruction staff. Captain Schultz had never heard a gun go off except upon the range, and everyone he taught knew that. You could not help but wonder what Captain Schultz was doing there, when he had never seen the Front. Benny wondered as he saluted. Benny remembered thinking right at that moment that he was glad he was not in the shoes of Captain Schultz, teaching others about a war that he had never seen.

Lavalle coughed and wiped his lips. His shoulders shook with his coughing, but his voice was courteous and unhurried.

"Ah!" he said. "So zere you are—the best lieutenant to conduct the fire."

"I don't know why the general sent me over," said Benny, "but I was coming over anyway to say good-by."

The captain's eyes wandered toward Captain Schultz and back.

"Eh?" said Lavalle. "To say good-by? See how he makes the joke!" And Lavalle smiled at Captain Schultz and shrugged as only a Latin could.

"There isn't any joke," said Benny. The way they looked at him made him shift his feet and thrust his thumbs into his belt.

"Do you not know?" Captain Lavalle raised his dark eyebrows. "The order has gone through. You are detailed here to be instructor at this *sacré* school."

That was how Benny Briggs caught it as he stood in the orderly room at Camp de Sac. It seemed to hit Benny right between the eyes. It took away his breath, for, naturally, there was only one thing that any decent person wanted. The idea of being stuck at Camp de Sac was almost physical in its revulsion. Benny said he never felt so ill. His knees were weak. The walls of the orderly room grew dim before his sight.

"You mean"—all at once Benny Briggs thought he was going to break down right then in tears. His throat was smarting. His eyes were burning—"you mean I'm not going up to the Front—not going to fight this war?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" Captain Lavalle leaned back. "Do you want to go?"

And then Benny's face went as scarlet as the facings on the captain's collar.

"Do you take me for the kind who wouldn't want to?" cried Benny Briggs.

"That's all right, kid. I know how you feel." Captain Schultz stopped balancing his chair against the wall. "I said you were all right."

Poor Benny Briggs! As he stood there, choking back his tears, he knew that he was making a fool of himself before two older men. Captain Lavalle seemed puzzled, but used to frank emotion.

"And yet," he said, "the major—he told me you would be very glad, to be sure, of the assignment."

"Major!" cried Benny. "Major who?"

But already Benny Briggs knew who, and he knew what had happened. Out of spite he was being left there by Major Wheatley Bryor, and because Benny Briggs knew why he was being left, it did not make it any better.

"Who?" A shade of annoyance rippled over Captain Lavalle's pale face. "Who do you think? Your major. Oh, yes, quite. I would not have asked to keep you unless he had said most distinct that you would be glad to stay and teach—rather than to fight."

Was it Benny Briggs who was speaking? Benny hardly knew himself. The pain and the humiliation in him were sublimated into a complex and terrible emotion which he had never known. It was all so easy to see: The major had as good as called him yellow and a slacker behind his back all because of a restaurant in Bordeaux.

"The liar!" shouted Benny Briggs. "Liar!" He must have made a startling noise, because he saw Captain Lavalle start and Captain Schultz rise hastily.

"Lay off that stuff," said Captain Schultz. "Do you want this all over camp?"

And Captain Lavalle was speaking quickly, fluently: "And if he lied, what difference does it make? It will mean you will not be killed or shot. You are in luck."

"The liar!" That was the only thing on Benny's mind. "He told the general too. The dirty liar! I'll tell him to his face! Wait till I see him!" It was the first time that anyone had played so foul a trick on Benny Briggs. It was the first time that he ever knew the intoxication of perfect anger, when all the senses were lost in an ecstasy of fury and outraged hate.

"Be still!" yelled Lavalle. "*Mon Dieu!* You idiot! 'Old 'eem, will you, Schultz?"

It always seemed to Benny that there was a blur of voices after that, with his voice answering back like a sick man's in delirium, and all he wanted was to get his hands on the major. That was all he thought.

"I tell you he lied—called me yellow!" gasped Benny Briggs. "I don't care if he is my superior officer! He—he lied to get me sacked! He ——"

"*Tiens!*" said Lavalle. "Be still, you fool. What are you or any of us, but maggots on a piece of rotten meat?"

Then Benny's voice choked in a sob, though he would rather have died right there than have them see him crying, and Benny must have known for the first time in his life how insignificant he was, and all the rest of us, when nations were on the march. He must have seen the hopelessness of individual ambition. Something was holding him much more inexorably than Schultz's heavy hands, for all at once he stood still.

"Ah," said Captain Lavalle, "that much is better. *Mon Dieu*, where are my *sacré* cigarettes? Hold him, Schultz. Do you not see, you *sacré aspirant*, if you call the major, it will only make things worse? Quiet now. 'E would only smash you, just like that. This is a war, my friend, and you'll forget. It is as I say. Listen to one who has not long to live because of this *sacré* war. You will forget the major, so forget 'im now. It hurts, it stings, but believe me, you will forget."

Benny's face was wet; his breath was choking him. "You're wrong," he said. "There are some things you can't forget—that's all. Now let me go. I won't make a fool of myself. I have done that already I'm sorry"

"Hell, that's all right, kid," said Captain Schultz.

"No," said Benny, "I won't do anything, but I'll pay that major back. Don't worry, not now, but I'll pay him back. Do you mind, sir"—he turned to Lavalle—"if I see the general before he goes? I don't want him to think—you know what I mean."

And that was about all there was to it, for the major had done for Benny Briggs. The general was a kind old man as good as one could be and still become a general, and what he said surprised Benny even then, though it was exactly what Lavalle had said, and Duroc and mademoiselle in the Bordeaux restaurant, for Benny thought the general would have known better. Benny told the general everything about the Meadowbrook Club and the champagne and the major and the girl, and the general nodded now and then, and once he even smiled; and when it was all over the general slapped his hand on Benny's back as though Benny was not an officer at all

"Well," said the general, "all right. I am glad you told me, but it isn't so bad as all that. When you get as old as I am you won't take things so hard. The order's through. You're in the Army now and out of luck, and so forget it, son."

"Are you telling me to forget it too?" said Benny Briggs.

"Forget it," said the general. "Someone's got to stay here and teach school. There's no disgrace in that. Don't take it hard, boy. You'll forget it some day. You'll forget it all."

"General," said Benny Briggs, "do you know what I am going to do the first time I am out of uniform? I am going to find the major if he's living."

"Yes," said the general, "that's what they all say, but you'll forget it soon. Some day you won't even know his name. I know. It's life, that's all."

And that was how we left Benny Briggs at Camp de Sac and how he fought the war with the coolies and the prisoners until there was not any war to fight, and until the tumult and the shouting of the captains died away, leaving their aftermath of hate, still echoing through the thoughts, fading, always fading.

Oh, those were the days when the senses were not jaded, and love was love and hate was hate, and life was hot and fierce, with no compromises, balances and provisos that blur sensations now, taking the sting from the bitter and ecstasy from the sweet. Vengeance in those days was not the Lord's. There was a belief in innate, perfect justice. Some time, some day, Benny Briggs knew, as sure as there was an income tax, that he would meet up with Major Bryor.

"It doesn't seem so long ago—eh, what?" said Benny Briggs. "Do you know what I think sometimes? I don't suppose I think much, but sometimes it seems like yesterday morning when we fought that war, except that a devil of a lot of things went on all night."

Possibly he was right. Those past ten years give you more a sense of distance than of an actual lapse of hours and minutes. But there were a lot of things which happened in between.

It was not strange, perhaps, that Benny felt no premonition of approaching crisis, because he was not in a position, by then, to feel premonitions easily. As a matter of fact, as Benny explained, he was devilishly annoyed. The new oil furnace, just installed, made a distinct buzzing noise, though they had sworn it would be perfectly silent. If you stopped talking in the library you could hear it hum. Then there was the new stableman. He said he had run an English stable twice as large, but he wasn't good. The horses' coats did not have the right gloss, the leather was sloppy. You might have thought an Englishman would be good on leather, and then there were a host of other things. The chauffeur had been jacking up the gas and oil bills, and the Twombleys were coming to dinner—and you know what the Twombleys were. Benny was not the boy he used to be, but there were some things you couldn't stand.

"Adele," said Benny—"ah, Adele."

He had heard her. Adele had come back from some tea or other.

Adele walked into the library and pulled off her hat, almost like a man, and shook her head.

"Gosh!" said Adele. "I thought you said that furnace would be quiet."

"Adele," said Benny, "are the Twombleys coming to dinner?"

"Now, Ben," said Adele, "you jolly well know they are. You can stand it once."

"Yes," said Benny, "once."

"They haven't been here since last year," explained Adele.

"Adele," said Benny, "that feller at the stable what's his name—have you noticed? He isn't any good."

"Well," said Adele, "you've got time enough to get another."

"Honestly," said Benny, "you might take some interest in what I do."

"Darling," said Adele, "I do take an interest! . . . There's a dance at the club tonight."

"Yes," said Benny, "but we're not going, are we?"

"Yes," said Adele; "everybody's going."

"All right," said Benny, "but you won't have to dance all night with Mrs. Twombley."

"Oh, Ben," said Adele, "you can stand it once."

You know the way it was, perhaps. All at once it seemed to Benny Briggs that he was enduring a lot of things; he was another Atlas, holding up a soft and leaden sky.

"Ben," said Adele, "have you been up to kiss the children?"

It may have been merely irritation instead of one of those rare moments of illumination which we all sometimes meet, but it seemed to Benny Briggs that he had a glimpse of himself in an inexorable mirror of fact, growing slowly stout and old, losing the fire and the zest of life which had once been his. He seemed to be confronted with someone for whom he had not an iota of respect—a good-natured man like all the other men around him, running little errands, firing grooms, talking to the gardeners, dining with a succession of the Twombleys that never disappeared. Hazily he must have known that something had gone from him without his knowing how.

"Why, Benny!" Adele was staring at him. "Why do you look like that?"

For some reason Benny's lips moved savagely, as something within him rose into a hopeless revolt.

"Gosh!" said Benny Briggs, and of course he did not know that he was voicing the feelings of a million other men for whom life had become a simple matter. "I wish I could get into a fight or something. . . . Adele, do you ever feel like punching someone in the eye?"

"Only you, sometimes," Adele replied. "Go up and kiss the children and get dressed for dinner."

They had champagne that night—some of old Findlay's prewar champagne, perfectly correct, perfectly within the law. It buzzed through Benny's thoughts, reminding him of something in the past. He did not know exactly what. He only knew definitely a sadder thing—that champagne could intensify but never change a mood. That same mood of revolt was with him—an indefinable restlessness and discontent.

"Gosh," said Benny Briggs, "I really would like to crack someone in the eye!" He was standing with a row of men along the wall of the Meadowbrook Club. Everyone else was dancing, around and around, as they had danced there as long as he could remember; girls in bright dresses, drab dark-coated men.

"Why is it," said Benny to someone, "that we keep on doing this?"

"The women like it. That's why. What's the matter, Benny?"

"It's all right for you," said Benny Briggs; "you don't have to dance with Mrs. Twombley in another half minute."

He looked about him with a growing distaste. "There are a lot of new people here tonight, aren't there? What's the idea, having new people all the time? This is a club, isn't it? It isn't a hotel."

Benny was cross, you understand, but even as he spoke he had the unpleasant knowledge that his irritation would soon wear into nothing. He would soon be dancing with Mrs. Twombley and then, like Samuel Pepys, would wander home to bed. There were a lot of new people. Benny examined them with the suspicion of his kind. For the past five minutes he had been aware that one of those half-welcome visitors was looking at him—a stoutish party in an overcut dinner coat, florid-faced, with thin gray hair and a little gray mustache that was pointed at the ends. The fellow kept looking at him with limpid brown eyes, in a wistful sort of way, and all at once he moved toward Benny Briggs.

"Excuse me," he said, "but isn't your name Briggs?"

Benny examined him blankly; he had developed the most disturbing way of examining people blankly.

"Yes," said Benny, "as far as I recollect I have always been named Briggs."

(Continued on Page 118)

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Whippet

FOURS SIXES

(Continued from Page 115)

Though he did not say it politely, that dapper little man seemed pleased; he sidled nearer Benny and smiled again.

"Say," he said, "don't you remember me? It certainly is great to be here again!"

Benny looked at him and put his hands in his pockets. He had seen so many people that of course he could not remember everybody, but it was annoying to have a face escape him.

"It's funny," said Benny; "I don't remember you at all." But the other one remembered; there was no doubt of that.

"Bryor's my name," he said. He looked at Benny in strange embarrassment. "Doesn't that mean anything? I played polo with the Point team here once before the war."

"Bryor," said Benny blankly—"Bryor. No, I don't remember." Just to look at the fellow you could see he was ordinary; obviously something of a bounder. "You haven't been here since the war, have you?" inquired Benny Briggs. He had to say something, after all.

"Don't you remember at all?"

Benny wished that the man wouldn't be so insistent. "Suppose you tell me. I'm like that. I just have to be told."

"My name's Bryor—Wheatley Bryor. Don't you remember?"

"No," said Benny, "I don't remember. Don't you ever forget anybody yourself?"

"But you must remember." The fellow's face flushed slightly. He looked at Benny hopelessly. "I am Bryor. I was a major in the Army—Major Wheatley Bryor."

"Oh," said Benny, "the Army. Weren't there four million of us in the Army, according to statistics? Major Wheatley Bryor? No, I don't remember." An awkward, stoutish, overdressed man—that was all he was—endeavoring to scrape an acquaintance, when he should have known anyone would forget him.

"But look here," said the fellow. "Can't you think? Major Wheatley Bryor, Camp de Sac, Umpteenth Artillery Brigade." And Benny remembered then.

One of those singing orchestras was playing for the dance, and just then the orchestra was singing in a cheap, harsh clamor:

"Clap hands! Here comes Charlie,
Clap hands! Charlie's coming now!"

Somehow, the words were like a taunting mockery intended just for him. He seemed to hear other sounds among the shouting voices—the general's voice, the din of the mess room and the orderly room at Camp de Sac. He could see the face, older, riper, but it was the major's face. He would have known it anywhere, now that he remembered. It was bursting toward him, struggling through a mist of newer recollections. The hotness of his hate, the fire of his indignation surged back to him like the sound of a far echo, which he forgot would strike him ever again: Benny could almost hear his own voice, like an actor's on a distant stage, and he remembered a line from somewhere—Hamlet or Macbeth, perhaps. It tolled through him like the notes of a solemn bell across a dark and windy plain—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Benny said it gave him the queerest feeling—the memory of that line. He had never before had such a sense of futility. It amounted nearly to an amazed variety of shame, because he had forgotten entirely forgotten. He had not even remembered the major's face as the sting of a grim injustice: though he thought he could never forget.

"Good Lord. So it's you, is it?" murmured Benny Briggs, and he must have looked as though he saw a ghost.

The idea that he had forgotten made him most amazingly awkward. It made him almost embarrassed, that idea was so preposterous, and yet that was what they had all said—those other shadows. It was a consolation to remember that they had all said he would forget.

"Good Lord," murmured Benny Briggs, "I didn't remember you at all."

And that was all he seemed able to say, in spite of all the things he had thought of once to say when he next saw Wheatley Bryor.

Perhaps in all the dullness of his life he had grown kinder, for suddenly he seemed to see that other Benny Briggs at Camp de Sac in all that "sound and fury, signifying nothing," like another person among preposterous shapes. No wonder the younger generation could not understand the war. He could not even understand himself—not even why he was grinning at the major stupidly. But the major was smiling back.

"We used to have a lot of fun, didn't we?" inquired Wheatley Bryor. "Yes, a lot of fun."

"Fun?" echoed Benny.

And then he knew how it was. It was incredible, but the major must have forgotten, too, or almost forgotten everything that had passed. A mellowness had gone over all that time, so that you remembered it almost with affection, rarely with regret. For there was something brave, something vivid, which the mind could never touch.

"Fun?" said Benny, and his smile grew broader. "Fun for you, perhaps. Oh, major, major."

"Not major," said Wheatley Bryor. "I'm a colonel now."

"Yes," said Benny, "and I'll bet you'll be a general some day. You've got it in you, major."

Then Benny grinned more broadly still. That memory of Camp de Sac was already growing fainter, retreating back through a maze of peaceful days, until the sand and fury whirled into the measure of a dance.

"Clap hands!" the orchestra was shouting. "Here comes Charlie now!"

"It's great to be back here," said Wheatley Bryor. "You know, I haven't been to Meadowbrook since I was on the Point team before the war. The old crowd doesn't seem to be here. I don't seem to know——"

Was it kindness that made Benny take his arm? There was something touching in the pleasure on the major's face that went to Benny's heart, and Benny said that something saddened him, yet made him kind.

Something made Benny ashamed of the way he had spoken once in that café in Bordeaux. He could almost admire the major, who had been climbing, climbing, until he was back again at Meadowbrook, tasting the joys which he had never forgotten.

"Of course; but everyone will know you," said Benny Briggs. "You leave that to me. Don't you want to dance? You don't know anybody dancing? Well, I'll fix that. Come on. Here's Mrs. Twombley, major. . . . Yes, the heavy one in green."

HOW YOU GET TO BE A DUKE

(Continued from Page 21)

sad world. But you are young yet. It is good to be young."

The boy realized, when Jake had gone, that he liked the man in spite of himself.

II

THEY rode on the train all afternoon, up the Hudson, and got off at a small station in the snow. A big car with chains on all four wheels took them out to the farm.

"Boy," Jake said as they approached the front door, "keep still and don't say nothing. This Doc Blodgett he don't believe anything either. He don't believe anything anybody tells him. He wants to see for himself."

"I understand," the boy said.

"I never say one word to him," Jake said. "I know it don't go." He led the way into a central hall. The boy saw a long table set for a meal. To the right was a small office with a desk and a letter file. A lean, hard-bitten man with prematurely white hair and a face with deep lines in it sat at the desk.

"Doc," Jake said, "I brought you a new boy. I brought you one sweetheart of a boy."

Doc looked up with expressionless eyes. "Yeah," he said, and made it the most skeptical word in the language.

Jake put his hand on the boy's shoulder and shoved him forward.

"Meet Mr. Blodgett," Jake said. Doc nodded almost imperceptibly. "Listen, Doc," Jake went on, "this ain't no ordinary boy. I never brought you no palooka yet, but this boy here, he's an exceptionally fast boy. Even now nobody can hit him with a right hand."

"Yeah," said Doc Blodgett.

The boy, bitterly embarrassed, wished that Jake would follow his own advice about talking to Doc Blodgett. He could see it was no use trying to impress Doc Blodgett with words. But Jake went right on.

"What is more," Jake continued, "he's got a straight left the kind you don't see nowadays no more He can jab the head off any boy you got. And you oughta see the way he makes those other boys miss. He can duck too. He can duck anything they throw at him. And he is one sweet hitter—clean. He is one sharpshooter."

"Yeah," Doc Blodgett said.

"Listen," Jake said; "I'm telling you you ain't never seen a boy like this one. He can box like one streak of lightning. He's the best boy I ever saw in my life. There ain't no better boys."

"Yeah," Doc Blodgett said. "Sort of a combination of Joe Gans and Stanley Ketchel and Jack Dempsey, I take it."

"I didn't say he was no heavyweight," Jake protested hotly. "He's a featherweight now, but still growing. You wait and see if what I tell you is not true. Maybe you will see a month from now."

Doc Blodgett turned to the boy. "You'd better go in and get your supper." He observed Barney in the background. "You, too," he finished.

The boy and Barney went out into the dining room. A dozen men—fighters, most of them—had already taken their places at the table. A motherly woman whom everybody addressed as "Ma" was bringing in enormous plates, each with a great slice of roast beef surrounded by vegetables on it. The boy and Barney sat down side by side. Nobody paid any attention to them except Ma. She brought them each a plate, and they ate.

There were no potatoes, no bread, and no butter But each man got a cup of weak tea and a dish of stewed apricots and two slices of thin hard toast They ate steadily, all of them, without speaking until they had eaten all there was. Then they leaned back and lit cigarettes. But even then the conversation was mostly conducted in monosyllables. The boy and Barney knew better than to speak up. The others were evidently too tired to talk. Doc Blodgett was famous for the severity of his training methods.

The boy sat around for two hours after supper with Barney, keeping quiet and listening All of the men played hearts or some other simple card game The boy gradually picked up the names of most of them. He had heard about Bingo Bowman. He was matched to fight Jim Flowers in March at Madison Square Garden. He was known to be a punishing fighter, but one who had difficulty in making the lightweight limit.

At five minutes of nine Doc Blodgett came in and gave the boy an outfit for road work—a sweat shirt and trousers of the same material, heavy woolen socks and shoes. At nine o'clock Ma came in with a tray of candles. Each man lighted a candle and went off to bed. Ma showed the boy and Barney to their rooms.

"You have five minutes to get into bed," Ma told the boy. "All lights are out at five minutes after nine."

The boy looked at the candle she had given him. He doubted if it would burn as long as five minutes. He couldn't read in bed. He lay awake a long time, resenting the restrictions on his liberty and resolving to show Doc Blodgett what he could do. He wouldn't say anything. But he would show him. He was annoyed at himself for minding Doc Blodgett's imperturbable manner He was more annoyed because he could not go to sleep He made a great effort to relax his body and drift off. It did no good. He tried it again and again and again. Then he was suddenly aware of a big bell, like a fire bell He jumped out of bed. All over the house other men were jumping out of bed He could hear them land on the floor By the time he got into the sweat shirt and trousers and had laced up his shoes, men were running downstairs. The boy ran too.

Doc Blodgett was out in front on horseback. He counted his men at a glance and set off down the road at a canter. The men ran after him over the snowy road. The boy had never done road work before. He had no idea how far he could run at this pace. But he was bound to keep up with the rest. He ran five miles before he got his second wind After that it wasn't so bad He kept up with the others, and followed them into the shower room in the gymnasium. The shower, alternately hot and cold, refreshed him. He ate an enormous breakfast.

After that the men sat around and played cards and waited for the mail, with the New York papers, until lunchtime. Nobody paid any attention to the boy or to Barney. But they followed the others up to the gymnasium after luncheon. The boy dressed in his boxing shoes and trunks. Doc Blodgett threw him a padded-leather head gear. The boy had never worn one before. He did not want to wear one now. But Barney insisted on adjusting the straps so it fitted properly.

"You can't take a chance on cuts around your eyes, chief," Barney said.

They walked out into the gymnasium together. Doc Blodgett caught the boy's eye and nodded toward the ring. The boy climbed through the ropes of the training ring and Barney, slipping through after him, taped his hands and laced on the big training gloves. The boy looked up and saw Bingo Bowman climbing into the other corner. He looked tremendous

"Call him a lightweight," Barney grumbled in the boy's ear "Lightweight!"

The boy studied Bingo He was short and thick. Barney went on grumbling. "That bird weighs forty-five if he weighs a pound. You're givin' him twenty pounds at least."

Doc Blodgett got into the ring and pulled the wire that rang the bell. The boy walked out of his corner toward Bingo. He didn't need to be told that Bingo was a hooker. Or that he had a punch in each hand. He could see it.

"Let's have a little speed," Doc Blodgett said in his expressionless tone.

The boy bit hard into the rubber protector between his teeth. Bingo came in with his head down. He looked wide open. But he wasn't. His chin was tucked in behind his left shoulder and his body was out of reach. All the hookers did that. The boy knew what you had to do. You had to jab away until you got a chance to shoot the right and straighten him up. You couldn't hurt him as long as he stayed in

(Continued on Page 120)

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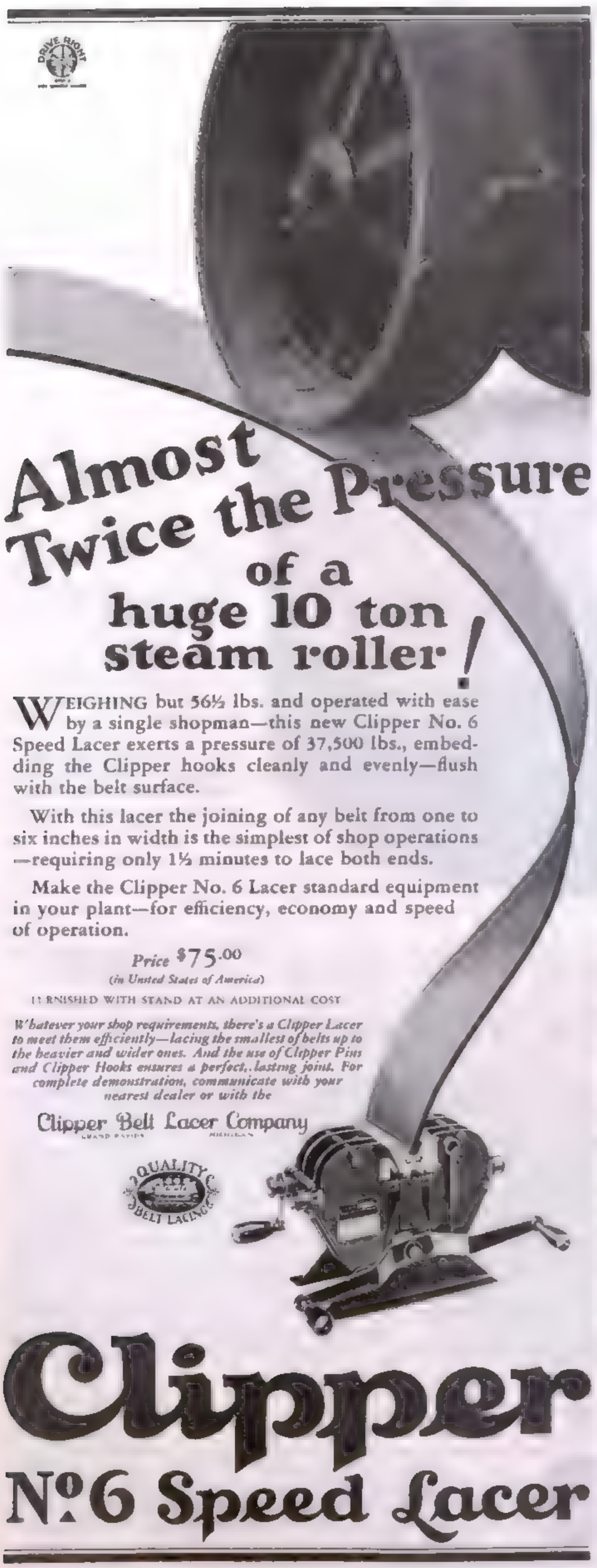

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Continued from Page 118

that crouch. You could only annoy him. You could only annoy him until you straightened him up or you made him miss.

The boy jabbed with his left. Bingo shot both hands, crowding in. The boy clinched. That wasn't so good. Bingo was too strong for him. That twenty pounds' advantage was everything in a clinch.

The boy got up on his toes. For a minute he danced, eluding Bingo's charges, until Bingo was convinced that the boy would do nothing but run away. And then, in the very act of side-stepping a rush, the boy stopped and struck. His left flashed out to Bingo's nose and his right thudded home under Bingo's ear. Bingo grinned and resumed the chase. Bingo was wise now. When the boy paused again he shot his left hook at the boy's head. But somehow the boy's head wasn't there. It was inches away. Bingo's big glove grazed his cheek. Again the boy snapped the one-two over and got away.

The bell rang. Doc Blodgett turned to the boy in his corner. "This isn't a waltzing match," he said in that cold voice of his. The boy said nothing. There was nothing he could say.

He went out for the next round thoroughly angry. He would show Doc Blodgett. He stood toe to toe with Bingo, swinging both hands, his head bobbing as he ducked Bingo's hooks. He hit Bingo ten times before one of those hooks landed. And then he sat down hard on the ring floor. But he wasn't hurt. He was only jarred. He got up quickly and circled Bingo. The Frisco Kid was a marvel at that. The Frisco Kid always called it going round him like a cooper round a barrel. You went round him so fast that he didn't have time to get set, so if you failed to duck one, it didn't matter. Stung, Bingo rushed the boy, hitting with both hands, driving him into a corner. The boy gave ground. There was no stopping a rush like that. He gave ground until he felt the ropes against his back, and then he dived under Bingo's right and was free again.

For three long rounds they fought to the same pattern—the boy keeping clear by superior speed and Bingo plugging relentlessly after him. The boy hit Bingo ten times before he took a blow in return. The boy made a monkey of Bingo. But nevertheless he knew that in the ring, in a real fight, Bingo would beat him. In the long run there could be but one end to such a contest; the boy would cut Bingo's face to stripe, but eventually Bingo would land one of those hooks that start from above and behind your ear, and crack your jaw and put out all the lights.

"That'll do," Doc Blodgett said to the boy. "Run along."

The boy ran along, Barney following. The boy lay on the rubbing table, his face in his hands. Barney rubbed, and while he rubbed he grumbled.

"And even then he wouldn't smile," Barney said. He meant Doc Blodgett. "That guy ain't a man," Barney went on. "He's a machine."

"Bingo is out of my class," the boy said.

"You mean you're outa his class," Barney said. "He hit you once in the first round an' after that you go three rounds wit' him and he don't connect once—not one clean shot. Do you think there's anybody in the world could 'a' done better'n you done, kid?"

"Never mind, Barney," the boy said. "It's up to us to keep quiet and take it."

They both felt better at supper. They both knew they were accepted as members of the group. Nobody said anything definite. But they could feel the difference in the air. Bingo grinned across the table at the boy. Only Doc Blodgett remained cool, detached, noncommittal.

They lived at Doc Blodgett's farm for six weeks. Every morning the boy was out on the road at a quarter-past six. He ran seven miles, sometimes eight or ten miles, every morning; boxed several rounds every afternoon; took the usual exercises for his belly muscles; punched the light bag and the heavy bag. He outboxed every man in the place, one by one. But Doc Blodgett never smiled. He paid no attention to the boy except to ask him if he didn't know what a left hook was.

The boy took the hint. He practiced left hooks. He practiced left hooks until the odd motion, which did such violence to the Frisco Kid's teaching, came more easily and smoothly. He kept on practicing until one day, boxing in the training ring, he was astonished and incredulous to see his man go down under his left hook. And very slowly, but very steadily, his weight grew. He was going through the hardest sort of training. But he gained under it. In six weeks he gained five pounds. He was well on the way to being a lightweight.

One night Doc Blodgett called the boy into his office. "I've got a fight for you if you want it," he said.

"I want it," the boy said.

"All right," Doc Blodgett said. "We'll go up to Boston and see if you've got anything or if you're just one of these gymnasium fighters."

The boy was mad. "What do you think?" he asked impudently.

Doc Blodgett's expression did not change. "I don't think," he said. "I prefer to know."

"I see," the boy said. He was sorry he had spoken and given away how anxious he was to know what Doc Blodgett thought of him.

"I will give you my opinion after you've gone fifteen rounds," Doc Blodgett said; "if you last that long. If you don't you can infer that I know you aren't much good."

The boy gritted his teeth. He hated Doc Blodgett and there wasn't anything he could say. He had to swallow his hate.

"Is that all?" he asked

"That's all," Doc Blodgett said. "You're fighting Billy Dallas of Chicago. Catchweights. Fifteen rounds. He'll come in around thirty-six or seven. The more you weigh the less you'll be giving him."

The boy walked out to the supper table. By the time he had eaten his supper he had got over some of his anger. He could begin to think. Billy Dallas was past his prime. But once, for a brief moment, he had been lightweight champion. He was a rugged old campaigner who knew every trick of the game and always turned in a good performance. It was no easy assignment to give Billy Dallas five or six pounds and beat him.

III

DOC BLODGETT sat by himself in the smoking compartment of the Pullman all the way to Boston. He gave no advice, said no unnecessary word to the boy until they were in the ring waiting for the gloves. At the last minute Doc Blodgett leaned over and spoke in the boy's ear:

"Can you follow orders?"

The boy nodded.

"Very well," Doc Blodgett said. "Save your right until I tell you to let go with it."

The boy was mystified. Doc Blodgett must have some reason for giving him such an order, but he couldn't imagine what it was.

In the first minute of the fight he knew that Billy Dallas was a better boxer than any other man he had ever met. He had an easy strength-conserving style; he took his time and wasted no effort. At first he seemed easy to reach with a straight left. The boy jabbed away as the Frisco Kid had taught him to jab. But the boy soon realized that Dallas was a past master at rolling with the punch. He could feel that Dallas' head was going away every time he reached it. And Dallas was hitting him oftener than he had ever been hit before. He didn't hit hard. He was going well within himself, like the wise old bird he was. But he hit often.

Between the rounds Doc Blodgett asked the boy why he didn't hook with his left. The boy went to work to find an opening

(Continued on Page 123)

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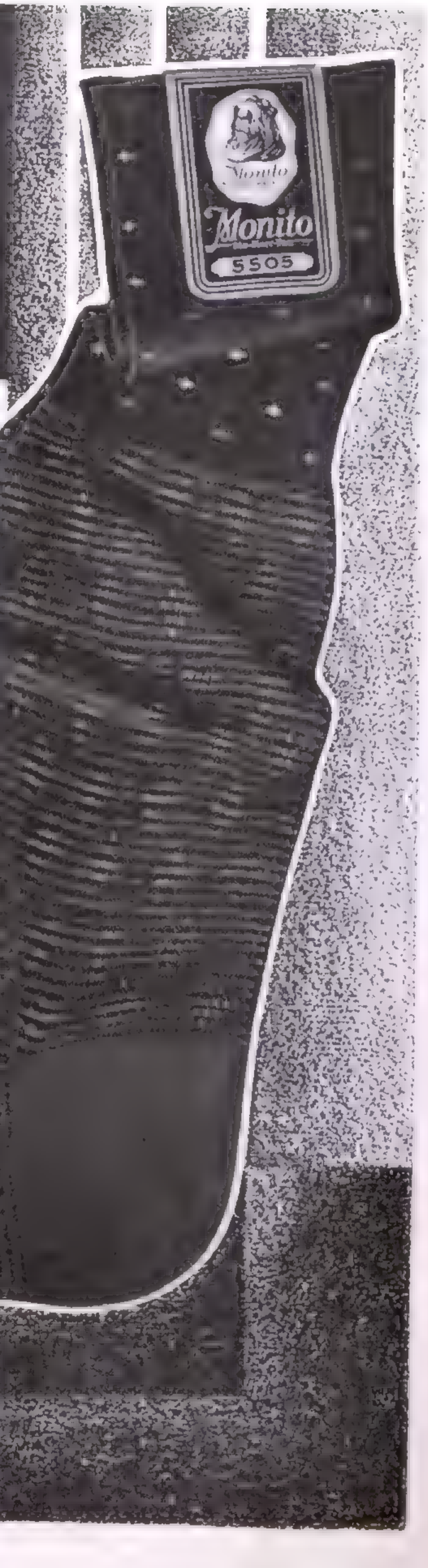

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The AIRPLANE FEEL OF THE NEW FRANKLIN

described by a well-known aviator

THERE is just one expression that fully explains the feel one experiences when driving the new Franklin—the feel of flying in an airplane," thus spoke a well-known war-time flyer after putting a new Franklin through its paces.

This aviator has piloted for more than twelve years, has well over a thousand hours flying time and has flown more than a dozen makes of airplanes.

Just Like a "Take Off"

"Stepping on the gas with the car in second gear is like pushing your throttle wide open for a take off. In an airplane, novices are startled to find themselves off the ground when they had no sense of leaving terra firma.

"Similarly in the new Franklin in second gear, one is at fifty miles per hour so smoothly, quietly and speedily that the sense of speed of the engine or noise, so commonly encountered when driving fast in second gear, is entirely absent.

"And then a short, silent shift to high and one really glides—so swiftly and quietly the car purrs along. Yet with all the sense of flying one feels perfectly secure and solidly placed, just as a pilot feels when gazing at the earth slipping by ten thousand feet below.

"Taking some of New York's curves, slippery with rain, at 60 miles per hour, gives one the solid and sure feeling the pilot experiences when banking his plane. No fear of slipping or skidding which the average motorist or new pilot inevitably feels until both become masters of their crafts. Even an inexperienced driver should feel a mastery over this new Franklin that comes to a pilot only after hundreds of hours in the air.

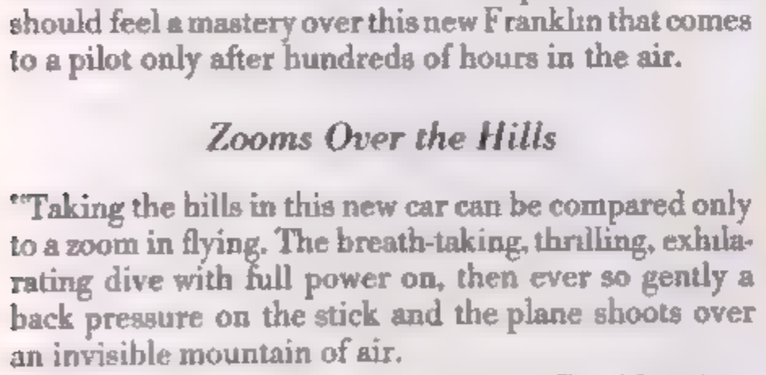
Zooms Over the Hills

"Taking the hills in this new car can be compared only to a zoom in flying. The breath-taking, thrilling, exhilarating dive with full power on, then ever so gently a back pressure on the stick and the plane shoots over an invisible mountain of air.

"This is even more satisfying in a new Franklin, since there are objects on the passing ground to give one an increased sense of speed.

"To a veteran pilot there is nothing more secure or safe than a good plane highly powered. And for the first time in motoring experience, this feel of mastery of the road, of the car and of any emergency that might arise is within the reach of the motor car owner.

. . . taking the hills with great speed in this car is comparable only to a zoom in flying.



. . . around wet and slippery curves, at 60 miles an hour with the solid and sure feeling the pilot experiences when banking his plane.

"I have driven this car at top speeds over rough hill roads, the inbuilt riding qualities smoothing the ruts and chuck holes, just as a high powered engine smooths the air bumps for the aviator.

Calls it the "Airplane Feel"

"This feel of a Franklin, which I choose to call the *airplane feel*, includes speed to spare; a pilot seldom uses full throttle except when taking off or in emergency—a sense of security or mastery of the craft under all conditions—smooth riding qualities—a feeling of power and exhilaration when the throttle is thrown open—ease of control and freedom from annoyances, all of which contribute to riding comfort."

When the *airplane feel* of the new Franklin thrills even aviators, it *must* be a remarkable experience. Just as air-cooling has made possible infinitely finer performance in aviation—so air-cooling has made possible this revolutionary new-type performance in the new Franklin. You are urged to drive the new Franklin, whether or not you are contemplating the purchase of an automobile. A drive is an education—a thrilling new experience—and a dramatic example of the leadership now accorded to the 1929 Franklin.

. . . when even the aviator is thrilled, the airplane feel of the new Franklin must be a remarkable experience.

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 120)

for a left hook. He could make Dallas miss, but somehow he didn't lay himself open when he missed. He would have liked to turn Dallas with a left and shoot his right. But Doc Blodgett had told him to save his right.

After six rounds the boy realized that he was tiring. He was holding his own, but he was a bit tired. That made him try harder. In the seventh round Dallas hit him with a left, and as the boy turned a little under the impact, Dallas shot his right through to the body. For a moment the boy covered up. And then, as the sick and dizzy feeling passed off, he saw that Dallas had played his own favorite trick on him. Dallas had used his left merely to turn him so he would have an opening for his right.

For three more rounds the boy used his left, holding Dallas off with his straight left, hooking at Dallas' head with his left when they were in close. Dallas had cut his face four or five times. Blood kept running into his left eye so he could not see out of it. Sitting on the stool between rounds he knew how tired he was. He wondered if he could raise his left when he got in there again. His left arm was dead. It had no feeling in it except when he tried to use it, and then it ached. He was in for a neat trimming unless Doc would let him shoot the right. His only chance was to go in there while he still had something left and play for a knock-out.

He fought on. He felt as if he were dragging himself around the ring. He wasn't groggy. He just couldn't lift his hands any more. He couldn't stay on his toes any more. He was shuffling around. And then he was back on the stool in his corner.

"All right, kid," Doc Blodgett was saying; "shoot the works."

The boy studied the phrase while he took great lungfuls of air. Doc Blodgett must mean he could use the right. He couldn't mean anything else. The bell rang. He was in there again. Dallas was coming quite fast. He'd saved something for the last round—something to get the decision on. The boy jabbed away, watching Dallas' left. Dallas kept feinting with his left. And then it came. The boy shot his right. Dallas went down under it. He went down under it and rolled over and tried to get up, and couldn't. It was all over. The boy stood there, his feet wide apart, while the referee counted ten, and then Barney grabbed the boy. He slumped into Barney's arms.

An hour later, when Barney had rubbed him down and mended all his cuts and fed him and put him to bed in his room at the hotel, Doc Blodgett came in.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"I'm all right," the boy said. He was so sore he could hardly move. But he wasn't going to tell Doc Blodgett that.

Doc Blodgett looked down at him. "You came through," he said softly. "You really came through."

"What made you think I wouldn't come through?"

Doc Blodgett shook his head. "You were too good a boxer. Too pretty to watch. I was afraid you couldn't take a pasting."

"I didn't take a pasting," the boy said

"Yes, you did, kid," Doc Blodgett said. "If you don't know it now, you'll know it in the morning. You were on your last legs."

"I was tired," the boy said. "I was so tired I couldn't raise my left any more."

"But you did raise it. Nobody but an old-timer like me could have guessed how tired you were."

The boy thought about that a moment. "Why," he asked "why did you tell me to save my right?"

Doc Blodgett smiled. "Don't you know?"

The boy shook his head.

"I was afraid you'd knock him out with it in about the third round, and then I wouldn't know what I had to know."

"I see," the boy said.

"I'm sorry I had to do it," Doc Blodgett said gravely.

The boy grinned. Doc Blodgett was sorry. He wasn't so grim or so machinelike as he pretended to be.

"It's all right—if you think I'm good – it's all right."

"I don't think you're good," Doc Blodgett said. "I know you're good. I'm going to cable Jake to go ahead and sign for that fight he's been yelling about—with Perault in London."

"Never heard of him."

"He's the European lightweight champion—Napoleon Perault."

"All right," the boy said. "I'd like to go to London."

"You go to sleep," Doc Blodgett said. "You go to sleep, and when you wake up you needn't high-hat me just because I've been fool enough to tell you that you are good."

IV

THE boy was sore, to begin with, the night he fought with Perault. He was sore because he had been in London for a month without ever a chance to go anywhere or see anything. He was sore at Jake for being so excited and so fussy.

Jake came bustling into the dressing room just before the boy was called to the ring. He was wearing a dinner jacket, with one of his big diamonds flashing in the middle of his shirt front.

"Do you know what they got out there?" he cried. "They got the cream of the cream! They got princes and generals and dukes out there! I never seen such a house in my life! And every one of them wearing the soup and fish!"

The boy glowered at Jake.

"Boy," Jake said, "you oughta see that house. They got dukes, I tell you."

Barney looked up from the tape he was putting on the boy's hands.

"How do you get to be a duke?" he asked.

Jake shook his head. "I ain't got the least idea," he said. He rushed off on some sudden errand of his own.

The boy went up to the ring a moment later with Barney. He climbed through the ropes and turned and faced his audience as he rubbed his feet in the rosin. It was true. The house was full of gleaming white shirt fronts. He sat down on the stool. The crowd made him angry. They were kindlier than an American crowd, but so utterly superior. He felt they regarded him as some sort of performing animal rather than as a man. Barney put the gloves on his hands, working the padding back from his knuckles. The referee was already in the ring and the announcer was signaling for attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, and pointed to Perault in the other corner, "the lightweight champion of Europe, Napoleon Perault of Paris." Perault stood up and bowed. He was a sleek young man with black hair plastered close to his head. There was a moderate applause. "And in this corner," the announcer continued as the boy stood up, "Arthur Wellington of New York." Again a mild round of applause. The boy sat down again. "Gentlemen, I ask you to note those names—Napoleon and Wellington. Not, of course, the Duke of Wellington, but nevertheless a duke—in fact, the Duke of Ninth Avenue, New York."

"What a poor joke," the boy thought. But the audience roared with laughter. The laughter made the boy mad. Why should they laugh at him? And how did this man know that he came from Ninth Avenue? Jake must have told him. Jake was a fool.

"Boys," the announcer continued, "give us Waterloo."

More laughter. The boy wasn't used to being laughed at. He hated being laughed at. He seethed as he stood in the middle of the ring receiving the referee's instructions. The bell rang. Perault lashed out with his left. The boy bent his head ever so quickly to let the punch go by and rushed Perault.

Perault, giving ground, stabbed with his left. The boy stepped in and let go his right with everything he had. Perault shot backward halfway across the ring and bounced his head on the floor and lay there, completely out. For a moment the referee was too startled to count, but as the house rose to its feet he yelled, "One!" Perault did not move. At the count of ten his seconds picked him up off the floor.

Down in the dressing room afterward, Jake raved. He walked the floor waving his arms and talking so fast that he was almost unintelligible.

"Ain't you got no sense?" he cried. "You got the cream of England and you don't give them a show for their money! You should know better'n to knock that bum out with the first punch! Ain't you got no showmanship?"

"Listen, Jake," the boy said; "I ——"

"Listen!" Jake cried. "Ain't I listening? What you got to say for yourself? Why, you ain't even sweating!"

"Jake," the boy said. But Jake was not to be interrupted.

"If you had any sense you'd 'a' give this boy a chance and we could 'a' gotta return bout in Paris. What Paris fighter do you think you gotta chance to fight now? None a them will fight you. We might as well go back to the United States on the next boat. Here I get you ten grand for this fight and plenty more fights to come, and you knock this bird out in the first twenty seconds. You made a fool of me."

"You made a fool of me," the boy said hotly. "You told that announcer I was the Duke of Ninth Avenue."

"I did not so!" Jake yelled. "He ask me where did you come from and I told him New York, and he said what part of New York, and I told him Ninth Avenue. What would I tell him?"

"You could have kept your mouth shut."

"You could have kept that right to yourself!" Jake cried. "You could have saved that right and not disappointed the customers!"

The next day they learned that they were both wrong. When they read the papers they knew that the boy had made his reputation and acquired a nickname that pleased the ear. Forever after he was to be known affectionately as the Duke of Ninth Avenue, the boy who had knocked out the lightweight champion of Europe with one punch, or, briefly, as the Duke.

Looking Down the Brule River, Wisconsin

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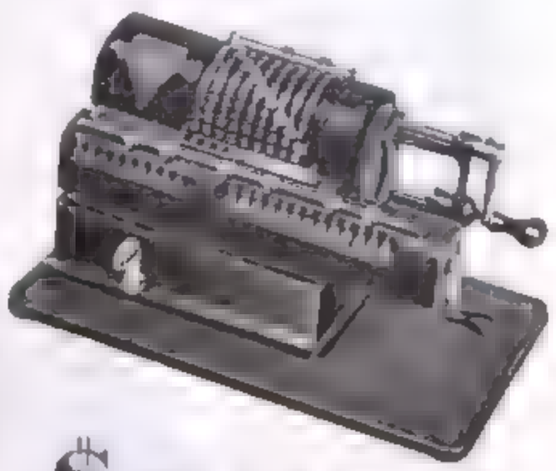

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YESTER THOUGHTS

(Continued from Page 31)

"Sure. I used to get sore givin' her all that feedin' and lettin' her walk away with the nifties." Bert's soreness at the memory of such rank injustice was genuine.

"Listen, Bert"—Art leaned over the table confidentially and Bert met him a good three-quarters of the way—"you know what Birdie used to do to me?"

"What was that, Art?"

"Well, it was this way, see? You know the place where she and I used to be standing on one side of the stage and she come out and walked past me two or three times?"

"Yeh."

"Well, I used to put in a few laughs a my own while I was waitin' for her, see, and what do you suppose she'd do? She'd come on earlier 'n she 'us supposed to, just to kill 'em. And that wasn't all, Bert; wait'll you hear. You know where I used to drop the cane? Well ——"

About four hours later, Bert wandered back to their car, trying his best to appear as nonchalant as though he had only been for a drink of water. But it was no use.

"Where do you think you've been?" Jewell demanded.

Bert tried to avert the inevitable avalanche with the news.

"Listen, Jewell; guess what. I found out why Art and Birdie split up." He threw the bomb and waited. It had not the desired effect, however.

"Yeh?" Jewell exploded caustically. "Well, see that you keep it to yourself. They might as well publish it in the N. V. A. News as to tell you."

"Can you beat it?" Bert asked himself indignantly as he followed her meekly into the dining car. "It's gettin' so a fella can't pass the time a day without bein' jumped on."

Meantime Birdie May, the diminutive, brown-eyed, wide-grinning darling of vaudeville who had laughed her way from the Parisian Dainties to the Palace, was standing in front of the call board backstage of the Golden Gate, all trace of the audacious grin that had been so hard to keep on the last months swept suddenly from her face.

She was staring at the names on the call board in front of her; the cigarette lighter she held to see them by shaking in her hand, a sharp pain catching at her heart.

Marcell Lamont and Art Claire! Art! The boy she had taken from a small-time band and made something of, and who had shown his gratitude by leaving her act to go with Marcell, just when they were getting used to each other and Birdie was thinking they could make a go of it for life. It had hurt. Still hurt. And now it hurt terribly—more than she could bear. She swayed a little against the board, the sad music of the tender parting scene of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in Love drifting backstage in muffled, melancholy waves, bringing to her eyes the tears she had vowed she was through with shedding.

To think he had left her for Marcell, whose very name betrayed the kind of a woman she was. But that was always the way of things. Men never appreciate the women who give everything. They want the kind like Marcell, who take all and give nothing. Well, he would find out when Marcell was through with him, when she had cast him off like an old shoe and he was in the gutter. When he was panhandling and not able to get any kind of engagement, she would write and offer to help him out. That would show him the kind of a woman she was. She composed the letter with the cruel announcement that had hurt her so staring her in the face.

"Dear Art," she would say; but no, maybe it would be better not to say "Dear Art," since he would no longer be dear to her. Just "Art" or "Dear Friend Art" would be better. "Dear Art: I heard from your agent, the other day, that you are down and out and not able to get a route. Believe me, Art, I was sorrier than I can express to hear of your bad luck, but, if you remember, I told you so when you threw over my act for Marcell's. As for me, I am happy to say that I am going better than ever, and open at the Alhambra, London, on a twenty-week tour. For old time's sake, Art, I am offering you your job back at twice the salary"—no, maybe fifty-fifty would be better; if they should get married it would all be the same anyway, and she would put it in the bank—"fifty-fifty with me, and you can have your share of the gags and be billed the same. For old time's sake, Art, let me hear from you, for even if you did give me a dirty deal, we all can't be perfect and I still have a soft spot in my heart for you, in memory of what we once were to each other. Your loving"—no, not loving; maybe sincere or faithful—"Your sincerely faithful little pal; the same when skies are blue or gray."

That would make him feel ashamed Birdie was already enjoying the reconciliation when she realized that Art's day of reckoning had not yet come, might never come. "Yester Thoughts!" She was inclined to be caustic, but it was not very satisfying, as Yester Thoughts must be going very well to be closing intermission. Her own position was only Number Four! She'd kick up a fuss and make the manager change her to next to closing. She looked to see who had usurped her usual place. Bert Connelly. Well, Bert and Jewell were her friends and she couldn't fight with them. The only thing for her to do would be to go so well that she'd knock the audience cold, so she would be difficult to follow. How would she treat him? He would be waiting to go on when she made her exit. She would just pass him by with her head up. No, it might be better to go over and shake hands and say, "How's tricks, Art?" like it didn't matter to her. Marcell would be crazy. Maybe, if she went out with Georgie Lewis and the band boys, he would be jealous. But no, if she went home alone, every night, not stopping to say how do you do or good night to anybody, he would see that he had broken her heart and made a wreck of her life, and feel like the bum he was. It was hard to call Art a bum and believe it. He was always so good-natured, so willing to do anything she asked him to. She remembered with a pang how he used to do all the work, and thought bitterly that he must be doing it for Marcell now. Then she broke down and cried miserably.

"I love him," she sobbed to herself. "I love him, the big bum."

She left the theater abruptly, not even stopping to unpack the new costumes she had been so anxious about—the little white-beaded one with its little cocktail jacket of silver for her first knock-out, the little gold sequins for her change, and the little green-taffeta bouffant with the little puffed sleeves for her supper shows. She told herself that she had no interest in clothes now that her heart was broken, and started to her hotel alone, sadly remembering how different it had been in the days when she and Art had never been seen one without the other. As she walked down Market Street she saw a cute little fur jacket with a hat to match that ought to look good on her, so she went in just to try it on. After all, a man likes a girl better if he knows she is able to get along without him.

On the train, speeding west, Marcell was allowing Art to brush her hair for her. This was one of the special little favors she bestowed upon him when she was in a very tender mood. Other favors—unpacking her trunk, hanging up her costumes, combing out her wigs, and running for headache powders—were almost ordinary enough to be included in the act, but brushing her hair was reserved for special occasions, when she wanted to get Art into a better mood. He had not been so docile now for several hours—not since the poker game with Bert.

"Does Artie want to rub Marcell's head with scalp medicine for her?" Marcell cooed, looking as alluring as she could manage after four days on the train.

But Artie was not overwhelmed by her generosity. He was not in a very sacrificing mood.

"No, I can't now, Marcell. I got to go outside for a little while."

Marcell stopped cooing and straightened up suspiciously.

"What for?" she demanded.

"Oh, just a breath of air," he answered, being Art and unable to argue with her.

"Well, you can get all the air you need in here," Marcell pouted. "You left me all alone for four hours this afternoon. I guess you think more of that old Bert Connelly than you do of me."

"Aw, Marcell, don't be foolish," was all Art said.

But he brushed her hair, and rubbed in the scalp medicine besides.

The Trixie Sisters were on. From her room, through a crack in the door, Birdie listened to the progress of their act. They were in their last number now: she could distinguish the words of the patter they half sang, half talked, in soft nasal harmony, hear the shuffle of their feet as they moved, in time to the music, to and fro, on the apron.

Say, you could sigh, you could cry,
you could die,
And all they would do
Is pass you by—hy—hy-y-y.
Now, down where I come from
It's a different song—
Everybody
Wants to help you along.
Say, it's mighty sweet, when ——

She closed her door softly. Somebody was passing. A man. She didn't want to see Art before she went on Her hands were shaking now. By this time he must know she was on the bill. She opened the door and looked out cautiously. The Trixie Sisters were warming up for their exit.

It's how do you feel; have you been away; We missed you a lot and why did you stay So long? I tell you ——

There he was standing in the wings, in his bathrobe. She knew by the top of his curly head under the arc. Art! She closed the door and leaned against it. How could she ever go out there and clown, with him in the wings, hearing her, maybe watching her? Panic took hold of her. She couldn't make it, that was all. She would pretend to be sick. Nobody could expect her to play under such a strain. She walked up and down nervously, her hands fluttering helplessly.

"I can't do it!" she cried tensely. "I was a fool to think I could!"

Jewell's soft humming next door stopped. She listened intently.

In a few seconds she was in Birdie's room, a make-up towel over her head, all expression painted from her face with the heavy grease paint.

"Birdie, honey!" was all she said, and Birdie was clinging to her.

"I can't go out there, Jewell! I can't! Not with my heart breaking like it is."

"Listen, honey." Jewell's voice was sympathetic, but very earnest. "You're not going to let him see how you care, are you?"

"I can't, Jewell. I don't care if he sees. He knows, anyway. He knows what he done to me."

"No, he don't, kiddie. He don't know, because he ain't got sense. There's not a man living that's got sense enough to know how a woman feels. It's all they're good for—breakin' women's hearts. He ain't worth it, Birdie."

"I know it, Jewell; I know he ain't. Only I can't help it if it hurts, can I?"

"Heart broken" says prominent YEGG

"I'm hangin' up me jimmy. A crook's life aint what it usta be. Last night I spots tree juicy "jobs" and no cop in sight. I woiks me way up to da doors. And smack! You coulda knocked me down wid a feather—every one had a Segalock. Ya couldn't crack one of dem babies wid a pickaxe. Tough luck, did ya say? Tough LOCK, see I."

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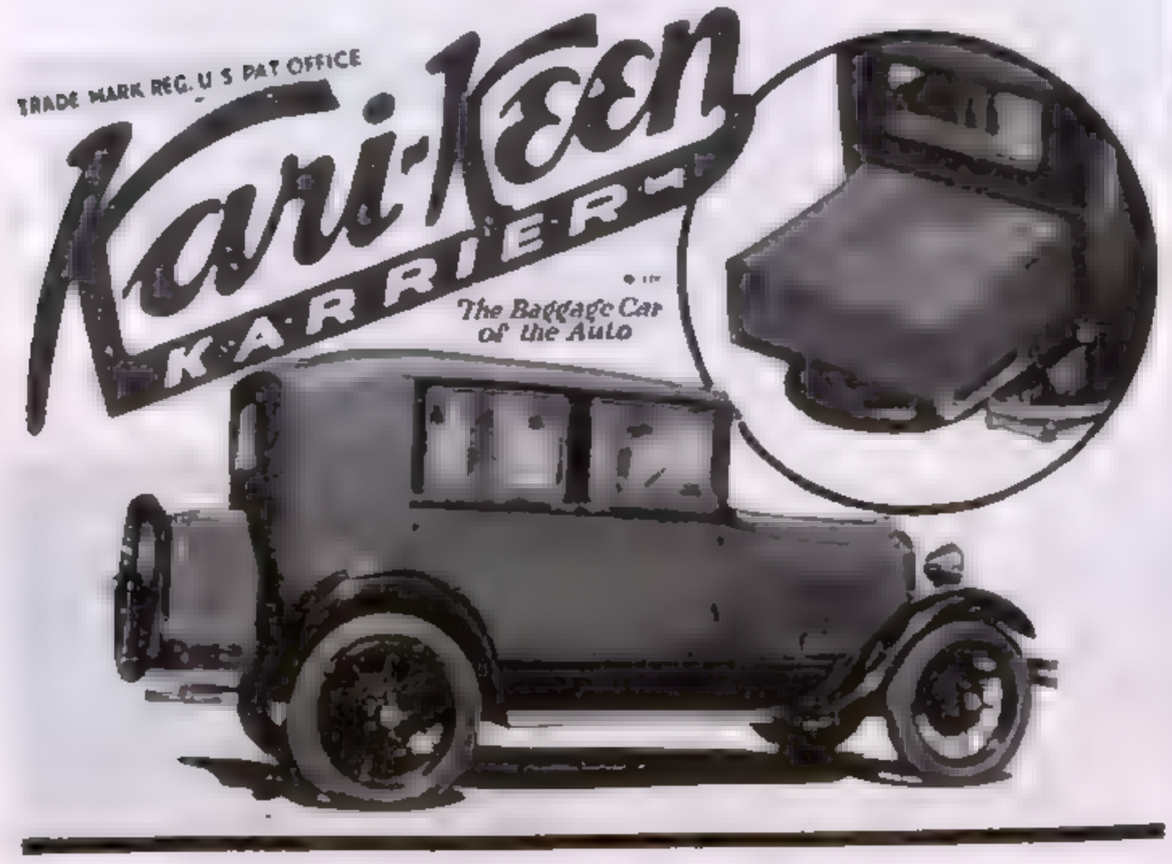

"No, honey, of course you can't."

"Jewell, I don't know what I done to him ——"

"Well, whatever you done to him is too good for him. But it's too late to think about that now, Birdie. You got to pull yourself together and go out there and give a show."

"I can't, Jewell, with him there."

"Sh-h-h-h. You don't want everybody to hear you, do you?"

"I don't care."

"You don't want her to hear, I hope." This sobered Birdie.

"You can't show her how you feel, you know. She's too proud of herself now, orderin' him around like she was cock of the roost. If I 'us you, honey, I'd hold up my head and I'd walk out there and knock that audience for a loop."

Birdie began powdering her face in a frenzy.

"I'm going to, Jewell. I'll show him I can do without him."

"That's the stuff, kid."

Birdie turned a twisted, piteously brave little face to her.

"Only stay by me, Jewell, will you? I got to have somebody."

"I'm right here, honey. Now, you put on a lot more rouge, and I'd mascara pretty heavy, so's not to show you bin cryin'."

"Yeh, I will. Jewell, where is it?"

Jewell kept watch while the frenzied process went on.

"You better hurry, kid. April Whatsis just said it was all a horrid dream, so it must be near her finish. Yeh, it is; they're takin' bows. Now, you just go out there and put it over like he was where he ought to be."

"I will, Jewell," Birdie promised, as she grabbed her changes and ran.

Art was already in his set, pretending to be fooling with the props as she passed him by. She had just time to make her entrance, and he heard her high heels click in the comedy walk she did across the stage.

She began to speak and he thought she sounded a little nervous. But she was always a little highstrung on opening days. He used to mix a triple bromide for her before she went on.

He wondered why she hadn't taken a new partner and was trying to go it all alone. Though he felt a certain relief, he felt guilty too. She had probably been so disgusted at the way he had treated her that she would never think of taking another partner. Still, her gags didn't seem to go so well when she made a monologue of them as they had when he was with her. He remembered how she had taught him to build up a gag, top a line, feed a laugh. She knew her business all right. But she didn't seem to be doing any of the things she had taught him, now. The laughs weren't coming so strong as they used to when he was with her. As soon as their drop was down, shutting him in, he peeped through the curtain. He didn't want anybody to see him rubbering at her. They were all probably talking about them anyway. Yeh, Bert was right. She was thin all right. She ——

"Well, how does she look to you?" He jumped to find Marcell at his elbow, glaring. "Maybe you'd rather be out there feeding her laughs than being in an act of your own."

He wasn't going to quarrel with Marcell now—not within hearing of the other performers. He could see Jewell on one side of the set and Bert on the other, all ready for the fireworks.

Marcell leaned over her gold chair, adjusting her mirror and changes, speaking to him in that deadly low tone known only to females.

"It's easy to see why you been actin' so funny." He did not answer, and she went on accusingly: "You knew all the time she was on the bill with us."

"Did I?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Suppose I did. What about it? She's got a right to work, hasn't she?"

Birdie was warming up now, and her audience was with her. The laughs were coming, one after the other. Marcell nodded in her direction.

"She sure seems to be broken-hearted over you," she said sarcastically.

Birdie took an encore, and the audience, good-humored at the appearance of a favorite, after a summer of pictures, begged for more. By this time Art and Marcell were in their first picture, ready for the curtain. The insistence of the audience disgusted Marcell. Finally Birdie came to the footlights again.

"I've got a little surprise for you, folks, for a change. I'm going to sing you a little song." Applause from the audience. "It's a brand-new song of Lou Leiman's, and you're the first to hear it." More applause. "It's called Shadows of You."

In the wings, Bert and Jewell exchanged frightened glances, and behind the drop, Marcell stepped disgustedly out of the pose, Art avoiding her eyes as she did so. Birdie began singing in a throaty little voice, strangely poignant, about a boy who went away, leaving a lonely girl in an empty room, filled with gloom, and the nights that came down too soon. The audience stared up with vacuous faces and felt deserted, while the actors in the wings made up their minds to introduce the number in their acts.

Birdie's voice became more husky as she came to the finishing phrase:

"I'm not reproaching, dear;
You're not to blame;
You'll always be the sa-a-a-a-me to me."

"Can you imagine, Bert, and Art right there behind her?" Jewell whispered, with tears in her eyes.

Bert couldn't. There were tears in his own eyes.

Birdie ran off, and in spite of the thunder of applause, she did not return to take a bow. For once, Marcell said nothing. The act did not go so well as it had on the tryout. Somehow, Art's speed, style and steps did not carry conviction.

"You know what I think, hon?" Bert said to Jewell, in the process of removing his make-up.

Jewell showed no curiosity as to his thoughts, being sore because she was dressed and ready to leave the theater, while Bert, instead of changing, had hung around gassing in the wings.

"I think Art would go back to Birdie if she'd meet him halfway."

Jewell was too sore to tell him now.

"You got a swell opinion of Birdie, thinking she'd take him back after he left her flat like that."

"Well, she loves him, don't she?"

"What's love got to do with it? A girl's got her pride, hasn't she?"

"I think Art's gettin' sick of that Marcell." This brought the desired interest; though not exactly as Bert thought.

"And suppose he is. What business is it of yours?"

"We're his friend, ain't we?"

"Not me. I'm no friend of Art Claire's, and don't you forget it."

"Well, you're a friend of Birdie's, ain't you?"

"And what's that got to do with Art being sick a Marcell?"

"Well, I thought, maybe, if you was to go to Birdie friendly-like and give her a hunt about how Art feels ——"

He got no farther, for Jewell quickly dashed cold water on his proposition.

"Yeh, I should go to Birdie," she said sarcastically. "Any time you catch me butting in anybody's affairs. I thought you had more sense. And you keep out of it too," she added. "You're no Cupid."

"Who said anything about butting in anybody's affairs?" Bert asked belligerently. "Can't a guy pass a remark without you hoppin' all over him? You didn't know me to be buttin' in yet, did you?"

"Well ——"

"Well, then, wait till you do, before you start pullin' that wife stuff." Bert was

(Continued on Page 129)

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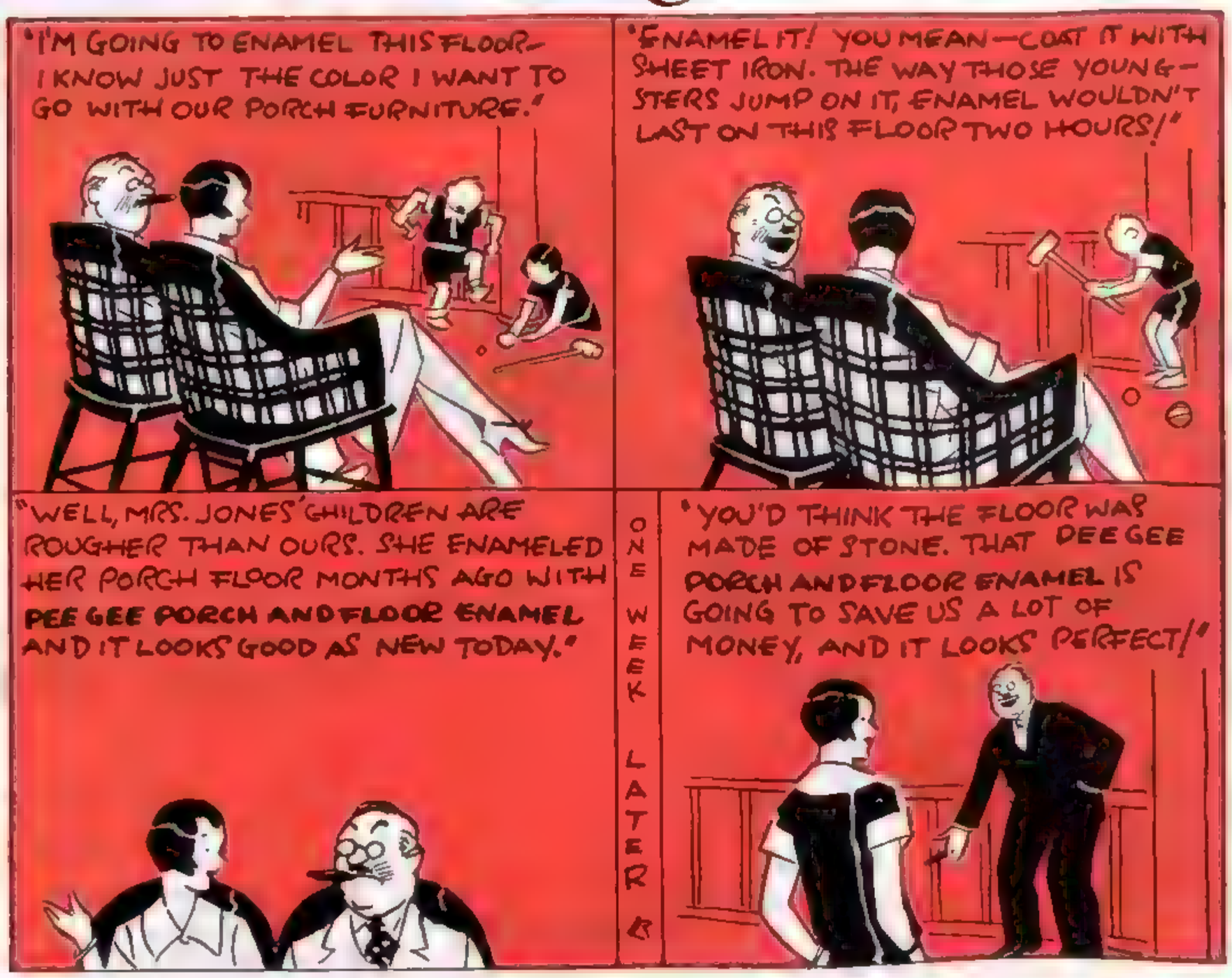
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(Continued from Page 126)

grieved at her misunderstanding. "If there's one thing I wouldn't do, it's monkey in somebody's private affairs. I don't believe in it."

"Well, I'm only tellin' you, that's all. Hurry up, will you?"

And Bert kept his word. He didn't mention Art to Birdie. Not at first. He let her mention him before he said a word. It took quite a little conversational maneuvering before Birdie was drawn out, but in the end she couldn't resist the chance to be sympathized with. It happened over their breakfast the next morning, while Jewell was resting until noon, which one has to do when one gives two shows a day. Bert was up and about around eleven himself, and encountered Birdie sitting alone in the dining room. They razzed a good many people before the conversation was turned toward Art.

"Birdie, I want to pay you a compliment," says Bert, when he saw she wasn't going to bring Art's name into it herself. "I hope you don't take it the wrong way."

"Of course I won't, Bert."

"Well, I don't want you to think I'm makin' a pass at you or anything, Birdie. You know I wouldn't do that, accounta Jewell."

"Of course, Bert."

"Not that you ain't attractive, mind you." Bert was passing up no opportunities.

"What was it you wanted to say, Bert?"

"Well, I'm here to tell you, Birdie, that I never knew a more refined girl than you anywhere. And I been all over."

"Aw, Bert."

"That's no boloney, Birdie. I was sayin' it to Jewell only last night. I says to her, 'It takes a refined girl like Birdie to carry herself like she's doin' this week.' You know what I mean, Birdie?"

"Sure, I know, Bert. You mean about Art."

"I says to Jewell, I says, 'Any other girl would be makin' herself common and startin' a row.' But I certainly got to admit I admire the way you're holdin' your head up, with never even a crack."

Birdie began to admire herself also.

"What else can I do, Bert? A girl's got to have pride."

"That's what Jewell says. Her and I was talkin' last night about the lousy trick he played you, and I says to her, 'Maybe Birdie would take Art back if she knowed how he missed her.' But Jewell steps on me all over, and says, 'Birdie's got pride, hasn't she?' She said you wouldn't take him back now if he crawled on his knees to you. And believe me, Birdie, I got to hand it to you, all the pride you got."

"Jewell's right, Bert. Of course I wouldn't." Birdie exhibited her pride somewhat dubiously.

"Gee, I sure got to hand it to you, Birdie; all the pride you got."

"After me trustin' him and all, like a brother."

"Gee!"

Bert's sympathy was too deep to express. He prodded a boiled potato thoughtfully, waiting for her to bite.

"Bert!"

He looked up quickly, innocently. "What's that, Birdie?"

"Bert, just now you said something about Art missin' me. How did—what made you say that?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Birdie, I shouldn't 'a' said that. It slipped out unawares. It was something that was told to me in confidence."

"You can tell me, Bert; I won't tell a soul."

"You wouldn't want me to break my word to a pal, Birdie?"

"No, Bert, of course not, but was it something Art said?"

"Art? Why, Birdie, I ain't said four words to Art," he said innocently, knowing that Birdie had watched him conversing with Art in the wings. "But you know how it is—two fellows understand each other better than a fellow and a girl. Sometimes it isn't all the fellow's fault, Birdie—just remember that."

"What do you mean, Bert? Art didn't say it was my fault, did he?"

"Art didn't say nothing, Birdie—understand that. Not a word. I'm only sayin', sometimes a fellow has his pride, too, Birdie, that's all. Just remember that."

"Bert——" Her eyes were pleading.

"You know a fellow likes to get a laugh himself, now and then, Birdie. We're all human, ain't we?" And saying which Bert took a toothpick and excused himself, leaving Birdie to remember sadly the way she had stepped on all the laughs Art got.

If there were any chances for Art and Birdie to make it up, Marcell saw to it that they were nipped in the bud. If he as much as wanted to watch another act from the wings, she found an excuse to keep him close by her side. All Bert's invitations to step to the corner for a glass of beer or have a game of Kelly pool in the lounge, were of no effect, and Saturday afternoon came without Birdie and Art saying as much as hello to each other. Birdie had given up hope by this time, and would have spoken to Art with no encouragement on his part, if she only had the chance. But all her visits to the theater for the mail that she didn't expect and the hours she hung in the lobby were of no avail. She left the theater after her act with the intention of going to her room to have a good cry, and, fortunately for her, Marcell, just entering her dressing room, saw her leave.

"Honey, run out to the box office and draw my money," she commanded Art lovingly, now that the week was almost safely over. "I got to hurry down and get that little coat."

Art signed for the six hundred dollars the act drew, thinking somewhat bitterly of the lesser portion of it he would get. Going back through the alley he met Bert.

"How about comin' in next door for a glass a beer, Art?"

"Wait a minute. I got to take this money back to Marcell."

"No, I only got a second, Art. I got to go on in a few minutes. Come on now; you got time."

Art gave in with misgivings, as he didn't want Bert to think Marcell was bossing him.

When they got there it was Bert who decided Art ought to have a little shot.

"You need it, kid," he told him fraternally. "I don't like the way you're lookin'. I don't know as I ever saw you look worse, Art," he went on dolorously. Art began to take pride in the hollow rings under his eyes. Over the drink Bert added sympathetically: "And no wonder you look so bad, kid. All you bin through this week."

Under the warming influence of a generous shot, Art didn't mind the presumption.

"Ain't it the truth?" he said.

Bert held up two fingers to the waiting bartender, and Art made no objection. "Let Marcell shoot off her mouth. A fellow's got a right to drink once in a while, hasn't he? It's a free country."

"It's been hard on Birdie, too, Art."

Art looked up, tears in his eyes. "Poor kid," he said.

"You know what she said to me, Art?"

"What's that, Bert?"

"She says to me—one day I took her to lunch, it was. I felt sorry for her; she looked so bad and all——"

"What'd she say, Bert?"

"I don't know as I ought to tell you, Art. She told me in confidence."

"Listen, Bert; we're pals, ain't we?"

"Well——"

"Are we pals, or ain't we?"

"'Course we are, Art."

"Well, shake."

They shook hands solemnly, Art making the sign to the bartender this time. He held the drink aloft.

"My pal, Bert—say, what is your last name, Bert?" This wasn't the trend Bert had meant the conversation to take.

"You wanted to know what Birdie said, Art."

"Oh, yeh, I wanted to know what Birdie said. Poor little Birdie!" He started to whimper. "Bert, listen!" He pawed at Bert's bosom. Then Bert grew somewhat emphatic about what Birdie said.

"Listen yourself. Do you or don't you want to hear what Birdie said?"

Art stared at him through glazed eyes.

"What the hell," he said. "Women are all alike."

"Listen, Art! I'm telling you this in confidence!" Bert yelled at the top of his voice. "Birdie said she wished you'd come back to the ack."

Art swayed a little and straightened up. "No kiddin'?"

"Yeh, she did, and if you tell her I told you I'll break your neck."

Art was leaning against the bar, pondering things over.

"Great little girl, Birdie. Greatest little girl on earth. Le's drink to Birdie, old pal." They drank.

"Listen, Art, why don't you can this Yester Thought palooka and go back? Who wants to be in an ack with such a name, anyway?"

"Bert, that's what I told her. I said, 'It's no good; it's been done on every tank circuit,' but do you think she would listen to me, Bert? Not her. So I'm a Yester Thought, Bert, old pal. Try that in your ack, will you?"

"Well, you know what you can do about it, don't you?"

"Wha's that?"

"Well, you know what I just told you? Birdie wants you back."

Art made a quick decision. "Where is she?"

"She went over to her hotel. If I 'us you I'd go right over."

"Listen, Bert. Will you take this roll to Marcell?" He spilled bills profusely over the sawdust. "Six hundred berries she pulls down, Bert. And do you know what little Art gets? Fifty-fifty, she tells me when I went with her." He held out a single hundred-dollar bill. "There's my fifty-fifty. Bert, take a good look at it. One little hundred smacker. And for that I got to pack her trunk and check the dog and brush her hair—Bert, so help me, that woman can think a more things to do——"

"You know what I'd do with that roll if I 'us you, Art? I'd take that roll and buy Birdie a nice engagement ring."

Art swallowed it, blinking. "You would?"

Bert snapped his fingers. "Just like that!" he said scornfully.

Art thought for a solemn moment, then held out his hand. "Shake!" was all he said.

They clinched it with another drink and Bert pointed out the way to the jewelry store.

"Now don't cry, honey boy; Birdie'll fix it up. What's mine's yours, ain't it?" Birdie was wrapping Art's head tenderly with cold towels, while he explained the origin of the ring she had on her finger. "We'd 'a' had to buy me a ring anyway."

"You can take it outa my salary, hon."

"We're not goin' to have salaries any more, Artie. It's fifty-fifty after this. And you can put laughs in if you want to."

"Laughs!" Art said scornfully. "Birdie, I'd rather play straight for you the rest of my life than be a headline comic like Bert Connelly." This reminded him of Bert's loyalty. "Bert sure is a pal," he said admiringly. "Ain't he, Birdie?"

"Yes, hon." Birdie assented absently. "Now, you take a good sleep, honey boy."

"Yeh, Bert's a pal," Art said as he drifted off, Birdie watching him happily.

The pal at this moment was having a difficult time to keep a wise grin off the side of his face.

"Why, no, Marcell," he was saying innocently to her query as to whether he had seen that big bum Art. "No, I ain't seen him since yesterday."

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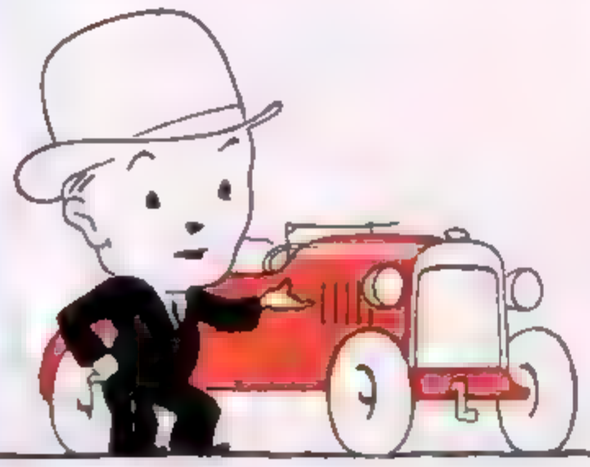
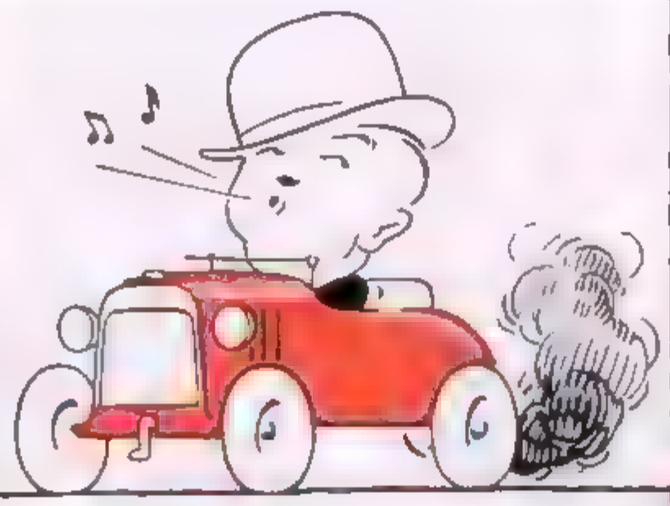
Stop, Look & Think

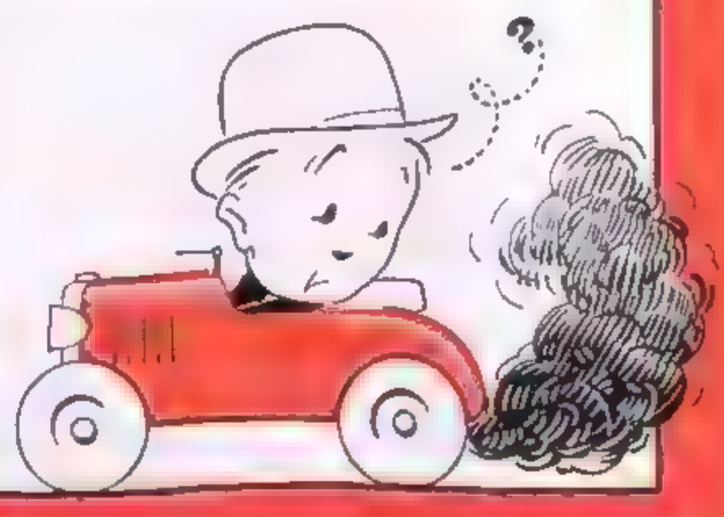
I never thought of piston rings
As being such important things.



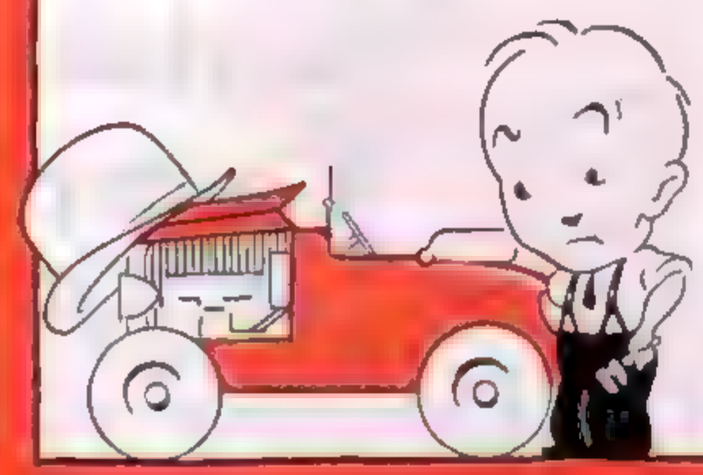
In fact, I never gave a pause
To all the trouble poor rings cause.



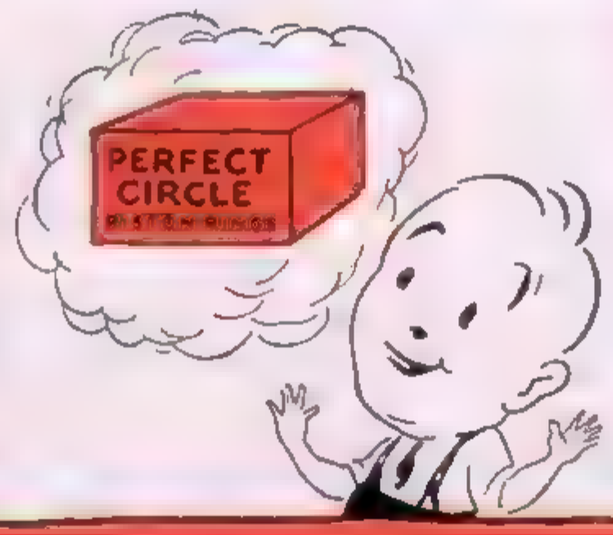
But then my motor started out
To limp just like she had the gout.



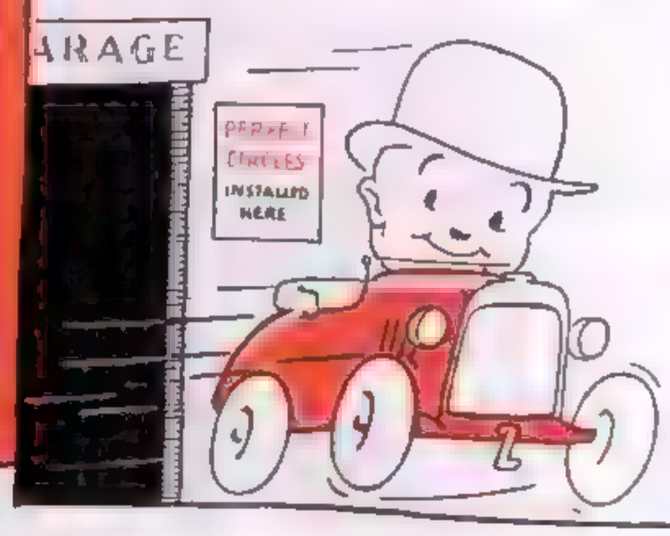
She ate up oil...she fouled her plugs...
I couldn't seem to find the bugs.



Then PERFECT CIRCLES flashed to mind...
'Twas strange I'd been so very blind!



I say to you—and say it strong:
Think first of *rings* when things go wrong!



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PISTON RINGS

FAIR EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 5)

"That's right, sir. We take them in turn so that each group sees a movie twice a week, sir."

"Well, cancel this show tonight, keeper. I want to make certain that every man is locked in his cell tight and safe as a bug in a rug. For the next week or so we'll do without amusements. I want to wait until I have the situation well in hand. Want the men to know I'm boss and know my own powers."

Surprise was in the head keeper's eyes. He moistened his lips thoughtfully and rose carefully to flick ashes from his cigar into a huge brass cuspidor.

"The boys are used to their movies," he ventured. "I was just thinkin', sir, that the quickest way to show them they've got nothin' to fear from their new warden is to follow along pretty much as usual."

"After all, they're prisoners," the warden snapped. "We can't show fear of them. I want them to know that I'll not hesitate to show where I stand and who is the boss. Cancel the movies."

"Very good, sir."

"And another thing. I want you to keep me posted on what occurs in the prison. We've got some bad eggs in here and I don't want any trouble with them. The quickest way to set ourselves, keeper, is to put these fellows in their place and keep 'em there."

"I always make a report every four hours, sir."

"Continue that. There may be a lot I've got to learn about running a big prison, but there also may be a lot I can teach other people about handling men. I'm self-made myself and I guess you know I've got a good deal of power with the administration."

"Yes indeed, sir."

"Let it go at that. Carry out my orders and leave them in effect until I change them."

The head keeper nodded respectfully, though doubt loomed in his eyes.

"How many men are in the death house?" the warden asked.

"Three, sir. Manguvia goes next Thursday night 'less he gets a reprieve, you know."

"I mean guards," the warden snapped, "not prisoners."

"I beg your pardon, sir. There's the usual one man in each block, sir."

"The prisoners are locked in twenty-four hours a day?"

"They have half an hour twice a day, sir, for walking in the court."

"And only one guard in attendance?"

"Why, yes, sir. There's no danger of escape. Even if a man killed his guard, or overcame him, he couldn't get out of the death house. And even if he did, sir, he'd never get out of the prison itself. Anyway, most of those fellows are mighty good friends with the guards. They're the only ones they ever meet, you know. They get to know each other."

"Until further orders," the new warden ordered curtly, "double the guard and cut the walking to one half-hour period. I'm taking no chances until we've shown these birds we know our job and can handle it."

"Very good, sir."

The warden rose from his big chair and stepped around the desk. He held out his hand suspiciously.

"Let me see your gun, Dolan," he demanded.

"Gun, sir?" Dolan asked in surprise. "I have no gun! None of the guards carry a gun, sir, except those on the outer walls."

"How about the men in the death house—I mean the guards—don't they carry them either?"

"No, sir. There's never been a gun in the death house since the new one was built. Murderers are the easiest of all to handle. You see, sir ——"

"You're whopping right I see," the warden snapped. "And that's another thing we'll change. This coddling of prisoners and this bunking ourselves about reforming them with kindness quits right now. See to it, Dolan, that every guard in the prison is equipped with arms inside the next hour. See to it that each of them carries his weapon where it can be seen too. There's nothing that'll wipe ideas of escape out of a man's mind quicker than getting a good look at the business end of a gun."

"But, sir ——"

"My idea of coöperation is not argument about orders, Dolan. You'll learn to know me better."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll see that it's done, warden."

The head keeper departed. As he passed through the outer office one of the older clerks there glanced up inquiringly. The keeper shook his head dubiously. Immediately everyone in the office knew that inexperience had been elevated to the seat of power.

Looks of concern filled various faces. Inexperience in a prison, they knew, generally carried dire results.

II

THE elderly clerk in the outer office rolled his eyes and jerked excitedly at his grizzled mustache. Years of clerical work had left their stamp upon him in his stooped shoulders, the expectant look which uncertainty had traced about the wrinkles of his mouth, and the furtive habit he had developed of looking upward over the lenses of his glasses when the slightest sound came from the direction of the warden's private office.

But now the man was changed. He was frightened. There was no dullness in the expression of his old eyes. Having found it impossible to concentrate his attention upon the top of his small desk, he had removed his spectacles and carried them now, bows flopping, in his hand.

"They're in there," he whispered to a guard who entered the office from the yard. "I dunno where this thing is goin' to end. Hell's poppin' in there right now, you can bet!"

The head keeper opened the door of the warden's private office. His face was pale and drawn, his voice taut and his gestures nervous and irritable.

"Get me," he said to the elderly clerk, "the records of the men in C block. Make it snappy too."

The clerk hooked his spectacles over his ears and started rummaging in the files. The head keeper slammed the warden's door from the inside.

"Everybody knew it'd come to this," the clerk lamented to the waiting guard. "I never seen such nonsense!"

"All secure at two o'clock," the guard reported mechanically. "See that you mark that down now, Feathers. There's trouble 'nough without missin' a report an' draggin' me up on the carpet for it."

The clerk waved his hand angrily and the guard, having duties of his own which less and less attracted him, left the office and returned ominously to them. The door of the warden's office opened once more and a guard called out: "Bring them in a few at a time, Feathers. Use your bean a little. Can't you see the joint's about to burst into flames?"

He caught a few of the records from the clerk's hand and returned, slamming the door behind him. Feathers paused long enough to pray maledictions upon all and sundry who put a man behind in his reports. But his withered lips drew into a thin line from the glimpse he had caught of the inner sanctum.

The warden was pacing the floor, his hair in disarray, his face flushed and his voice testy and pregnant with worry. Even as he stood looking, Feathers was called into the room for the purpose of answering questions about the records he had submitted from his files. So it was that he saw and

(Continued on Page 133

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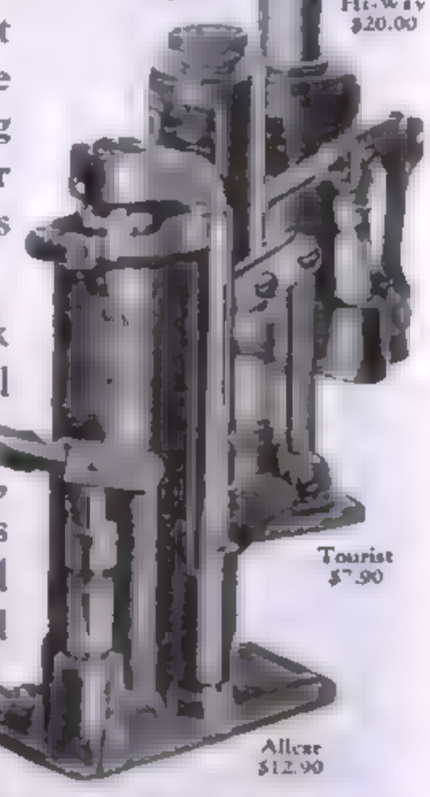

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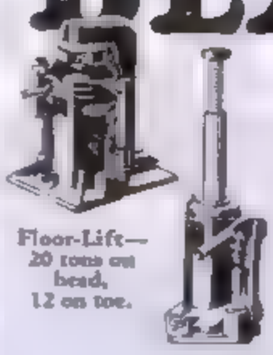

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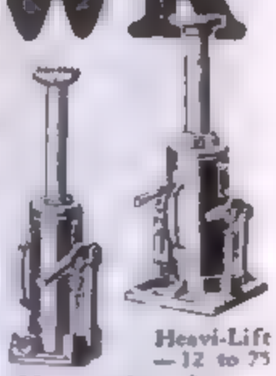

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(Continued from Page 131)

heard first-hand that which had shaken the prison to its very foundation.

The warden was still pacing the room and talking a little wildly. Dolan was doing his best to maintain a discreet silence. Four other guards were present, and they emulated their immediate chief and let the warden himself expend such conversation as there was, other than direct answers to direct questions.

"I can't for the life of me see," the warden growled for the hundreth time, "how the devil the thing could have happened. I could almost believe there was collusion." He whirled in the midst of the sentence to face a white-faced guard. "Was there collusion?" he demanded angrily. "You answer me straight now, you whelp! Was there?"

"You can't talk to me like that, sir!" the guard answered tensely. "You're accusing me of furnishing prisoners with firearms! I say right to your face that you're crazy! Would I turn a gun over to a killer right here where there'd be no chance of getting away with it?"

"It'd be impossible for him to get it any other way!" the warden declared flatly. "And don't dare to talk to me like that either! I'll fire you outa this place quicker'n scat, understand?"

He stopped short and glared at his subordinate. The guard stood his ground.

"You look here, Mr. Warden," he answered hotly. "I could stand you accusing me of crookedness, because I think you're a fool to begin with. But I won't stand for this business of having you infer that I handed a gun to a prisoner with the idea of having him kill my friends when he tries to escape! You better paste that right in your hat and figger on it from now on. I'll go to the governor himself before I stand for that. I'll tell him who turned the guns loose in the prison in the first place! That was you, see?"

"Bosh!" the warden stormed, though there was less of the domineering note in his voice. "There may be clever pickpockets in here, but not as clever as you'd like to have us believe. Anyway, you can't guard dangerous criminals with matches! The governor'd throw you out."

"There's never been anything like this before in this prison," the guard protested. "That's because there never were guns around to tempt the boys. You're the kind that makes trouble by furnishing temptation. Everybody tried to tell you not to start this business."

"Oh, damnation!" the warden stormed. "Does this talk get us anywhere? The fact is there's a loaded gun loose in the prison; a dangerous criminal fully armed and only waiting his chance to cut loose at the first man who stands between him and liberty! That's the fact of the matter, and it's all we got to go on. You fellows claim you've searched the prison. Well, do you call yourselves keepers if you can't find as big a thing as a gun? You've been through every cell, through every nook and cranny of all the shops, scoured the grounds, the walls and the whole works, yet you can't find a loaded gun? What are you—blind?"

"I've seen pet dogs hidden in this prison, Mr. Warden," Dolan spoke up. "Hidden so that the devil himself couldn't have found 'em, sir. And ten minutes after the dog-catcher had left, half a dozen puppies runnin' around tryin' to lick your hand! The men have ways of their own."

"Then we better develop some ways of our own!" the warden raged. "I want that gun, see?" His fist pounded against the desk surface and his eyes bulged. "You fellows have got to get it. Here it is mid-afternoon. We got to get that gun before dark. Now what'll we do? Start searching and go over the same ground again?"

"That'll do no good, sir," Dolan answered, tight-lipped. "I know a good deal about these things, sir, that you don't. I don't mind sayin' that you got off on the wrong foot, Mr. Warden. You'll never find that gun unless by sheer luck You don't know the men you deal with."

"I know they're criminals!" the warden stormed. "I know they'd rob and steal and kill if necessary. Every one of them is just waiting a chance to escape!"

"Mebbe so," Dolan admitted helplessly. "A harmless canary will sing its life away in a cage until somebody leaves the door open! And after all, these men are human. You forgot that. They hate you, sir, fer cuttin' out the movies. They hate you fer keepin' the condemned men tighter'n ever. Just as soon as you challenged 'em with those guns, they took you up. Now you're out of luck. Somebody'll likely get shot up too."

"Haven't you got a man in all that bunch of prisoners that'll peach on these birds?" the warden demanded to know. "How do you run this prison, anyway? Are we running it, or are the prisoners? Can't we bribe some information out of them?"

"Right now, sir," Dolan lamented, "they're pretty near runnin' things! So long as we don't know just where the break will come, we got to keep our forces divided watchin' all corners. All we know is that Jim, here, lost his gun in C block. That don't mean the gun stayed in that block more'n ten seconds."

The warden stopped again and puffed his flushed cheeks in sheer amazement. "Do you mean to tell me, Dolan," he demanded, "that you actually can't get that gun? You admit it? You stand there and tell me to my face that you can't locate a gun in this prison? You boast of your own inefficiency?"

"I know you won't find the gun till you hear it, sir," Dolan answered steadily. "I been in prisons," he qualified, "for the last twenty years. I know what I'm talkin' about. You could stand every man in this place on his head for a week and never learn a thing. You could put a guard at every cell door, and when the time came, somebody'd be shot as though that gun had dropped from the heavens. I'm not boasting of any inefficiency. I'm tellin' you what I know, and what every man in the prison knows except yourself."

"What's there to do, then?" the warden pleaded. "Are we to stand around guessing just which one of us will be shot?"

"That's about the situation, I'm afraid," Dolan nodded. "This is just a fine proof of the fact that it pays to treat men fairly and like human beings. Whoever has that gun won't shoot a man who has been fair to him, sir. You can lay a bet on that. It's our only hope."

"I suppose then," the warden sneered, "you feel pretty safe?"

"I never gave a man who rated four slices of bread, five slices," Dolan said steadily. "But I never gave him three either. They know what they rate and they know I'll see they get it. That, and no more. It's all they ask."

"Yet you, knowin' all about prisons and prisoners," the warden went on angrily, "ain't got a recommendation to make in this emergency?"

"No, sir. You've cut off the grievance committee, Mr. Warden. There's no way to get a square message to the men that they'll understand or believe. They don't trust you. You started wrong."

"What's that fool grievance committee got to do with this?" the warden demanded.

"Everything. Under the old plan the warden would have pointed out that only trouble could come of an attempted break. Men would die, perhaps, and trouble would make all the inmates suffer. Then he could have reasoned with them."

"Do you mean," the chief interrupted, "that if the old warden was here you would have a chance to locate the gun?"

"This never would have happened if the old warden ——"

"Damn that notion!" the warden exploded. "Answer my question."

"Well, yes, sir. I think the old warden could reason with the men. After all, they don't want trouble."

"Suppose we slap every man in the prison into solitary," the chief argued; "that'll bring 'em to their senses, won't it?"

"You'll have to be responsible for that, sir," Dolan said. "You'll start the darnedest mess, sir, that ever a man faced, if you start that sort of business!"

The man responsible for the dire situation whirled to his hopeless pacing again, and as he did so, noticed Feathers, the clerk. Instead of proceeding with his original plan of seeking clews in the records of prisoners in C block, he seemed stricken by a sudden and new idea. He turned again to Dolan and permitted heavy sarcasm to temper his voice.

"This man," he said, indicating the clerk, "has the old warden's home telephone number. Mebbe we better call him up and get his advice. Accordin' to you, he's just about omnipotent!"

"I'd sure like to talk with him," Dolan admitted seriously. "You'll find, Mr. Warden, that things are goin' to get hotter and hotter as time goes by. The men are boiling just as much as we are. They know something's wrong. We've got to do somethin' pretty quick and the old warden knows his men."

"I'll git him right away," Feathers said; thus, through misunderstanding of what was expected of him, solving a most trying situation. None stopped him as he started for the door and passed into the outer office. While he was gone the warden paced the floor and the others lapsed into the silent depths of their own thoughts.

Feathers reappeared shortly and said to the warden: "He's on the telephone, sir. Says he thinks you'd better talk with him yourself, 'cause he wouldn't want to interfere."

The new warden seized the telephone and said: "Hello—hello there, warden. Glad to hear your voice. . . . What's that? . . . Oh, thanks, thanks a lot. . . ." He listened a moment, then rather pompously: "Well, it's a fact that we've got quite a problem over here. I thought that, with your experience. . . . Well, say, that's darned decent of you. Right sort of fellow, you are. I'll not forget it. . . ." Then, after another spell of silence: "Awright. We'll wait right here for you. It'll take half an hour, will it? That'll be fine. And thanks again." He hung up. One of the listening guards sighed his relief audibly.

"Keep a close watch of things everywhere," the warden snapped importantly. "I won't need the rest of you when the old warden arrives. If I do I'll send for you. But remember, not a man sleeps till we find that gun. If anything starts before we do find it, shoot. Shoot to kill too. I'd rather kill one of them than have them kill one of you. There'll be the darnedest shake-up in this place ever you saw if there's an escape. I'm going to keep a record here clear of escapes, understand? That's the first thing the governor expects, because he told me so himself!"

The men rose without comment and went through the outer office and so to their duties. The warden lit a cigar and chewed savagely at its end. Shadows on the outer lawn beyond the window attracted his attention and he watched there a group of prisoners at work cleaning the grounds. He lay back in his chair and glared at them. He suddenly realized that he hated them all. One of that very group might have the gun!

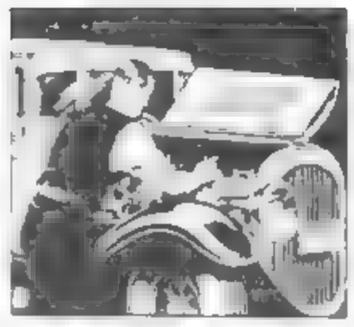
One of that group, or any one of a hundred similar groups that worked in the shops, might have it. The gun had become as the proverbial needle in the haystack. But, unlike the simple needle, it cast a shadow of terror over the vast institution. It had become in the warden's mind as a rattlesnake coiled hidden under a cactus; slumbering death waiting the hour to strike.

III

WHEN the old warden arrived, the new one received him in the familiar office and passed the cigars.

"I suppose," he ventured, "that I look like an awful chump to be in trouble a week after taking over this job."

"Not at all," the other assured him knowingly—"not at all. I've felt like a



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chump a million times dealing with these fellows. Don't ever worry when you're outsmarted a little by the prisoners. You'll learn not to let it worry you. Nobody ever yet dealt exclusively with crooks and came out ahead all the time! There are plenty of crooks here and some of them are cute; not smart, understand, but cuter than a fox."

"That's a pretty tolerable angle," the incumbent said thankfully. "I made up my mind," he went on by way of explanation, "that I'd better settle the question of authority at once. So I changed one or two minor rules—just temporarily, you understand—and armed the guards so that ——"

"You haven't lost a gun, have you?" the old warden asked, startled. He got his answer from the look of confusion that overspread the other's face. "That's bad business," he said frankly, rising from his chair and unconsciously assuming authority and interest. "Darn bad. What are the facts?"

"Few enough, I must admit. One of the guards—Keller, his name is—just naturally walked in here without his gun. Nobody bothered him and he ain't exactly sure where they got it away from him. He thinks it was in Block C, but he ain't sure. Anybody in the prison might have it."

"Keller's an honest boy," the old warden avowed. "Someone just clipped him for it. Was the holster cut at the top? The gun was buttoned in, wasn't it?"

"No. I guess I made a bull, all right," the warden muttered, his eyes downcast. "But I ordered the guns carried openly, so's to show the men that they were ready for use."

"Yes," his compatriot agreed frankly, "you made a bull—a bad bull."

"We've searched the prison and every man in it ——"

"A waste of time," the experienced one interrupted. "What time did Keller miss the gun?"

"Right after lunch. He reported to me at one-ten o'clock."

"It's ten minutes of three now," the visitor muttered after looking at his watch. "What about the grievance committee? Maybe if I talked with them ——"

"I cut that out, too," the warden confessed.

"Good night! You haven't got a leg to stand on, warden! All you can do is sit here and wait for the blow off."

The man of experience took to puffing at his cigar and pacing the office floor. His puffs and his steps synchronized and it was so plain that he was groping for a loophole that the incumbent of the familiar chair was content to sit silent and await his further words. At long last they came; terse, decisive, penetrant.

"You listen a second," he said to the warden. "I've got a lot of friends in this place. Friends inside it and friends just working here. If you don't get that gun, some of those friends are going to be killed. Hell will boil over in your lap, warden. There's only one thing to do."

"And that?" the warden asked. "I'll do whatever gives us a chance to save the situation."

"Do you really mean that?" the other asked tensely. "Will you leave this job in my hands?"

"I've got to. I admit I'm at the end of my rope," the warden lamented. "We've simply got to get that gun. The last thing the governor said was 'no escapes.'"

The old warden pressed a button and Feathers entered the room.

"Feathers," he instructed, "bring me Connie Blue's record. He was here in 1910 and again in '16. Bring both envelopes, because there's a memo I made on one of them."

Feathers nodded and departed. In a moment he returned with the desired papers. The old warden glanced over them cursorily, finally called the clerk to his side and pointed to a number in the upper corner of one of the papers.

"Call Connie on the telephone at that number," he said. "If you can't get him there, find out where you can get him. Tell him I'm calling and it's hot. Keep after him till you do get him. Use police headquarters if necessary."

"That's a long-distance call," Feathers announced practically; "you'll have to authorize it, sir." He spoke to the new warden, who swore at him and ordered that the call be put through.

There followed more than an hour of tense waiting. The two men sat alone in the office awaiting the results of Feathers' effort. Now and then the new warden would call out angrily for some report. Now and then keepers would enter and make the customary routine reports of prison activities. Everything, however, became routine but the business of reaching the mysterious Connie Blue.

During the hour they waited the old warden explained his plan:

"Connie Blue is a famous gang leader, warden," he said. "There are not many men inside he does not know and there is none who does not know him. I want to get him here, turn him loose in the prison and find that gun. A gunman himself, he knows the harm that guns can do. In here, that gun means anywhere from one to six deaths with little or no chance of escape by the man who has it. Connie will see that. It's the last chance we've got."

"When I think of one of these crooks gloating over his scheme to escape," the warden said, "I shudder. What one of the thousand is it? When and where and how will he strike? Who will he kill first? Lord, man, I'll go mad just thinkin' about it!"

Then the call came through and exultantly the old warden received it.

"Connie," he began, "this is your old friend the warden. . . . Well, you heard right too. I'm no longer on the job. I resigned a week ago."

He listened a moment, then: "Not so bad as that, Connie. The new man thought you had to scare people to run a prison, that's all. He ain't as bad as he's painted. . . . Yes, that's right too. Pretty dumb, maybe, but meant all right."

There was a long interval of silence, during which the warden could hear the tantalizing murmur of the mysterious Blue's voice without being able to distinguish his words. Finally the old warden spoke again:

"You're right, of course . . . and that's just what has happened, Connie. . . . Yes. Got it at lunchtime today and we've no trace. I figured you might save some good friends a lot of rap by coming on here, Connie, and seeing what you could do. We'll settle for your railroad fare if you can get away tonight. Looks to me like you'd better come, boy. You know we'll win out in the long run and a lot of good fellows'll take the slug for tryin' to crush out, Connie."

Another silence; then, relief in his voice, the old warden said: "That's fine, Connie. We'll be expectin' you in the morning. I'll handle this and you deal with me, I promise."

He hung up the receiver. "If any man alive can get that gun," he snapped vehemently, "Connie Blue is that man. If you really want me to advise you through this, warden, I'll take hold with a few suggestions."

The warden urged him to act. Accordingly, the man who had resigned summoned various guards and clerks. To each of them he gave instructions which, in most cases, were received with knowing smiles of relief.

"You," he said to Dolan, "tip off a few of the wise ones that Connie Blue is due here tomorrow at breakfast time. Just pass that word casually. Then see that the electricians test out all the big flood lights so that the entire grounds can be flooded all night. Post the emergency guard and stand by. If Blue fails to do his stuff, there's nothing to it but to wait for the blow off and take our medicine. But I think Connie'll produce."

That night in the prison was one which every man, whether he was in gray or blue, would never forget. A new warden going through the fires of his own mistakes. An old warden, known and trusted, sitting at the helm without official authority and somewhere, perhaps in the very next cell, a man whose fingers sooner or later could grasp the butt of a pistol and turn loose the batteries of the entire prison.

Sleep was impossible. The old warden and the new sat together in the living room of the warden's quarters the whole night through.

Each sound electrified them. They puffed innumerable cigars; whispered of the many things which might come, and when, at last, dawn pierced the shadows of night, they stood side by side at the window and thanked fortune for a gunman who was speeding toward them on an express train.

"Prisons are like everything else, I suppose," the old warden allowed as they sought an hour of rest after dawn. "They've got to be run. Any organization is only as good as its management."

IV

IT WAS Feathers, at his desk half an hour before the required time, who led Connie Blue into the warden's office. The gang leader walked quickly to the old warden and they shook hands warmly.

"This is the new warden, Connie," the other introduced.

"I'm certainly interested to meet you," Connie nodded, his darting appraisal enveloping the new official in one sweeping glance which went from head to foot and culminated with an intense stare into his eyes.

The gang leader was not of the fictional sort. He was small, obviously of foreign extraction and elegantly dressed. He wore a little-finger ring of platinum in which two diamonds and a star sapphire glistened. His eyes were small and set close under the high bridge of his nose. His brows were of the beetling sort and his lips had a tendency toward thickness and a trick of setting in a gesture which might have been muscular reaction or a partial, inquiring smile. In fact, if there was one outstanding trait in his features it was that look of inquiry. He had a mannerism of raising his head slightly and setting his lips. It was almost as though he had vocally asked a question, so pronounced was the effect.

"I thank you for coming on here, Blue," the new warden said stiffly. "It certainly shows the right spirit on your part. I suppose you've had breakfast?"

"To rap it straight across the boards," Blue responded, "my stomach is wondering if my throat's cut."

The new warden glanced at the old and so lost the wink which Blue cast in the same direction.

"Connie hasn't eaten breakfast," the retired official said. "We'll get something together right away. Up in your quarters, warden," he finished pointedly.

"It won't make any diff," Blue smiled. "I've eaten all over this joint in the good old days. Just rustle out a little fodder and I'll graze wherever I happen to find it."

The warden summoned a servant and ordered breakfast.

"The way you put it to me," Blue said to the old official, "I figgered I'd do without chow until I got the low-down. I don't want fifteen minutes of my appetite to stretch a couple of good guys all over a cot."

"I knew how you'd feel about it," the other responded. "I want to set you straight on the whole deal."

"I got a pretty good idea already," Blue grinned, with a suggestive glance at the warden. "Some people drop matches in gasoline and blame others when the explosion comes off."

"I guess I was foolish," the warden admitted testily, "but I've only been here a week."

"Yeah," Blue nodded, his head lifted and his lips set in that inquiring and pleasant grimace, "and if you're here a million years, mister, you'll never make a warden. You ain't got the savvy that goes with the job."

It was said matter-of-factly and without rancor. Blue had merely sized up his man, formed his conclusion and expressed it frankly. He was weighing, it appeared, the problem that faced him.

"What I want to know," he continued, "is the tie-up between you two birds. Are you pals? Is there any reason why you should be stringing along on the same play here?"

"I've resigned, Connie," the old warden cut in. "I'm through absolutely. I've no connection with the prison at all."

"Then why," Blue interrupted, "are you hangin' around and callin' me up for favors? Do you mean to tell me that all this means nothin' to you officially? You're just here lendin' a hand to a guy that took your place? You must be pals, all right!"

"I never met the warden until he came to relieve me," the retired one said. "You know why I called you, Connie. You know as well as I do that there are some pretty good eggs going to take the rap for others if this blow off comes along. There are friends of mine out there, and friends of yours. That's why I called you. I want to stop bad trouble for everybody."

"Lots of the birds doing a stretch here, old man, trust you the limit," Blue pointed out. "They know you're on the up-and-up all the way. You never gave a man more than he rated and you never gave him less. There never was a man that asked for what you refused, if he was a man! What do you need of me? Why not talk with Barber Jack, or Limpy Joe, or Scroup Kinnon? Why not rap this to old Mannia, or Shadow Brooks, or Quiver Maloney? Any of them guys would help any way they could if it was doin' you a good turn."

"The new warden has changed plenty of the old rules," the old official admitted. "None of those boys would dare trust the new order. They feel that to make a move because of a promise now, might lead to the double-cross, Connie. Once suspicion is aroused, you know we're licked in a place like this."

Blue nodded understanding and glanced again at the warden. There was an amazed inquiry tempered not a little by pity in his expression. The servant appeared at the side door leading to the warden's quarters and announced breakfast. As they started for the quarters, Connie Blue hesitated before the desk and his small finger sought the buzzer there which rang for the head keeper. He pushed it firmly and, as he waited, winked at the old warden and lit a cigarette.

The meeting between the head keeper and the ex-convict was one of genuine warmth.

"Hello, Connie!" The official grinned. "By gorry, lad, you look like a British ambassador. Them clothes was sewed right around you, I guess. Breaking pretty for you, are they? I'm glad, kid. Gee, warden, pipe the ice on his little finger!" The words were addressed to the old official and the new one seemed excluded from the meeting entirely.

"You ain't lookin' too tough yourself, Screw," Connie Blue grinned. "I got a letter from Mannia the other day tellin' me that you was a father again. The kid didn't die laughin', did it, when it got a flash at you?"

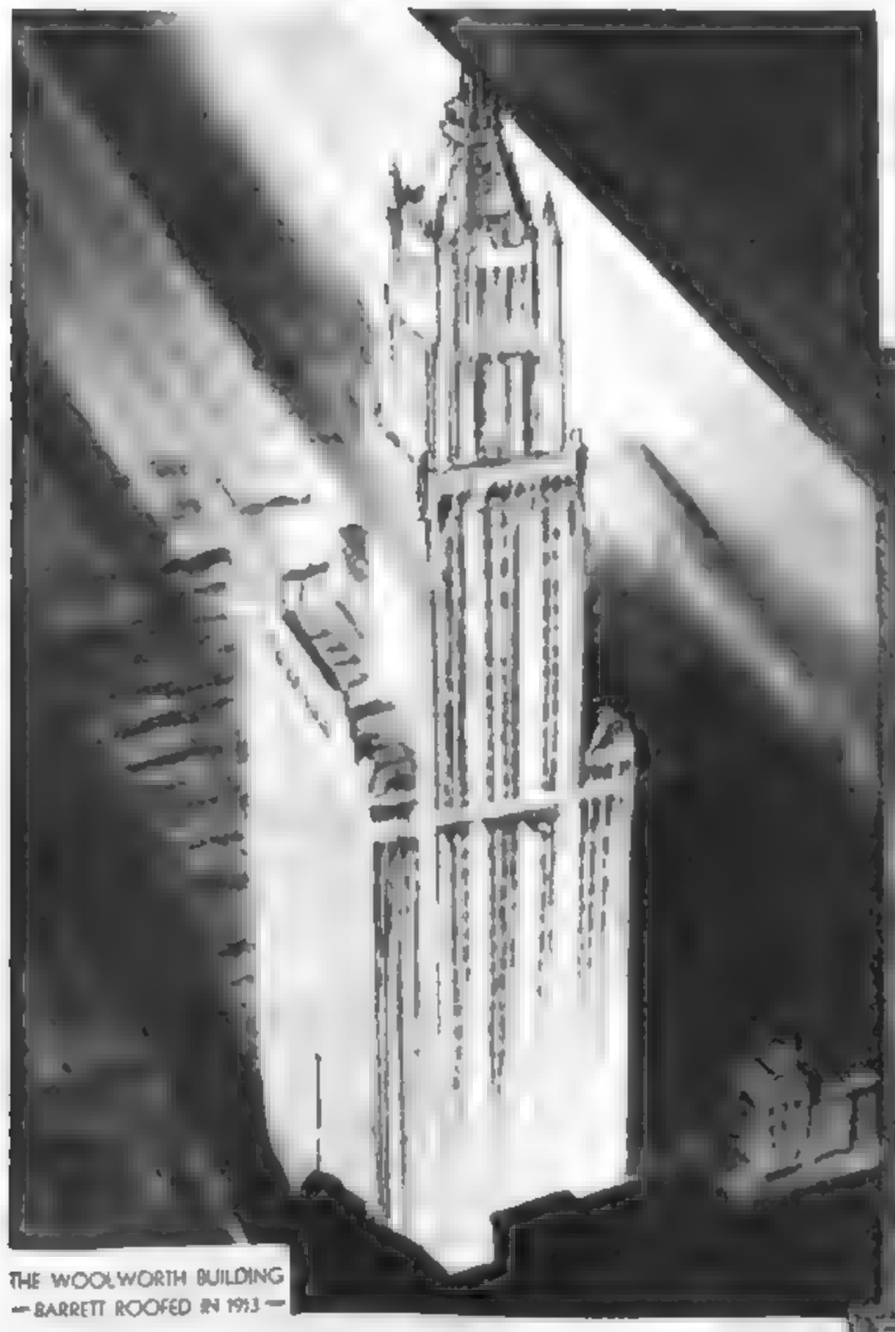
"I want you to come over for chow, Connie," the keeper said seriously. "You'll be around for a day or two, huh? Come on over and meet the wife. Your idea of the other day is all wet. The kid's four months old. I want you to see him."

"Sure, I'll come over," Blue agreed. "Betcha life. If that kid's going to make half the man his old man made, I want to start knowin' him quick. By the way, I'm just goin' to pack in some of the warden's prison chow, then I'll breeze around a little. Slip the word to Mannia and Barber Jack and Limpy and Shadow Brooks and Quiver that I'm here, will you? Tell 'em I'm givin' the warden the works."

He turned then and followed the others through the door. The new warden was

(Continued on Page 138)

WOOLWORTH *prefers to* ROOF *according to the* BARRETT SPECIFICATION



THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING
— BARRETT ROOFED IN 1913 —

The same ROOF *the* same *SERVICE* *in metropolis or province*

Find efficiency, and keep it! Well-organized business adopts that policy—and keeps it.

Many years ago the F. W. Woolworth Co learned of an unmatched value in roofs and roof service. A Barrett Roof became a part of the majestic Woolworth Building—and today Woolworth rarely roofs or re-roofs any of its properties with other than a Barrett Specification Roof, applied by a Barrett Approved Roofer and bonded for 20 years against repair or maintenance expense.

The first consideration, of course, is twenty years of bonded expense-free performance. But two other major considerations also influence the choice of this roof:

(1) Woolworth knows that Barrett Specification Roofs far outlive the 20-year* guarantee in the bond;

(2) Woolworth knows that, wherever it buys, it can deal with a Barrett Approved Roofer and profit by Barrett Inspection Service.

The nation-wide recognition of Barrett Coal-tar Pitch and Felt roofs is the result of seventy-five years of endeavor and experience. Architects and builders can point to 30-, 40- and even 50-year roofs of *Barrett Coal-tar Pitch and Felt and gravel* that have outlasted countless changes in building methods, without *once* surrendering to weather or wear. *Without once costing a penny for repairs!*

Guaranteed for 20 years is a watchword with Barrett. But it is the 10, 15, 20 and 30 years' service *beyond* that time that has so firmly established Barrett as standard.

There is a Barrett Approved Roofer within easy reach of your business.

*The Barrett Company also offers a Specification Type "A" Roof which is bonded for 10 years. This type of roof is adaptable to a certain class of buildings. The same high-grade materials are used, the only difference being in the quantities.

Barrett Specification Roofs are constructed of alternate layers of prime quality tarred felt and the finest coal-tar pitch, armored and fire-safed with surface-imbedded gravel or slag. They are laid by Barrett Approved Roofers according to the Barrett Specification and bonded by Barrett against repair or maintenance expense.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Inspected and Bonded by Barrett

THE BARRETT COMPANY, 40 Rector St., New York ~ *In Canada* ~ THE BARRETT COMPANY, Ltd., 5551 St. Hubert St., Montreal, P. Q.

Ride on

U. S. ROYALS

BECAUSE • • •
the Four-Wheel Brakes of the Car of Today make the short, sharp stop a possibility, thereby imposing additional heavy stresses on the tires

THE NEW ROYAL
is designed to grip the road across the full face of the tread; and this tread is built with many thousands of miles of Additional Anti-Skid Mileage.

BECAUSE • • •
The Car of Today embodies new refinements in all Steering Principles.

THE NEW ROYAL
is designed with narrower tread and full tread contact with the road, giving Maximum Ease on Steering and Parking, together with Stamina to stand up under steering stresses.

BECAUSE • • •
every factor of the Car of Today and the traffic contributes to Liveliness, Getaway, Pickup.

THE NEW ROYAL
is constructed with an outstanding Combination of Tread Design, Liveliness, Traction, and Stamina to deliver service under these conditions.

BECAUSE • • •
The Car of Today, with its high-powered engine, high-compression gas, speed, and braking, imposes heavy stresses on the tires.

THE NEW ROYAL
is broad at the base, properly contoured, properly buttressed at the sides, adequate in tread area. The tire you can *trust*.

BECAUSE • • •
higher speed, quicker braking, and snappy pick-up impose heavy tread wear.

THE NEW ROYAL
is built with deeper tread grooves and larger tread blocks, adding thousands of miles of Anti-Skid life. Besides this is the thick rubber base below the tread blocks—an additional service factor.

BECAUSE • • •
any Tendency of a tire to "drag" on the road detracts from the fleetness of the Car of Today.

THE NEW ROYAL
is designed to give the combined Easy Running Quality of the ribbed tread, plus Traction and Safety.

THE NEW ROYAL

The Tire of today

for the Car of today

UNITED STATES

Is Every "New" Tire truly NEW?

Why is a Truly New Tire Necessary?

The Motor Car manufacturers have given you a power in your car that you have never had before.

They have given to *you*, for everyday use, speeds that used to be unthinkable. Your high-school son or daughter will now tear along the roads in a way that only the hardened veteran would dare a few years back.

They have given you 4-wheel brakes. Sensitive steering control. All the comfort of low-hung center of gravity; snubbers; shock absorbers; modern spring suspension; and skillfully engineered balance.

And you have taken advantage of it, make no mistake about that!

Just think over your driving today; and compare it with what you *used* to think was real driving!

You cover a hundred miles now, where you used to think forty miles was quite a drive.

You will average speeds of 35 to 45 miles over a day's run—when 20, 22, or maybe 25 miles used to be quite some speed.

And you will thread your way calmly through a traffic that in the old days would have brought out the goose-flesh.

Now, with this standard of today in cars and driving—what are you going to do about tires?

Is the tire of *yesterday* good enough for the Car of Today?

Can anyone take the tire of *yesterday*, put a new tread design on it, and call *that* "new"? *New*, that is, in the sense that your *car* is new, your *driving* is new, and your *tire needs* are new—for tire Safety, Durability, Stamina, Braking Control, Steering Control, Anti-Skid Control, and Economy?

New—through and through

Some time ago, this Company foresaw the trend in Motor Car development.

We saw also that the production of any such Cars should necessarily be accompanied by corresponding developments in Tire Engineering and Manufacturing.

For the Car of Today, the need would become pressing for the Tire of Today.

The Car of Today has arrived.

And here is the Tire of Today—the new U. S. ROYAL.

The word "New" is used here in its highest and truest sense—that is, New *through and through*.

"Through and through" means that the New ROYAL is new from the *inside* outward, rather than merely a new skin on an old-style tire.

Little change, for instance, has been made in the *appearance* of the new ROYAL.

The tread has been changed somewhat—but if you will read the paragraphs headed "BECAUSE" on the opposite page, you will note that these tread changes are dictated by *engineering reasons*, and to secure the *maximum* control in Braking and Steering, *maximum* Anti-Skid Protection, and *maximum* Durability of the Tread Blocks.

Your eye will be caught by the sturdy buttresses around the edge of the tread, too; and will approve the touch of style. But those buttresses are not there merely for looks—they are a definite contribution to the service this New ROYAL will give you.

We Venture to Predict

The principles established by the New U. S. ROYAL are bound to exert a wide-spread influence throughout the whole industry, its dealers, and its customers.

That the Tire Industry as a whole will more and more adopt these principles seems beyond question. Because the Car Manufacturer requires a Tire of Today to meet the demands of the Car of Today.

The Car Owner welcomes the contribution to his use and enjoyment of his car brought to him by the New ROYAL.

The Car Manufacturer accepts the New ROYAL as the final touch in the 100% performance of his car.

The Tire Retailer who takes the broad vision of his business seeks the franchise to represent the New ROYAL—today, and in the *future*.

Every likely development in Motor Car Engineering for years ahead is foreshadowed *in advance* by the New ROYAL.

A Great Tire—built by a Great Company

You owe the creation of the New ROYAL to the fact that the United States Rubber Company knows its job in all matters pertaining to Rubber Growing, Rubber Technique, Rubber Manufacture, Rubber Uses. No organization in the Rubber Industry today stands higher than the United States Rubber Company.

On its great Far Eastern Plantations this Company owns 14,000,000 rubber trees—more actual production of rubber than all other American companies put together.

These Plantations are the Mecca of rubber people all over the East—the source of the most advanced technique in Rubber Culture.

The Rubber Technicians of this Company stand at the very top of their profession.

In its great factories you find the most advanced knowledge of Rubber Manufacture.

Throughout the whole field of Rubber Products, for Home, Factory, Hospital, Engineering Works, the "U. S." brand on a rubber article is accepted as the last word on being *right*. All this stands back of the New ROYAL. A great tire. *Try it*.

THREE OTHER FAMOUS "U. S." PRODUCTS . . .

KEDS "ROYAL TREAD"

A moulded sole Keds for both indoor and outdoor use. The sturdy outsole is tough enough to stand unusually hard wear. The Royal Tread also possesses anti-slipping qualities. Lace-to-toe style.

"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

Every "U. S." Royal is guaranteed during the life of the ball—it will be replaced at any time by your golf professional or dealer—1. If the cover cuts through; 2. If the paint flakes or chips off; 3 If the ball goes out-of-round; 4. If the ball fails to putt true.

"U. S." RAYNSTER RAINCOATS

Black rubber coats for heavy-duty, colored rubber coats for dress or town wear. Up-to-the-minute styles for all the family—and rainproof, of course!

RUBBER COMPANY

FREE
Simply Mail Coupon

"We congratulate you on this plan"

says the President of Eaton, Crane & Pike

"The smallest items of business equipment must be watched today with relation to net profits," writes Col. W. H. Eaton, President of Eaton, Crane & Pike. "We congratulate you on this plan which puts pencil buying and pencil use on a really efficient basis."

* * *

THE plan Col. Eaton refers to is summed up in the Eberhard Faber pencil users' chart shown above—*The Right Pencil for the Right Use.*

This chart is a complete guide for the selection of different types and degrees of pencils for different purposes—business, professional, personal. It enables the pencil user to save time in buying and avoid the unnecessary waste that results when inadequate pencils are cast aside. Quite an item in the course of a year!

Now available to everyone

Formerly limited to business and professional use, the Eberhard Faber chart is now offered free to anyone who wants to enjoy its benefits.

Sponsored by a company which for more than 80 years has supplied American business and the individual with dependable writing equipment. Makers of the famous *Mongol* and *Van Dyke* pencils.

Send now for your copy of "*The Right Pencil for the Right Use.*" Use the coupon.

EBERHARD FABER

Eberhard Faber Pencil Co.
Dept. S. E. 40, 37 Greenpoint Ave.,
Brooklyn N Y

Please send me free copy of the chart which will help me select the right type and degree of pencil for each purpose.

Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 134)

obviously impressed. "You certainly get friendly with prisoners," he muttered.

"They like a man who treats them squarely," the retired one whispered.

Over the breakfast table Connie Blue heard the entire story from both men. It was clear that he could find no liking for the new warden. When they had finished he said:

"Get me straight on this, warden. I may be able to hook onto that rod, and I may not. I guess mebbe I can. But if I do, it ain't on account of my love for you, or the state. It's 'cause I'm trying to help my pals, see? I might do somethin' for Jimmie here, the guy that ran this place on the square and took nothin' off the top of bills that had to come off the bottom of prisoners' meals. I might do it for him. But you both tell me he ain't got any more finger in this pie than I have."

"That's the truth, Connie," the old warden admitted. "I'm only trying to keep everybody from a blow off that'll hurt a lot of people who don't deserve it."

"Then, you're the only one that could suffer for what happened," Blue said to the new warden. "And you're the only one that deserves to! Get this straight: I wouldn't pick up a dime off the sidewalk if it would help you. You're a chump. The second you threw them rods into the prison, you challenged every cannon in the joint. Now they've taken you up. And there's some smart ones here. . . . I got to work my own way, see? I'm a crook, so mebbe you better watch your step. And lay a bet on this: I ain't sucker enough ever to let you know who had the gun if I do get it. On that basis, if you want me to try my luck, turn me loose in the big house. I'll just amble around and visit with my friends. If you put a tail on me, I'll quit cold and leave you to shoot it out. I don't trust you, see? I don't want no promises passed between us; then there won't be none broken. Do you turn me loose on my own and let me hunt for that rod the way I want to, or do I take the next train back?"

The wardens exchanged glances. "If I was running this prison," the old warden said, "I'd turn Connie loose and play it square with him all the way. He's here to do you a favor. But the problem is yours. Connie is a man convicted of felonies on two different occasions. But he never lied to me. I trust him. However, the decision is yours to make."

The warden stuck out his rather flabby hand and, with an excess of drama, said: "Go to it, Connie. If you ever come back here, I'll have a chance to show you a break for what you're doing for me now."

"If I ever come back here," Blue answered, "I won't ask any better break than any other guy gets. And if you gave it to me, I'd never trust you. Think that over for a long time, warden."

Then he turned, caught his cap off the divan where he had dropped it, and walked out of the room.

"If I were you," the old warden said, "I wouldn't attempt to have him followed. You'd never get away with it and you'd lose every chance you've got to recover that gun. You've a lot to learn about these boys, warden. An awful lot."

They returned to the office and smoked cigars. Around them the buzz of prison life went on like the roar of a distant falls.

There was nothing that had changed because of the presence within the walls of Connie Blue, yet everything was changed. The guards who entered the office had recovered their poise. The men in the outer office were laughing again and making their jokes at the expense of Feathers. The atmosphere had altered.

Shortly before noon, when the new warden had come to the belief that even the magic of Connie Blue was not to prevail over their problem, Connie appeared. He entered the office and grinned his inquiring smile.

"What was the number of the rod you lost?" he asked, addressing himself again to the old warden.

"Good night!" the new one groaned. "After roaming over the prison for four hours, are you just thinking of that? Are you going to hunt for the thing by numbers?"

"Yeah," Connie sneered, "by numbers."

The old warden called for Feathers and the clerk entered and gave them the identification of the lost pistol. As he finished, Connie Blue reached into his inner coat pockets and drew forth two revolvers. He examined them a moment, then restored one to his pocket.

"Take a flash at that, warden," he said nonchalantly, dropping the pistol on the desk. "I guess it'll check out with the numbers you got. Anyway, it's the rod that Keller lost over in C block. The other one's my own. There's a train outa here in about an hour, ain't there? I'd like to drop over and see that kid."

The new warden leaped from his seat and his fat hands closed over the precious weapon. He held it before his eyes and examined it as though it might have been the Kohinoor. His lips jerked, but it was his eyes which questioned Feathers. The clerk took the gun and examined it.

"That's it," he said happily. "Gosh, Connie, you're a peach!"

The warden extended his hand. Blue disdained it.

"I don't want to shake, mister," he said frankly. "There ain't any friendship between us and there won't never be. We made a deal and I done my part of it. I hope you learned something. . . . By the way, Jimmie," he said to the old warden, "why not take a lope over to Mike's with me and give that kid the once-over. Mike'll be sore if I don't. It'll tickle him cock-eyed if you show too."

V

FOR the first time in many hours the new warden retired that night with an easy mind. He stretched himself in the cool sheets and remained awake to puff at a final cigar. He had talked with the governor by telephone and explained in detail the amazingly clever ruse he had devised to recover a gun lost among the prisoners and so prevent slaughter and possible escape.

He had assured the chief executive that all was well at the prison and there was no further danger of trouble.

The governor had expressed keen surprise and keen appreciation at and of the details of the pretty little scheme the new warden had worked. The governor had been at great pains to congratulate him.

And that was well. The bed was soft to the warden's flesh and the tobacco soothing to his tongue. He slept soundly and restfully until 5:30 the next morning. Then he waked suddenly under the rough grasp of a guard whose eyes were blazing with excitement and whose words seared their way through the sleep-ridden brain of the warden.

"Three of 'em gone!" the guard was repeating over and over again. "Three of 'em, sir! Quiver Maloney, Barber Jack and Mannia! They went in the night! Sawed their way out, and Gawd alone knows where they got the saws!"

VI

"LEAVE it to you, Connie!" Quiver Maloney laughed as four men settled themselves in the back room of a speakeasy far, far from the prison. "You think of everythin'."

"I didn't cross up Jimmie, the old warden," Connie avowed. "It wasn't no skin off'n his hide, was it? What they wanted was that rod. I got it for 'em. As long as you boys had it, you had 'em right. Just as soon as you turned it back, they had you. I wouldn't a done it to Jimmie, but that other chump sure had it comin' to him. Think I'd leave you guys there after givin' them a break like that? I guess not!"

"Sure thing," Mannia grunted. "Say, I've did time in no less'n five cans an' in all my experience I never met even a screw that'd kick on the trade you made, Connie. That warden wouldn't of lasted twenty-four hours if the public was wised up to the facts of the case. He ain't got any kick comin'."

"No," Barber Jack agreed, "o' course he ain't got a kick comin'. Even a hardware merchant would trade a guy six cheap saw blades for a darn good reg'lation rod! An' even a crook knows that fair exchange ain't no robbery!"

"Mebbe," Connie Blue suggested in a moral tone, "that guy has learned that no matter who a man is, he'll have a good side an' a bad. It's a cinch he'll never amount to nothin' till he can see the good as well as the bad, an' treat folks humanlike an' decent. You can't tell, fellers. Mebbe we'll be responsible for his reform!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

The wires were clear to the Mississippi. A moment more and the Colorado operator answered New York. A slight breakdown. Now it's been repaired, and San Francisco answers! The Hotel Biltworthy. Calling the Hotel Biltworthy. The switchboard answers Miss Gleason. New York is calling Miss Evalina Gleason. Have her paged! A half dozen pages spring to their feet and comb the great hotel. She is found! She comes to the phone. A faint masculine voice, three thousand miles distant, is heard.

"Evalina?"
"Yes?"
"Guess who this is."
"I couldn't."
"Go on. Guess."
"George?"
"No."
"Harry?"
"No."
"Jack?"
"No. Gee, you know a lot of guys'"
"Who is it? Tell me."
"No. Go on. Guess some more."
"Freddie?"
"No."
"Then I give up."
"Tom!"
"Who? Oh, Tom! Well, for goodness' sake! What's the matter?"
"Oh, nothing. I just thought I'd call up. How's every little thing?"
"Fine. How are you?"
"Great. Everything O. K.?"
"Sure. How have you been?"
"Swell. Well, I guess I'd better ring off. I just thought I'd call up. So long."
"Well an good-by"
Marvelous. Marvelous! What Man has done!

—JEROME WADE.

Nineteen-Twenty-Nine

YES, Gertrude, it's really true. I'm engaged. . . . Thrilled? My dear, no. You see, it's only my initial affair, and a girl never marries the first man who dances on her feet. . . . What does he look like? Well, he isn't exactly the answer to mamma's prayers, but he wears a derby. . . . Yes, that helps a lot. . . . What does he do? He's a junior partner. . . . Yes, it does sound important, doesn't it? He's awfully clever, and that means a lot, too, Gertrude. He carries golf sticks every place so people will think he's a surgeon. . . . Oh, no, it's nothing serious, but it means everything to a girl to get engaged a lot. Then she can tell the man she really marries what a treasure he is getting. You know how it is, my dear.

—MARY DORMAN PHELPS.

The MEN Talking to You Across This Page Are Factory Service Managers

—*friends of the motor car*

THEY know that *dirt in oil means wear.* They urge you to renew your oil filter cartridge every 10,000 miles.

The AC Oil Filter on your engine changes dirty oil into clean oil, and permits you to use the same oil for 2,000 miles. But in time it becomes filled with dirt taken from the oil.

That's the time to put in an AC Renewal Cartridge. *That makes your Oil Filter as good as new.*

Your dealer can do this work in just a few minutes. It's worth many times its cost because *it saves oil and it saves wear on your engine.*

AC Oil Filters are made by the makers of AC Spark Plugs, proved, by every test, *standard of the world.*

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN
Clichy (Seine)
FRANCE

© 1929 AC Spark Plug Co

Dirt-filled oil comes from your crankcase to the AC Oil Filter

Clean oil flows from the filter back to your engine

NASH

L. L. Vincent, General Service Manager — *"... the filter becomes filled with the destructive matter taken from the oil and will eventually cease to function at approximately 10,000 miles. When this occurs it is necessary to install a renewal cartridge."*

GRAHAM-PAIGE

W. L. Knesis [illegible], General Service Manager — *"In time the filter becomes filled with the dirt and sludge taken from the oil. When this occurs it is necessary to renew the filtering unit with a new one."*

OAKLAND

R. A. Armstrong, General Service Manager — *"At the end of every 10,000 miles driving, we recommend that a new oil filter cartridge be secured from your dealer."*

OLDSMOBILE

I. H. Stambaugh, General Service Manager — *"... it is recommended that the oil filter cartridge be replaced with a new one approximately every 10,000 miles, and oftener if necessary."*

BUICK

C. W. Jacobs, General Service Manager — *"... it is advisable to renew the cartridge after approximately 10,000 miles of use."*

CADILLAC-LA SALLE

Nicholas Dreystadt, General Service Manager — *"It is important that the filter cartridge be renewed just as soon as the filter ceases to function. Otherwise the whole purpose of the filter is defeated and wear of the engine parts will result from dirty oil."*

MOON

P. P. Geuck, General Service Manager — *"At 10,000 miles it is necessary to renew the filter cartridge."*

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA

C. D. McTavish, General Service Manager — *"... the cartridge should be renewed after 10,000 miles of driving, which will make the oil filter as good as new."*

OIL FILTER

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

EAVESDROP

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"Get it All Off the Boat First," Maskell Insisted. "I Want to Pull Out of Here"

IN THE days of his long service at headquarters Inspector Tope never had a respectable vacation. A term of absence from his desk was year by year allotted him, but year by year something intervened. Either there arose in his own department a problem that demanded his attention, or some one of the other inspectors came to beg aid in his perplexity. Tope could resist any temptation except this one. His favorite vice was curiosity. He could never let a puzzle go unsolved; and there are so many enigmas, if a man's taste does turn that way.

But after his retirement the inspector made up his mind that all this should be changed. He meant to take his leisure, and he tried to do so; yet, in the course of months, it became apparent to him that as long as he stayed in the city he was sure to be drawn into each new bewilderment. So, when Lawrence suggested that he come north for the early fishing, the old man made up his mind to accept. He resolved that he would devote himself to an investigation of baits and tackle, and leave all other conundrums to puzzle younger heads.

Lawrence was an artist, a painter, and he had a native audacity and an original twist of thought which the older man found stimulating and delightful. They had met three or four years before, in the course of the inspector's professional interest in a certain homicide; and after Tope retired they saw each other more frequently. Tope fell into the habit of dropping in at the studio when now and then he walked abroad, and Lawrence came sometimes to sit with the wise old man before his coal fire in the room on Boylston Street. It was this increasing intimacy which led at last to the painter's invitation.

Lawrence was going north in May. He had contracted to paint certain murals and ceiling decorations for a downtown bank then under construction, and he wished to be established in his summer studio in time to finish the work before fall. He suggested that Tope join him in the latter part of June, and it was so arranged.

The artist lived during the summer on the outskirts of a little river village called Hickens' Cove. It was not a summer colony in the ordinary sense of the word. Lawrence himself had been born twenty miles away; he had known these regions as a child, and he returned to them in his maturer years. The half dozen other families of summer folk had in like fashion their roots in this northern soil; and the community was a close-knit and a friendly one. The inspector, arriving by motorbus from the nearest railroad station, some forty miles away, was charmed by the aspect of the little village. The white houses clustered along the shore, and beyond them lay the broad and lovely waters of the river, their deep blue broken by whitecaps which marched in orderly ranks before the westerly breeze. Many boats, motored or under sail, skimmed and darted to and fro, weaving against the blue an intricate pattern that entranced the eye; and half a mile offshore a larger craft was plunging into the waves at a brisk pace, its gray sides half hidden from time to time by the curtains of spray which leaped high above its bow.

The motorbus deposited Inspector Tope in front of the post office, which faced an open square shaded by tall elms. He expected Lawrence here to meet him, but the artist must have forgotten the hour, for he was not at hand. The old man, however, felt no resentment or impatience at this neglect. The spot was beautiful, and there was leisure and peace in the air. Across the road from the post office, under the elms, he saw a friendly seat; and he picked up his small bag and his rod case and turned that way, to wait contentedly till Lawrence should appear.

Foxy

He crossed the road, passing the base of an equestrian statue of some local hero, and deposited his luggage on the bench and himself sat down. The bench was in the sun, but the inspector liked to be warm; and for a long half hour he sat there, beaming like an apple in the light of a leaping fire. When once he took off his hat, his white hair shone. His eyes wandered peacefully this way and that, watching the automobiles which stopped across the way, the people who rode in them, all the life of the little town passing in review.

Later, his glance wandered to the trees about him, to their tall trunks, their spreading crests. Then he examined the statue, two or three rods from where he sat. The bronze equestrian faced the post office, and his back was turned toward the inspector, but something about this figure caught the old man's eye. He rose and walked far enough along the path so that he could look up at this horseman face to face, and then he chuckled and came back to his seat again. But Lawrence still did not appear, and at last Tope decided that he must assume the initiative. A few inquiries put him on the way; and he lifted his luggage and turned eastward along the main street at the sprightly gait which was characteristic of the man, so full of an alert vigor that belied his years. As he advanced, the houses became less numerous; he emerged into more open country, and after half a mile or so he saw below him, on a rocky bluff at the foot of a sloping pasture, the place that had been described to him as Lawrence's farm. There was a small white house and a great barn with more windows than a barn should justly have. This barn, Tope made sure, was Lawrence's studio; and he found the drive and turned that way. The river, dotted with many islands, lay spread below him like a banquet board upon which his eyes could feast, and he descended slowly, content to enjoy the beauty of this scene.

But even at this slow gait he came at last opposite the wide doors of the barn studio, and saw Lawrence at his easel inside, at work upon a tremendous canvas. Tope called a cheerful word, and Lawrence looked up and discovered him, and uttered a cry of rueful delight. They met on the threshold with a quick clasp of hands.

"I clean forgot you, inspector," Lawrence protested. "Been working like a horse all morning. You never entered my mind." He grinned delightedly. "That ought to make you feel like one of the family—my forgetting."

"I've not suffered," Tope assured him cheerfully. He looked toward the canvas, where Lawrence had been blocking in the nude figure of a woman, one of those legendary women who recline upon banks of clouds and look down like the Blessed Damozel upon the customers in a bank, the audiences in a theater, or the prospective passengers in a great railway terminal. "You were right to forget me," he repeated. "I have been watching the town and the river, and happily. There is so much here to see."

"There's no such color anywhere," Lawrence eagerly agreed. "No clouds so white, no waters so blue, no islands so green." His eyes were for a moment thoughtful. "Sometimes I catch a little of it on canvas," he declared. "And when I do, I celebrate."

"And life and movement everywhere," the old man commented. "I know little of the water, but the many passing boats fascinate me. I shall enjoy watching them."

"I've one down here at the landing that will give you a thrill," Lawrence promised. "Forty miles an hour."

"A big gray boat went by a while ago, far out, at high speed," Tope remarked. "There were moments when she was more under water than on top of it."

Lawrence nodded, chuckling. "That's Gene Patten's tub," he explained. "Liquor patrol. You'll meet him. He's often in here. He can do about thirty, but his old barge looks like a floating wharf beside some of the rum boats. They run away from him as though he were tied." He added: "Gene's an earnest youngster, so he's in a state of insane rage most of the time. They laugh at him, flirt

their heels in his face, and he can do nothing but froth at the mouth!" He shook his head, smiling again, and he turned toward the door. "Come along in and get settled," he suggested. "We'll go out this afternoon and catch us a bass."

So the two men emerged from the studio, and Lawrence paused to close the wide doors behind them. In the little house, the artist led the way to a small, low-ceiled room with a narrow fireplace, and windows that looked out over the river. Tope made some protest, as they came in, against thus interrupting the other's work, but Lawrence said he had done his stint for the day.

"Grub will be ready in half an hour," he explained. "I've a man who cooks for me. He can make a bass chowder that will surprise you." He made Tope sit down, himself sprawled on the wide window seat; and they had some casual talk for a while, Lawrence eager and friendly, the old man more restrained, but none the less at ease.

Tope spoke by and by of the village, confessed that he had waited for a while in the square.

"I noticed the statue of your local hero," he remarked; and Lawrence nodded, chuckling.

"Horrible thing!" he agreed. "But they love it."

Inspector Tope smiled. "With the love of old married folk," he suggested, "rather than the ardor of the honeymoon." And at Lawrence's puzzled inquiry, he explained: "I mean, they take the statue for granted. I'll make you a small bet that no one has looked at it for six months."

"Why?" Lawrence asked.

"The mounted man wears a very modern necktie," Tope replied. "Someone has knotted it around his throat, and it's so faded it must have been there all winter."

The artist laughed delightedly. "Is that so?" he exclaimed. "I never noticed that. A necktie, eh?" He hesitated, calculating. "Been there since last fall, probably," he decided. "There's a little college over here, fifty miles or so from the Cove. Handley. You never heard of it, I expect, but some of the boys came over one night last November to celebrate a football game. They spilled a lot of red paint, cut up generally. The necktie must date back to then." And he added reminiscently: "I had a year's study down in a town in Pennsylvania, when I was a youngster. There was a statue in that town too. They'd bought it secondhand and put a new head on it. The head was set on an iron pin. We turned it around, one night, so that the chap was looking down the small of his own back, and no one spotted it for weeks. People don't look up, you know."

Someone knocked on the outer door, and the artist rose to answer, presently returned.

"That was my model," he explained. "If she wore her clothes on her head and over her face, she'd be a reigning beauty. Absolutely perfect from the neck down I was lucky to find her. You can always fake a face, but the rest of it has to be right."

"People do not look up, eh?" Tope echoed. "Now that had never occurred to me. I suppose I chanced to see this necktie only because I have cultivated the habit of observation."

There was a faint complacency in his tone, and Lawrence's eyes twinkled.

"You saw her, of course," he asked, jerking his thumb toward the door.

"The model? Just now?"

"I mean, when you were in the studio," Lawrence corrected; and when Tope looked blank, the other smiled. "She was right over your head," he declared "Hanging in a harness. That's a ceiling I'm doing, you see, so I have to get the perspective from below." He chuckled "You and your habit of observation!" His tone was affectionately derisive, but when Tope suddenly rose and moved toward the window, Lawrence laughed in quick reassurance.

"Shucks," he protested. "You needn't look so sheepish, inspector! I've served tea to two ladies, with this girl hanging right above them, and they never even guessed she was there!"

The old man shook his head. "I wasn't looking sheepish!" he returned. "As a matter of fact, I was watching that craft coming in to your landing below. Is that your friend Patten?"

Lawrence, who had been sprawled on the window seat, sat up so that he might look down toward the water.

"Hullo," he agreed. "Yes. Come to cadge lunch off me probably. He chases rum boats all night and runs to me for comfort and sympathy in the daytime." He was moving toward the door. "Come down and hear his baffled roars," he suggested smilingly. "The tortoise hurling curses at the hare!"

Tope got up quickly, as though to make some swift request, but Lawrence was already gone, and the inspector could only follow him. A minute later, on the path toward the landing, they met the young officer; and Lawrence was quick with introductions.

"Hullo, Gene!" he cried. "Here's a man you'll like. Inspector Tope, Gene Patten."

The inspector uttered some word of demur, but Lawrence laughed him down.

"Keenest head in the department, Gene," he insisted. "Till he retired. Come on up the hill. There must be food on the table by now. How do you always pick my lunchtime?"

"The Boathouse is Closed; No One Here," Tope Reported in an Undertone. "So All is Well, My Friend"

Young Patten grasped the old man's hand, and Tope smiled agreeably. It was too late for protests, too late to silence Lawrence. The damage, if there were damage, was done

Vacations, the inspector thought, were sadly hard to come by.

They went fishing that afternoon, as Lawrence had promised; and Patten went with them. The patrol boat stayed at the artist's wharf. They set out in Lawrence's speed boat, but a mile or so offshore the engine faltered and died. Lawrence raised the hatch covers and climbed into the cockpit and busied himself there.

The boat had stopped two or three hundred yards to the westward of a small thinly wooded island with rocky shores surmounted by a summer camp of some pretensions; and while Lawrence unscrewed spark plugs and gravely adjusted the points, Patten explained matters to the older man

This Patten was an enthusiast, and as Lawrence had predicted, he was furious from long frustration. At the luncheon table he had talked fast and bitterly.

"We do thirty and they can do fifty," he said, over and over. "And we've got a hundred miles of river to patrol. They can strike where they choose, and land their stuff in half an hour or so. Even when we get the word, by the time we get there, they're gone!"

Tope, in spite of his determination to take his ease and devote himself to fishing, found his sympathies caught by the younger man. He liked Patten and sympathized with him in his helplessness. Also, the problem fixed his interest.

"You need to anticipate them," he commented; and Patten laughed ruefully.

"Easy said, hard done," he retorted. "Willetson—he seems to be the head man—comes up from New York every week-end and spends Saturday night at his camp. Maskett drops in on him there, and they fix the time and place, and then Maskett goes back across the line. They don't tell anyone till it's too late for us to get the word. We've contrived leaks, but they always come too late."

"You'll have to listen in on the principals," Tope advised.

But this, Patten had insisted at the luncheon table, was quite impossible.

Now, while Lawrence patiently scraped the points of his spark plugs and the motorboat slowly drifted with the wind, the young officer once more recounted the difficulties in the way.

"That's Willetson's camp, on the island yonder," he explained. "The island's just a ledge with a few big trees on it. But there's no undergrowth, no place to hide. And there's no place to land except at the boathouse."

"No chance to hide in the house?" the old inspector urged. But Patten shook his head.

"I had a chap try it," he admitted sorrowfully. "They sent him up from Washington. A mighty nice fellow he was too. Name was Fisher. I landed him on the island Friday night, before Willetson got there, and he was to swim ashore after he got the dope. But nobody ever saw him again."

Inspector Tope's round and amiable countenance assumed a certain firmness; it was no longer like an apple, seemed rather to be carved from stone.

"So!" he murmured softly.

"There's no attic or cellar in the house," Patten explained. "Just a huge living room, with a veranda all around, and a big chimney in the middle. Two bedrooms and a kitchen behind. There's not even a closet. The floor's cement and tiles, laid right on the ledge, so there's no chance to get under it. You can see all over the island from the veranda. Fisher planned to put in a microphone and lead the wires down to the boathouse. He intended to hide under the wharf there, in the water. I don't know how far he got, but since he made the try and disappeared, no one else is keen to tackle it."

They were drifting down toward the island, now no more than fifty yards away; and Lawrence said cheerfully:

"Gene, you'd better take the paddle and work her into the lee of the wharf, or we'll be ashore."

Patten hesitated and his glance swept the open water all around. The distant shore on the American side was dotted with farms and cottages, and there were camps on some of the nearer islands. But there was no boat near by, and in the end Patten did as Lawrence had suggested. Under the urgency of his strokes the boat moved ponderously toward the wharf.

"Willetson comes up on Saturdays, you say?" Tope asked.

"Gets off the train at Mays Harbor, runs down here in his own boat," Patten agreed. "There's nobody here during the week at all."

"And this is Tuesday," the inspector commented. The motorboat drew slowly alongside the wharf; and the old man rose and, as her gunwale touched, he stepped briskly ashore. When Patten would have followed him he shook his head.

"No," he said. "You help Lawrence with his spark plugs. I won't be a minute here."

And he followed the wharf around the boathouse and went briskly up the path toward the house. The two men whom he left behind watched him go; and then, instead of attacking the troublesome engine, they turned to scan the open waters all about, and they spoke in tones unconsciously lowered, while they waited for the inspector to return.

Tope was not long gone. He could move swiftly when he chose. There was a surprising physical efficiency in this old man. He ascended to the veranda which encircled three sides of the great living room, and he peered in through one of the windows. The room was, he saw at once, bare of any hiding place. There were not even curtains on the windows, not even window seats inside of which a man might crawl. He saw a large table, a dozen comfortable chairs, a set of well-filled bookshelves, a basket of logs beside the hearth. The chimney, six feet square, built of great stones curiously shaped by the forces of erosion, stood in the middle of the room; it rose to the peak of the rafters, thirty feet or more above the floor.

The camp was no more than a shell, bare of any apparent vantage for an eavesdropper; yet the inspector, as he turned away from the window, moved contentedly. He went along the veranda until he could see the kitchen door and the hasp and padlock which secured it; and when at last he turned down the hill, there was a quiet satisfaction in his faint smile, in his mild blue eyes.

As the old man reached the wharf, Patten looked up with a curious question ready on his lips, but Tope only shook his head. Lawrence loosed the mooring lines and touched the starter, and, astonishingly, the engine ran. They headed for open water, and twenty minutes later they were fishing in the lee of an island seven miles away.

Patten was full of curiosity, but Tope gave him no satisfaction.

"The place is as bare as you said," he agreed. "But you say Willetson comes on Saturday?"

"Regularly. Leaves again on Sunday afternoon. Takes the night train out of Mays Harbor."

"And Maskett comes to see him Saturday evening?"

"Like a clock."

"And when do they usually run the stuff?"

"Any time through the week. They shift around, different places and different days. That's what makes it so hopeless." And the young man added helplessly: "Unless you can see some way."

"Rum running is out of my line," the inspector remarked, as much to himself as to them. "But they killed Fisher. That might bring it into my department! I think I will enlist with you!"

Patten made a swift movement. Lawrence cried in quick warning: "Gene, you've got a bite! Wake up, fella!"

But the young man had dropped his rod, had gripped the old inspector by the shoulders, while he stammered his swift appreciation and delight. Lawrence snatched at the rod, but the bass was gone.

Patten

Patten made up in zeal what he may have lacked in discretion, but discretion was a quality by Inspector Tope more highly prized. It was the inspector who announced that they would fish no more this day; that the young man must return to his duty. Lawrence put the motorboat in motion toward home, and on the way the old man told Patten as much as it was necessary for him to know, and gave him brief instructions. When they had come back to the landing, he sent the other away.

"And stay away from us this week," Tope insisted. "Don't telephone, don't come near us here. Send what messages are necessary by safe ways, but don't come, nor bring your craft here. If you do, you'll block me and put me in danger besides." He smiled. "I'm too old to take risks I don't have to."

"I didn't mean to get you into this," Patten urged contritely. "Look here; if you've got an idea, pass it on. Just tell me what to do."

Tope shook his head. "There's no risk, if you do as I say," he smilingly insisted. "Get aboard your battleship there and run along!"

And Patten obediently went along. Lawrence and the old man watched the patrol boat swing out into the stream, then turned up the hill toward the house, and Lawrence echoed Patten's word.

"You know," he urged, "this is a shame! Gene's an enthusiast, but catching rum runners is his business. You're on a vacation, inspector. It's too bad to drag you into this."

But Inspector Tope silenced him too. "I've tomorrow and Thursday and Friday to fish," he pointed out. "Three days' vacation is enough for any man."

"But what is it you're going to do, inspector?" Lawrence insisted curiously. "I'd like to take a hand. What's your plan?"

Tope smiled blandly. "I plan to go fishing, my friend," he replied, "if you will show me where the fish may be." And he would tell the younger man no more than this of what was in his mind.

On Wednesday the inspector fished alone, since Lawrence was all that day at his easel, but Thursday, when the skies were overcast, they fished together, and thus on Friday too. The fish bit slowly, for the wind had come into the northeast, and it drove a thin fog before it, and a spit of rain. The islands in the river were no more than gray blurs in the gray fog, and the water was a leaden gray about them as they watched their lines.

They came early ashore that Friday afternoon; for there was a cold shudder in this damp wind that pierced them through. They came ashore, and Lawrence built up a great fire, and the two men sat before it with their feet extended to the blaze. It began to rain with more and more severity, and the drops slashed against the windows in little gusts and spattering whispers. But the fire leaped gayly, and Lawrence said it was a good night to be indoors.

Tope nodded. "Too bad to take you out," he agreed.

The artist looked at him with quick attention. "We're going out, are we?" he asked; and the inspector smiled his assent.

"But we'll sleep first," he promised. "We need not stir till an hour or so before dawn. There ought to be some word from your friend Patten by and by."

They had during the week more than once seen the patrol boat on her courses, but young Patten, implicitly obeying Tope's instructions, refrained from coming near them. Yet tonight they received, as the inspector had predicted, a word from him. It came by the hand of a man strange to them both; a sealed note, somewhat sodden from the dampness in the air. The bearer delivered it at the door, then disappeared; and since it was addressed to Tope, Lawrence gave it to the older man unopened. But the inspector, after a glance, read it aloud:

"Willetson left New York on the train due at Mays Harbor at 2:42 tomorrow afternoon," Patten had written. "His man overhauled the boat this morning, but he didn't find a frayed wire under the floor boards that is likely to give them trouble on the way down. Maskett is due to come down the river from Montreal tomorrow afternoon."

The note was without direction or signature, but Tope nodded with satisfaction as he read it. Having done so, he tore it into strips and dropped them on the fire. And half an hour later, their preparations done, he and Lawrence went to bed.

The alarm clock roused them at three in the morning; and at its first clang, Tope made haste to muffle the gong. They dressed, at his insistence, in the darkness; the only light came from the dying embers of the fire. And the darkness, and the chill, and the unearthly hour preyed on Lawrence's nerves. First dressed, he crept to the outer door to inspect the weather. The rain had stiffened to a steady downpour; the wind had slackened, had grown colder too. Lawrence shivered as he came back to report.

"No night for a canoe trip, sir," he said uneasily.

But Tope smiled in cheerful confidence. "At least, no one is likely to see us," he pointed out.

And a little later they were ready; and Tope stuffed into his pockets some bars of chocolate and a packet or two of raisins and a handful of nuts. Lawrence offered him an automatic, but the inspector shook his head.

"I never learned to use one," he confessed. "Even with a revolver, I'm no marksman."

"Take it anyway," Lawrence insisted. "You may want it badly."

"I'd rather trust wits and tongue," Tope told him smilingly. He buttoned his coat. "I'll take oilskins, for the trip across," he suggested. "And take dry socks and a dry pair of tennis shoes, if you can supply them?"

"See here!" Lawrence cried desperately. "What are you planning, inspector? You know, this isn't your business at all. I don't like it. Patten was wrong to drag you in."

Tope shook his head. "He complimented me by doing so," he corrected. "At my age the deference of youth is flattering. He did quite right to show me so much courtesy."

Lawrence protested: "Just the same —— Well, I don't know how you expect to get away with this. But if you can do it, I can do it. You give me your instructions, let me carry the load."

The old man smiled unyieldingly. "You can handle a canoe," he pointed out. "That is beyond my powers. I need you for that."

The artist urged one last word. "Take a gun anyway," he begged. "They killed Fisher, you know!"

But the inspector cheerfully refused. And "Come!" he added. "It is time to go!"

So they moved in the darkness to the door and stepped out into the rain and descended toward the landing. Lawrence lifted his canoe down into the water, and a moment later they struck out into the river, toward the island hidden in the night and the rain a mile or more away.

Tope, in the bow, did not attempt to paddle. He sat huddled in a ball, silent and absorbed; and Lawrence drove the craft with a steady, skillful stroke, till they saw the black loom of the island, and edged carefully that way.

Thus they came alongside the wharf beside the boathouse. There was no sound from the camp on the ledge above them, no sign of movement there.

"The boathouse is closed; no one here," Tope reported in a cheerful undertone. "So all is well, my friend. I will expect you tomorrow night, an hour after the last light up there is dark. You understand?"

"Certainly," Lawrence assured him. "But blast it, Tope, I hate to leave you here. If anything happens to you, I'll come out here with a bomb."

Tope smiled in the darkness. "Better if you come with a canoe," he retorted. He stripped off his oilskins and a moment later he had turned away. His round figure lost itself in the darkness, and Lawrence reluctantly dipped his paddle. A hundred yards offshore, he stayed for a while, listening, but there came no sound from the direction of the camp, and he set out at last for home.

The old inspector ascended the path till he came to the veranda which encircled three sides of the living room. He continued around the camp to the kitchen door, and he began to experiment upon the padlock there with certain keys. Ten minutes later the door swung open under his hand.

But the inspector did not immediately enter. His shoes, though he had changed into dry ones in the canoe, were wet; and he waited long enough to remove them, stuff them in his pockets, put on dry socks. He made sure that his garments were not sufficiently wet to drip; and then at last he stepped into the kitchen.

He opened, from the inside, a window just beside the kitchen door. Then he returned to the door, took off his dry socks, put on his wet shoes again, stepped outside, closed and relocked the door, and threw a leg across the sill of the open window. Sitting there, he once more removed his shoes and drew on the dry socks; and so at last, in stocking feet, he entered the house and closed the window and fastened it behind him.

The first step of his campaign was thus completed. He was inside the camp, having left no trace of his entrance. And off to the eastward, the blackness of night was losing its intensity; there was a promise of dawn.

Inspector Tope spent that day quite cheerfully and comfortably in the camp on the rocky island. Save that he lighted no fire, he appeared to take no precautions against observation. His clothes, only slightly wetted during his swift ascent of the hill, quickly dried, and his shoes likewise. Now and then he munched a bit of chocolate, careful to drop no crumbs or fragments of the foil covering. For most of the day he read, selecting a book from the shelves.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, he began to look more and more frequently down toward the landing fifty yards below the house. It was not yet time for Willetson to arrive. His train was due in Mays Harbor at 2:42, and even in a fast boat there was almost an hour's run to the island. If that frayed wire did its duty, the run

(Continued on Page 198)

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Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

DELICIOUS QUEEN ANNE CANDY *sold at* WOOLWORTHS

ALWAYS fresh—always pure—Queen Anne candies are a delicious combination of wholesome candy ingredients and carefully selected nut meats. A small trial bag of any Queen Anne nut candy will show the good old-fashioned flavor which has made it such a famous feature at all Woolworth stores. Like many others, you may want to buy Queen Anne in boxes, the sales of which are becoming more and more popular. The five kinds of Queen Anne candies pictured below are sold in all Woolworth Stores in the United States.

NUT CUBES

Large new-crop pecan nuts topping a light, rich caramel, with a creamy nougat center. Cupped in waxed paper.

ALMONETTES

A light, rich caramel with a butter-crunch center and topped with roasted almonds. Cupped in waxed paper.

CARAMEL NUT NOUGATS

A chocolate nougat center, wrapped in rich caramel and topped with new-crop pecans and brazil nuts. Individually cupped in waxed paper.

PECAN CARAMELS

This is a rich vanilla-flavored caramel flooded with chopped fresh-shelled pecans. Cupped in waxed paper.

ALMOND DAINTIES

Large, fresh-roasted almonds imbedded in a deliciously rich, light caramel. Each piece separately wrapped in waxed paper and always fresh.

After you've tasted Queen Anne you'll want to take it home in boxes . . . as so many Woolworth customers do.

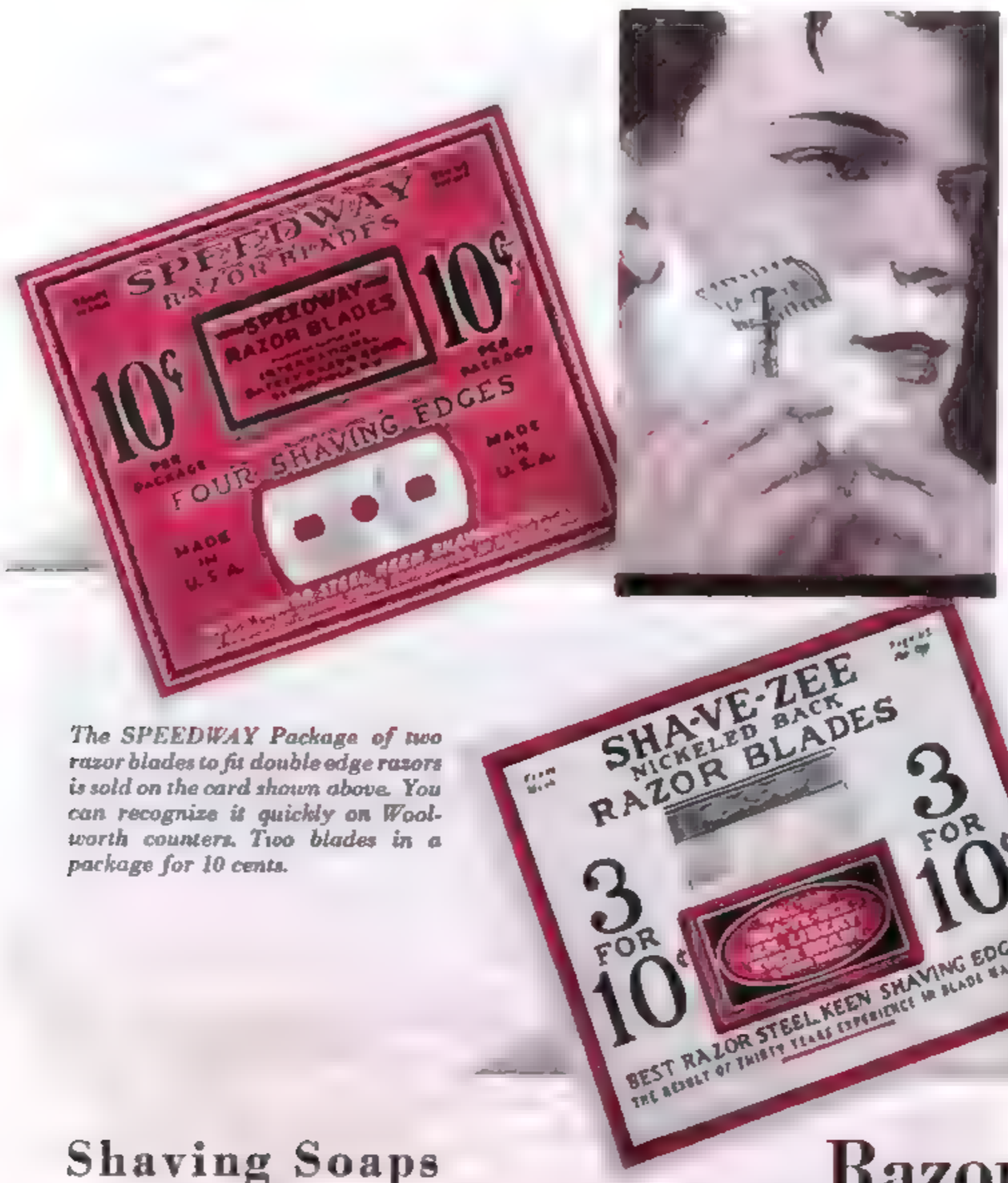
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5–10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

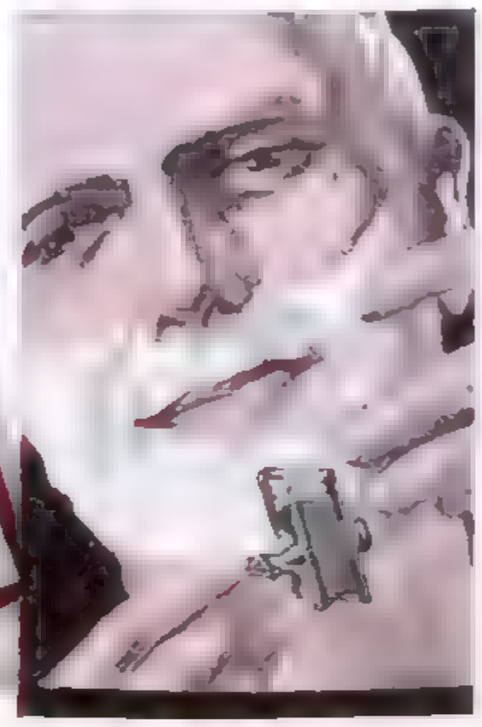
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

RAZOR BLADES IN 10¢ PACKAGES *at* WOOLWORTHS



The SPEEDWAY Package of two razor blades to fit double edge razors is sold on the card shown above. You can recognize it quickly on Woolworth counters. Two blades in a package for 10 cents.

100,000,000 shaves with Woolworth blades . . . last year, that is how convincingly Woolworth answered the razor blade question for men. It was something of a revelation when Woolworths offered two blade packages and three blade packages for only a dime . . . nothing like it had ever been done before . . . men had always thought they *had* to buy razor blades in expensive packages. Now these handy packages of blades can always be secured by the busy man from convenient Woolworth counters.



The SHA-VE-ZEE Package offering three razor blades for single edge razors for only ten cents can be recognized by the card shown here.

Shaving Soaps
Shaving Creams
Shaving Brushes

—toilet waters, cooling lotions, talcum powders, and other things a man needs for a smooth, clean, comfortable shave are always on sale at all Woolworth stores.

These are all procurable in the convenient size packages which have become so popular at Woolworths.

Razor Blades to Fit Popular Makes of Safety Razors

"Speedway" Blades for double edge razors . . .
"Sha-ve-zee" Blades for single edge razors . . .

all with smooth cutting edges guaranteed to hold up against the toughest beard . . . quick, clean, easy shaves. If you have not already used the Woolworth blades, you can easily and quickly get a package at your nearest Woolworth store. Many men buy several months' supply at once.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

EMPRI VICTORY TIP SHOELACES *sold at* WOOLWORTHS

WHERE shoelaces and other things can be bought speedily from convenient displays on quickservice counters. The famous EMPRI brand shoelaces for men and women are sold in all Woolworth stores. Ask for them by name, or you can recognize them easily on the counters by the labels on the shoelaces shown below.

You never need a shoelace 'til it breaks. Guard against emergencies —keep supplies at home and office.

The new rayon laces, with smart tassel tips and in all modish shades for women's oxfords . . . at only 10¢ a pair.

Victory Tip Shoelaces for Men

Sometimes a man whose tie is faultless, whose shoes are expensive, wears shabby shoelaces. Yet it is so easy to be sure of neatness. Empri shoelaces give long service and the Victory Tips are part of the lace—they can't come off. These shoelaces for men and for women come in black and in the correct shades of tan in the popular lengths. Buy them at any Woolworth store for five cents a pair.

5¢ A PAIR

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

EMPRI

WHEN BUYING SHOELACES

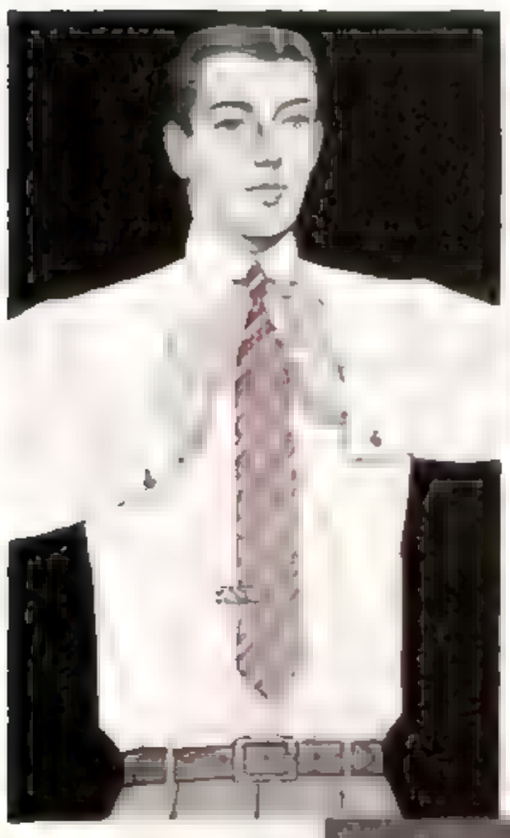
F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

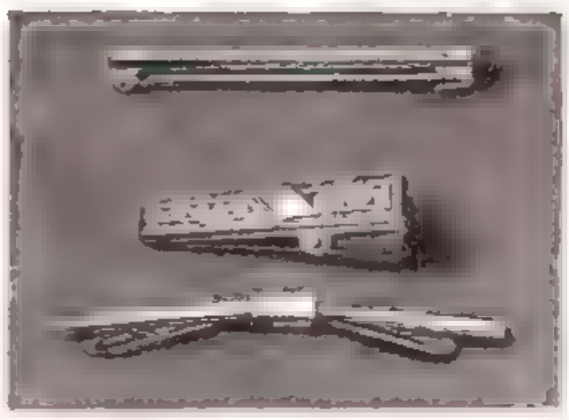
50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

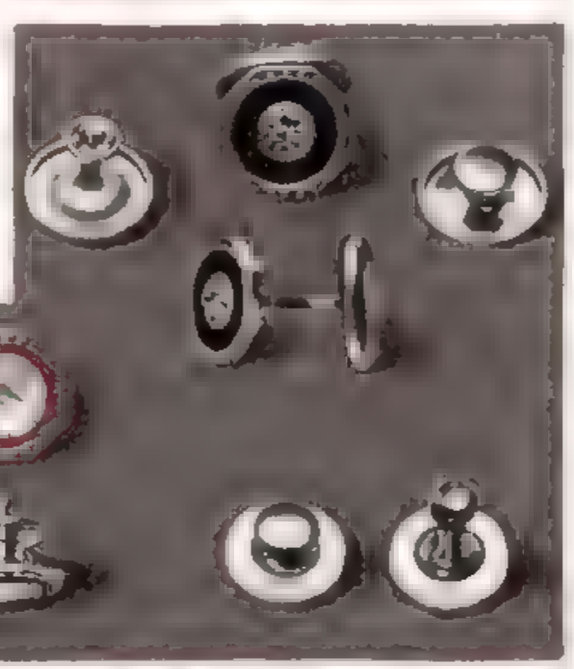
Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

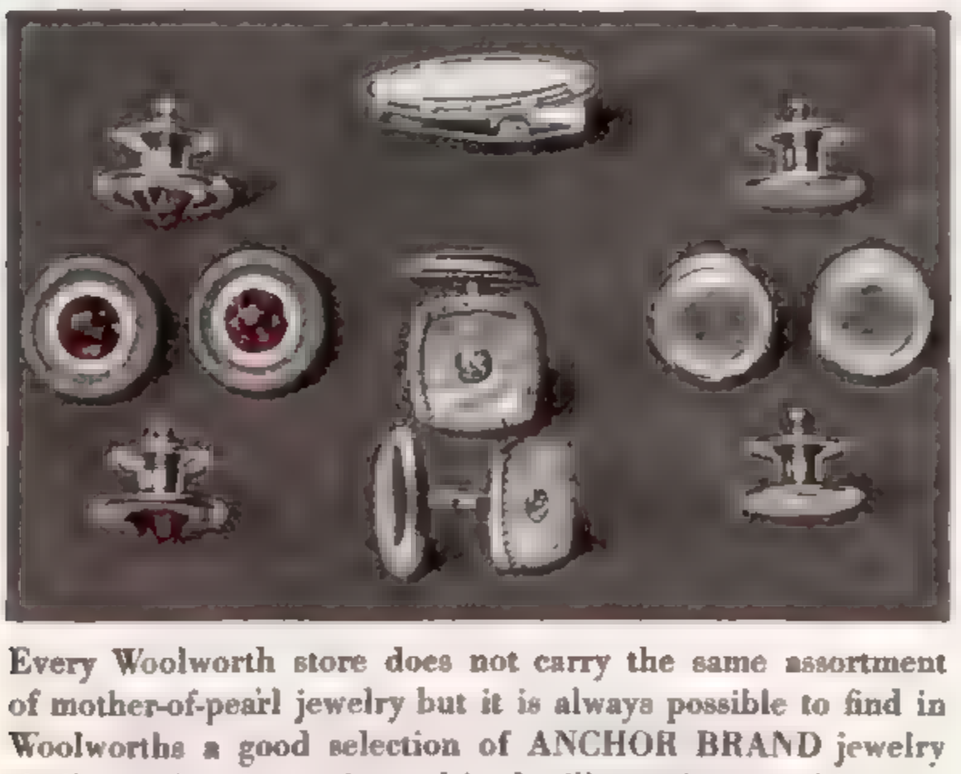
JEWELRY FOR MEN AND WOMEN *at* WOOLWORTHS





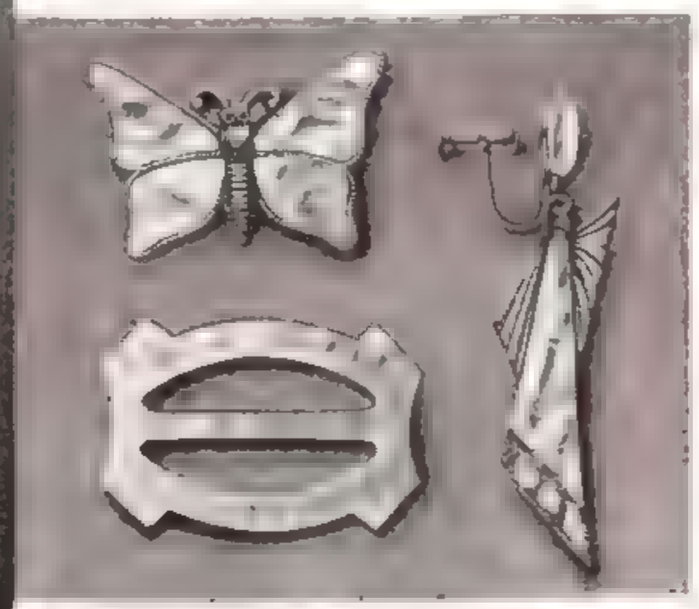


These collar buttons, cuff links, soft collar pins, tie clasps and studs are typical of assortments for men at Woolworths.

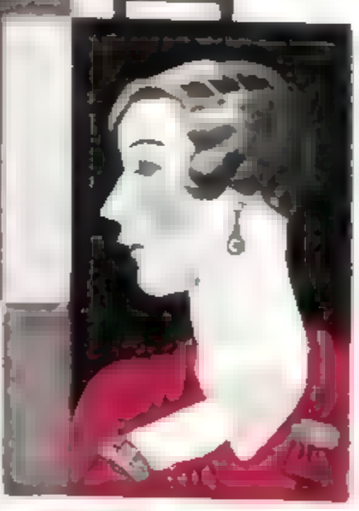


Every Woolworth store does not carry the same assortment of mother-of-pearl jewelry but it is always possible to find in Woolworths a good selection of ANCHOR BRAND jewelry similar to the pieces pictured in the illustrations on this page.

. . . from the ocean bed to your Woolworth stores comes the famous ANCHOR BRAND genuine mother-of-pearl jewelry . . . to bring increasing service and loveliness in the variety of its new designs and settings.



The illustrations above are typical of the bracelets, earrings, brooches, beauty pins and other mother-of-pearl jewelry for women shown in Woolworth stores.



F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

MILFORD MEN'S GARTERS
remarkable values at WOOLWORTHS

MILFORD guaranteed garters for men are made of fresh, long-wearing elastic. They are presented in a wide selection of attractive colors and designs . . . in two comfortable and popular types of construction . . . each with protected garter grips.

In the service they render, in the comfort they afford, and in the money they save, Milford Men's Garters illustrate once more the remarkable values offered by Woolworths!

These illustrations show but a few of the many handsome designs and colors in which Milford Garters are obtainable.

10¢ *each garter*

F W WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

PURE FOODS QUICKLY SERVED *at* WOOLWORTHS

All the Red Cross sanitary fountains are equipped with the beautiful Carrara glass for counter tops . . . which not only does not disintegrate with age but cannot become stained by acids or fruit juices. Its non-absorbent lustrous surface will not retain the smallest particle of foreign matter.

BISHOP and BABCOCK

RED CROSS SANITARY FOUNTAINS

speed service *at* WOOLWORTHS

THE famous Red Cross sanitary soda fountains, made by Bishop and Babcock Mfg. Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, are a feature at all the larger Woolworth stores. Millions know of the quick, convenient service rendered through fixtures designed to meet every test for absolute cleanliness, comfort and efficiency . . . And nowhere is this fact more evident than in the soda and lunch departments of Woolworth stores where standards of service and purity are so emphasized . . . both in sanitary fixtures and in the best food to be secured from local markets. More and more people are finding that lunching at Woolworths is a daily convenience . . . and satisfaction.

Bishop and Babcock Sales Co's general offices are at Cleveland, Ohio. Offices also at New York, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Denver, Chicago, St. Louis, Dallas, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other principal cities.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

HEALTHFULNESS WHOLESOMENESS *in these products at* WOOLWORTHS

Sodas, Sundaes and Other Fountain Dishes

—*Made with* J. H. S. *Fruits and Flavors*

Full-flavored, rich with Nature's goodness, J. H. S. fountain confections are tickling millions of palates. Enjoy them to the full, for J. H. S. Fruits and Flavors are famous for purity and wholesomeness. You're getting the best that money can buy.

J. H. S. Fruits and Flavors are made by J. Hungerford Smith Co., Rochester, N.Y.—the world's largest makers of these fountain requisites. Woolworth fountains serve them exclusively.

There is no substitute for natural flavor!

Carbonic GAS . . . *A Daily Benefit*

In Fountain Drinks and Sodas

Sodas and other carbonated drinks served at Woolworth fountains are not only delicious, thirst quenching, and refreshing, but healthful, too.

For they contain "Red Diamond" Brand Carbonic Gas—the purest carbonic gas obtainable.

Physicians will tell you that pure carbonic gas tones up the whole system, aids digestion, stimulates the circulatory organs and the stomach.

Babies get it in Mother's Milk to the extent of 10% by volume. Thus Nature, as well as physicians, recommends it. More than half the bottled drinks and sodas served in this country are charged with Red Diamond Carbonic Gas. It is pure, powerful, and pungent.

Thousands of soda fountains and bottlers display the sign shown below because it is a *mark of quality*.

RED DIAMOND GAS

Made by the Liquid Carbonic Corporation, 3100 So. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill., the world's largest manufacturers of carbonic gas and bottlers' supplies.

MEMORIZE THIS SIGN

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

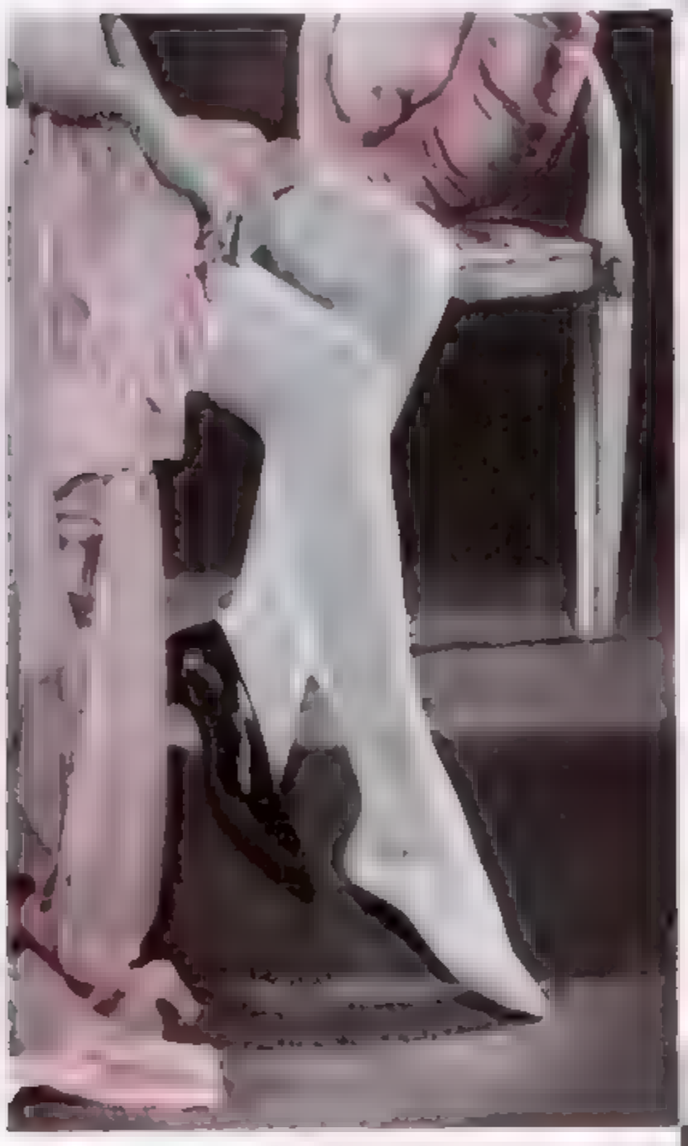
50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

***Special Sales Days* . . . . .**

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

DURABLE HOSIERY *for* EVERYBODY *at* WOOLWORTHS

THE exact number of stockings sold in a single year in the more than twenty-one hundred stores of Woolworth make a staggering figure. It is only because of the millions of pairs sold that Woolworth can secure the quality which surprises you for such little prices. The values in women's stockings are amazing, but so are the values in men's socks . . . and as for children's hosiery, who doesn't know of the famous Woolworth stockings which regularly supply so many active youngsters for school and play in all seasons!



These mercerized stockings for women are sold in all Woolworth stores.

Men's fancy hose, rayon plaited and with mercerized top, heel and toe in all-over designs and plain colors in the popular shades. Not only are these outstanding value from the standpoint of appearance but from service and foot comfort as well.

THE woman's stocking shown above is a favorite in Woolworth stores. It is full-mercerized and is sold in several light shades. The widespread popularity of this stocking is due to its shapeliness and the long service it gives . . . Stockings for men are displayed in a variety of designs and colors and in rayon, or cotton and rayon mixtures . . . Boys' plain ribbed hose and sport hose in many color combinations . . . Girls' fine-ribbed or sport-ribbed stockings . . . Babies' fine mercerized yarn stockings . . . Children's socks.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

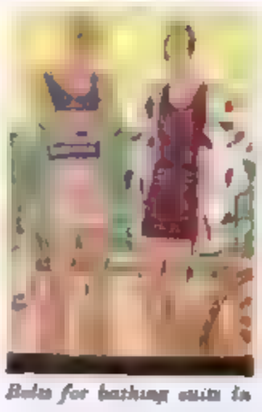
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

ALWAYS IN STEP WITH FASHION *at* WOOLWORTHS

for men and for women

SMART BELTS

SMART belts need not be expensive. You know this is true if you have seen the remarkable display of belts in Woolworth stores. And if you are not familiar with Woolworth belts now you will be more than surprised at their quality and the variety of styles. Fashionable colors to match hats, shoes or handbags . . . patent leather, split cowhide, suedyne, leather and imitation leather . . . all with smart buckles.



Belts for bathing suits in many stores in season.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

NORTHRUP, KING'S CHOICE SEEDS *at* WOOLWORTHS

GARDEN lovers will find in every Woolworth store in the United States, flower and vegetable seeds of the highest grade, from the best seed farms. That is why you may purchase seeds at Woolworths during the planting season, with the assurance that they will grow into beautiful flowers—into the finest vegetables.

An extensive variety of fine strains in early and late sorts enables you to plan your garden so that it will be a continuous joy from spring until frost. For productive gardens buy your seeds at Woolworths!

5¢ *for each standard size vegetable packet—and for each of 54 different flower packets.*

10¢ *Fairyland Flower Garden—Sixteen Varieties of Beautiful Flowers.*

10¢ *per packet for each of 36 varieties of flowers.*

Illustrations about ⅓ actual size

Illustrations about ⅓ actual size

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5–10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

LOVELY GARDENS COST LITTLE *at* WOOLWORTHS

BULBS

HAVE lovely flowers in your garden all summer long! An easy, economical way is with Woolworth bulbs. A large assortment of popular varieties perfectly suited to your locality awaits you at the nearest Woolworth Store during the planting season.

Gladioli, many kinds, including Mrs. Frank Pendleton. *Dahlias,* queen of the late summer flowers. *Japanese Hardy Lilies,* a beautiful oriental flower. *Cannas,* with their large trusses of brilliant flowers. *Tuberoses,* famed for their unforgettable fragrance. *Japanese Iris,* a beautiful flower for the early summer garden.

Numerous other varieties, each produced in a climate best suited to its individual needs—each assuring you of beautiful flowers!

For fall—*a full line of bulbs for fall planting will be on sale at Woolworth Stores about September first.*

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

PAINT FOR MORE HOME BEAUTY *costs little at* WOOLWORTHS

Ready Mixed Paints and Brushes

at all Woolworth stores

Change the color of your kitchen this Spring. Put new beauty in your bathroom or make your porch furniture look like new. You can do any or all of these at little cost with the convenient small cans of paint and good brushes from the counters of your favorite Woolworth store. Ready-mixed paints, varnish stains, enamels and brushing lacquers of good quality and in the popular colors are supplied by Woolworth in the small cans. And a surprising selection of serviceable brushes for almost every kind of painting.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

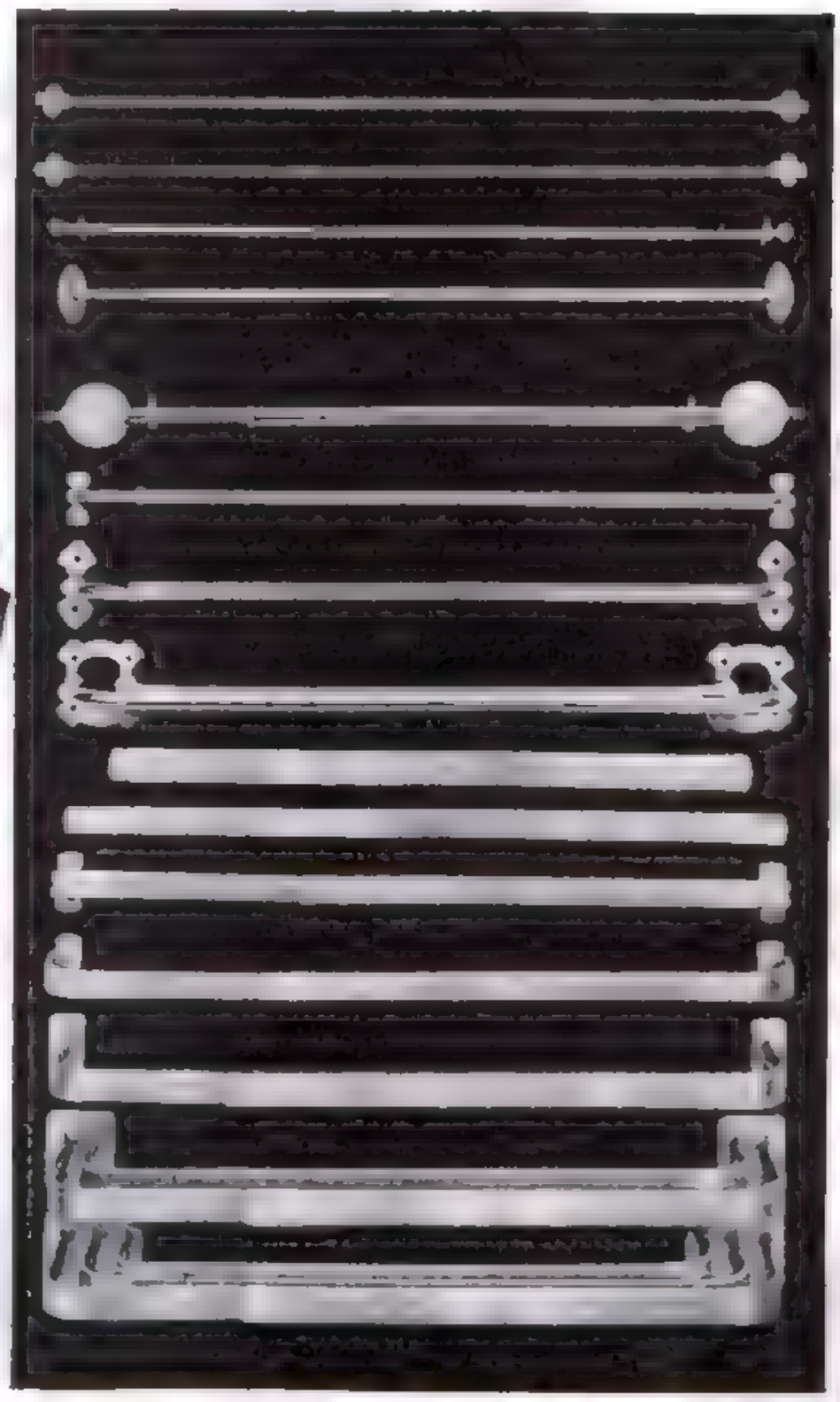
50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

CURTAIN RODS FOR EVERY WINDOW *sold at* WOOLWORTHS

THE Spanish type rod shown above is a charming adaptation of those now being featured in the expensive shops. The cretonne and the lace curtain paneling are from Woolworths too. These attractive Spanish type rods and the glass tie backs shown on both styles of drapery are sold in every Woolworth store where there is a demand.



Woolworth brings to your home a wide variety of curtain rods for all of the new and correct styles of draperies. And it costs so little to supply the windows of every room in the house . . . kitchen, breakfast room, sun-room, living room, dining room, bedroom, nursery and bathroom.

Local demand determines which of the curtain rods illustrated above are carried in the different Woolworth stores.

You can select rods for almost any window, door or French window—all sprayed to prevent tarnish or rust—at Woolworth standard prices . . . and made for both style and service.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5–10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

FOR THE PLAY HOURS AT HOME *shop at* WOOLWORTHS

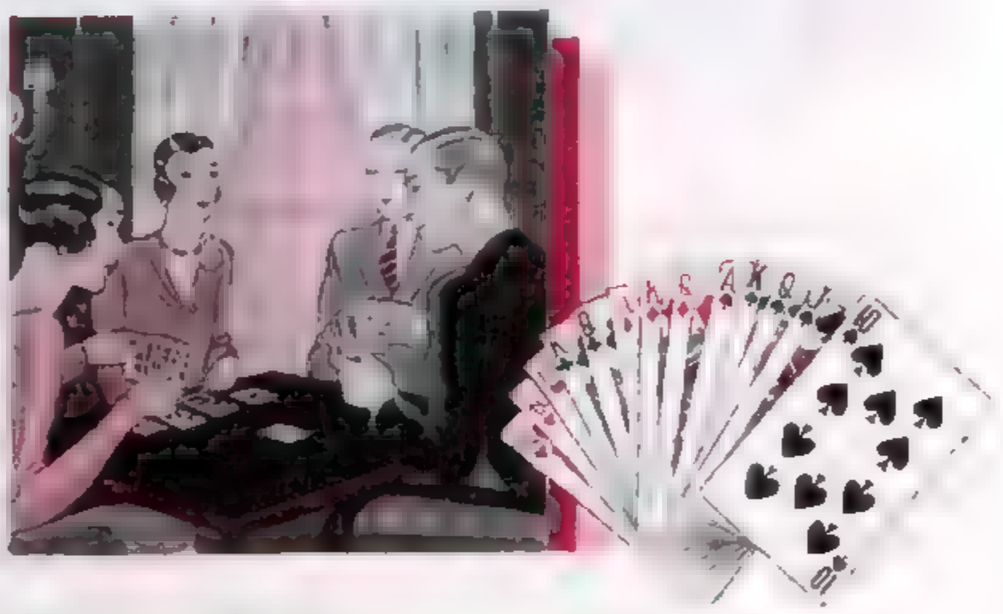
New books and games are frequently added to Woolworth counters to provide, at little cost, wholesome amusement for the children and for the grown-ups of many families.

NO more dull hours for families who know the variety of entertainment which Woolworth stores have put within the reach of everybody. Games to amuse children after lessons are done; toys for all year round; picture books like the "Friendly Animals" and "Animals and Birds" to teach children to love animals; story books of nursery rhymes, of fairy tales; and the classics of childhood which all youngsters should know; books to quicken a little boy's or girl's appreciation of art and beauty. Fiction and other books for grown-ups.

* * *

TO have crisp, smart-looking playing cards, new for every bridge, is an inexpensive matter since Woolworth undertook to provide hostesses with such attractive cards. They are linen-finished, shellac-polished, and come in quality extraordinary for the low prices. In Woolworths, too, hostesses can always buy charming little favors and table decorations at the low prices always standard at Woolworth stores.

Little girls take great delight in paper doll cut-outs—just as their mothers and grandmothers did. But paper dolls now are more beautiful—and dressed in the latest styles. Wouldn't any small girl love to cut out and dress the lovely dolly Joan shown here . . . The little fellow with the paint book is enjoying another favorite pastime provided for so many children at standard low prices.



Since the value of a book is judged by its contents—not its price—Woolworth does a real service in bringing many fine books to its customers at standard low prices... It is surprising how many good books can be purchased at Woolworths.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5-10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

OUR LOCAL GUELPHS

(Continued from Page 11)

I touched her hand. "Be political, my dear. Would you deny a liberal magazine its villain?"

"Sorry!" She smiled. "But do all your ideas come from Washington press rooms, Mr. Lescott?"

The insult was aimed straight at the majesty of a political editor. I could see Lescott preparing a reply that would humble her, but Nelle's interest in the conversation suddenly went out. A rush of arrivals had signified the noon recess of the convention, and the dining room was filling with delegates and their associates. Nelle had seen a tanned young man whose blue serge and bright yellow oxfords spelled "cow county." He and a vivacious young woman came toward us, and Nelle was on her feet.

"Mrs. Dyer!" she was saying. "I knew that you and Joe were thriftily combining a honeymoon and a convention, but I haven't been able to find you." She imperiously summoned a head waiter. "Find a small table for Mr. and Mrs. Dyer if you have to throw someone out. And mind you put flowers on it. . . . She's a perfect darling, Joe. How does a casehardened old rancher marry a girl like this?" Nelle kissed the young bride, who blushed proudly. "Please try to find time to look in on my reception while Joe's being political tonight, dear. The roof garden of the hotel."

"I reckon I wouldn't miss it," the bride said in the drawl of the downstate cattle country. She altogether approved of Nelle McMinn, and her eyes went to the little hat. "Did that hat come from Washington, Miss McMinn?"

"From no farther away than Harney Street. Shall I show you the place this afternoon? We can dissipate the profits of the cattle industry while Joe saves the nation. About three, then. You're staying at this hotel?"

Joe Dyer and his bride moved on to their table behind a deferent head waiter. Nelle said, "He's chairman of the Hooper County delegation. He's a personage in Hooper County. Oh, ho!" She nodded toward the door, where Francine Boddie had appeared and was scowling at her. "Francine doesn't like me to talk to Hooper County. . . . Do sit down. I'll be back for the salad, but there's a blond widow I must see."

Lescott smiled, resuming his chair. "Miss McMinn had me puzzled for a while. But she's merely another charming girl who thinks that millinery may be important in politics. The country is full of pretty dabblers whom we've encouraged to vote without teaching them the machinery of government."

My hand, for the moment, refused to lift my fork. "The quaint thing is I've been reading you seriously," I said. "My dear Lescott, my politics come largely from Malooth's Herald and yours seem a fungus of Harvard College library. But Nelle's politics govern the country you write about." I saw him smiling at me with gracious toleration, and got fervid. "Do you really suppose that the nomination for senator is going to turn on Harold Boddie's lust to root out corruption?"

"What else?" he said. "If you come right down to it, what else?"

"Ask Nelle; it's a little cloudy in my mind. But it has something to do with a social snub to Francine Boddie."

His tolerant smile did not abate. "That's a literary notion, of course. Miss McMinn likes to imagine she's helping her grandfather. Malooth, being a newspaperman, likes to think he's cynical. You like to think you have inside information of great value. But elections depend on political issues."

"I see." I could only echo Nelle's helplessness.

"There's Malooth now. Who's the impressive old codger with him?"

Lescott nodded toward the tall, gray-haired man who had paused with Malooth in the doorway to survey the room. An impressive old codger indeed, with a white goatee, cheeks of a high pink, deep furrowed forehead and keen gray eyes. It occurred to me that political editors who could be authoritative about poker games and political issues ought to recognize the source of their indignation.

"The Statesman has opposed every stand he's taken for the past six years," I said. "It's time you met."

Malooth and the senator had to pass our table. I stopped them and presented Mr. Oliver Lescott of the Statesman. Alec took his hand in a grasp that had been forged in the saddle fifty years ago. He stood about ten inches higher than the somewhat embarrassed editor.

"Son"—Alec's drawl was a lovely music—"I'm glad to know you. You sure can make a typewriter sit up and say Uncle."

"I wasn't aware," Lescott said, "that you read me."

"I generally leave it to my secretary," Alec admitted. "He sends the Statesman to his highbrow friends. Somehow he missed your poker-game yarn. I didn't see a word of it till old Hank Boddie printed it."

"Boddie reprinted it?" Lescott was surprised. "He didn't mention that to me."

"Scared you might want a royalty, maybe. Francine can't hardly afford all those pictures." Alec drew a handful of leaflets from a pocket. "He snowed the theater under with them. Here." He dropped them by Lescott's plate. "It's sweet language, son. If you ever want anything in D. C., drop in and speak to me about it."

I saw tokens of outrage in Oliver's eyes, and interposed: "He thinks you're offering him a bribe, Alec."

"Then just drop in and show me how to run the Government," Alec said. "Glad to listen to you any time, son."

Lescott suspected a probable satire, but Alec's drawl blended with a smile of genial unworldliness.

"Do you care to say anything about the contest?" Lescott asked.

"Looks good for old Hank," Alec said dreamily. "Don't underestimate him, son. He's half horse and half alligator. He's a hairy-chested buckeroo from Powder River, and the West's his bronco and he don't need spurs. Yep, old Hank's a good man. He'd ought to be; I raised him myself and he got him a wife that smoothed off the job. Only"—the drawl dipped gently—"only, old Hank talks too much."

"What," Oliver Lescott asked—"what do you consider the real reason for Mr. Boddie's revolt?"

For a moment Alec's eyes lost their geniality. No one who saw the change need have wondered how Alec had survived four terms in the Senate. The sleepy mask covered the steel again, and Alec was chanting:

"Ain't you heard how Hank says I up and bought some land that my dam was going to help? Don't you know how that riled old Hank, who'd been my custodian for twenty years, so much that he gave a war whoop, scalp-danced a week, and went off the reservation in full paint? Old Hank's out to nail me because he just can't abide corruption. I'm not a political expert, son, but if I was I'd look things up for myself."

Alec lazily faced about and would have gone away, but suddenly Nelle was back and demanding his attention. "Don't be so apathetic, Alec," she said. "It's possible for you to lose this nomination, you know."

"My!" Alec said mildly. "Be a blow to my friends, huh?"

Nelle betrayed emotion to the extent of stamping her foot. "I wish people hadn't told you you were a stoical Westerner. What's this about your having a talk with Boddie?"

"My!" Alec said again. "You know lots, don't you, sister? I just met Hank in the lobby and took him in to the bar and bought him a pineapple ice-cream soda. Now, I ask you, Nelle, what's the West comin' to when two old gophers like Hank and me have to drink pineapple ——"

"Never mind the brave old days. What did you say about the ——"

Once more the metamorphosis in Alec McMinn's eyes. But his voice remained drowsy: "His friends came up and lassoed him—seemed downright peeved. Oh, Hank was to be taken care of if he'd stayed aboard. He knows he'll be watched out for any time he wants to climb back. Bull market for senators' wives, sister; best you lay off old Hank."

Nelle looked speculatively at her grandfather. Her white frock was exquisite and cool, and the brim of her hat curved over eyes that were innocent of the rude world.

"All there is to it, Alec," she said, "you've simply got to talk to Francine ——"

The Hon. Alexander McMinn lifted a huge hand. It had subdued broncos in his youth, and tossed steers and branded yearlings. It now made gestures suggestive of felling a tree.

"Four terms without scalping a squaw. I'm not beginning on Francine."

"Oh, but you are," Nelle insisted.

"I don't want delegates that bad. I won't caucus with Francine. That squaw gives me a bellyache, and I'm gettin' old." He turned away with Malooth, but flung back over his shoulder: "Yes, and you can let the mayor of Ralston get off his speech about old Hank, sister. Don't you put up any monkeyshines till he's eased himself about how awful I am."

Alec and Malooth went on down the room. "Would you believe that was the man who licked the Senate to a standstill on the harbors bill?" Nelle demanded. "Can you imagine that stubborn child putting over the Magpie Dam? Can a cry baby who's afraid of Francine Boddie really have started the judiciary investigation?"

She brooded in silence for a moment and then, remarking that in times of stress nothing was so comforting as a lipstick, began to make up her lips. Lescott, who had been listening with earnest attention to the conversation of a senator and his political manager, was smiling with his superior tolerance.

"Do you really think, Miss McMinn," he asked, "that nominations of political parties are settled by interviews and ice-cream sodas? Do you expect all your maneuvering to have any bearing on the convention's actions?"

"Gracious, no!" Nelle said. "I believe that politics means great economic issues and being moral about poker games. I'm quite sure that the convention is going to nominate Mr. Boddie purely because the Statesman approves of him."

"Depend on it," Lescott told her, his smile fading into solemnity, "there are issues at stake here that the Statesman merely symbolizes. Your pleasant intrigues are opposing a popular will that can be actually felt. I'm afraid it will mean success to Mr. Boddie."

She admired him with her eyes—great gray eyes that were deep with respect. "Well, I hope your probity can stand the appearance of evil. Do look in on my reception tonight. It's one of my miserable little intrigues. . . . I've got to go. Perhaps you'll give me a meal I can finish sometime."

We went with her toward the door. And from across the room Francine halted us. Mrs. Harold Boddie was a person of fire and majesty, both more than apparent in her carriage. She raised a hand and it petrified Nelle in the archway. She came up to us with the inescapable sureness of fate. She paused within arm's length, and there were just the four of us, alone in space, though a dining room full of delegates and the greatly interested kept their gaze on us.

"Miss McMinn," Francine Boddie said icily, even glacially, "is it your idea that I won't learn of your tampering with the Hooper County delegation?"

If Mrs. Boddie was glacial, Nelle had become very sweet. "Oh, dear, no," she said. "I know how clever you are, Mrs. Boddie."

"I am tired of petty chicaneries," Mrs. Boddie announced severely. "I suppose it's the commercial instinct that makes you think you can buy delegates. It won't do you the slightest good, you know. Hooper County is pledged to Mr. Boddie. Perhaps the next time Senator McMinn builds a dam he'll use more care where it's located."

"I've heard the speech," Nelle said, still youthfully sweet. "Someone of yours writes well. Could it be Mr. Lescott? But why bother to tell me all this?"

"And this reception of yours tonight." Here symptoms of stress appeared on Francine's cheeks. "I never heard of so barefaced an effort to bribe delegates by dazzling them with meretricious social glitter. I trust that Mr. Boddie is superior to such cheap methods. His campaign has been open and legitimate. He would never stoop to a parade of vulgar social machinery."

"Have the canvas pictures cost too much for you to afford the roof garden?" Nelle asked flippantly. "Am I supposed to believe that you won't permit your husband to buy a soda for his supporters? . . . Do come tonight, Francine. It's one social occasion I can get you admitted to."

The remark went home—the political surgery of Nelle McMinn was deft. Francine, all control gone, flushed the color of the hotel's wainscoting and sputtered. Several agitated exclamations burst from her, but Nelle serenely interrupted them with a movement of her wrist.

"It's true, of course. Could Mr. Boddie have been induced to risk his succession in the McMinn organization and go out for the Senate, if his wife's name hadn't been omitted from the program that welcomed the Vice President when he toured the West? . . . Really, Francine"—here Nelle's voice took on an aloof contempt that appalled me—"really, you should control your emotions. You'd be an awful flop as a senator's wife. The first essential is self-control—or call it"—Nelle actually drawled—"call it the—the poker face."

Oliver Lescott's hands, I noticed, were clenched and distressed. He was trying to stare at the floor and disappear. Nelle now walked on, gesturing us along with her, and left Francine to recover as best she might.

"She simply has no business clashing with me," Nelle remarked impersonally. "I'm so much more intelligent. . . . I'm leaving you now. I've got petty chicaneries to manage. And you'll be late at your conference with Harold Boddie, Mr. Lescott."

I saw Lescott flush angrily. Nelle waved to us and stepped into the elevator. "Whatever the worth of social politics," I observed pensively, "they seem to provide accurate information."

"She guessed I was seeing him," Lescott assured me, still nettled. "However, it was an accurate guess. Look me up about five, old man, if you've nothing to do. I'll be in the press section." He hesitated and then gave himself the luxury of malice. "It's going to be a pleasure, beating that little cat."

Deprived of my politicians, I looked round in the hope of finding such amateurs as Malooth or perhaps the senator. Neither was discoverable and, the August sun still violent, I betook myself to the Hotel Windsor's swimming pool. It was dim under stained ecclesiastical windows, deserted by everyone except the guard, and as cool as a deep canyon. For some hours I swam lazily in cold water and dozed on padded benches. It was past four o'clock when I again came into the lobby. Its hysteria had notably increased; everyone was shouting now, and the little groups were spinning like colonies of bacilli. I went out into the street just as the evening breeze from the peaks made them habitable.

It appeared that the cause of Mr. Harold Boddie had just been notably advanced by

(Continued on Page 161)

ICE is cheap · *use it freely*

There's an inertia which comes this time of year that can be turned into energy if meals are made interesting. And what can revive wilted appetites better than ice-freshened foods? Quantities of ice on hand to use freely—abundantly—these days between spring and actual summer—add so much to the joy of living.

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General good health—the feeling of fitness—depends much upon the kind and condition of food we eat. With a good, well-iced refrigerator in the home, we can always have the most nutritious and appetizing of foods. And in the ice box foods stay clean, safe from floating dust. They stay fresh, too, protected against those quick changes in temperature which herald hot summer days. Meats keep their savory juices—vegetables their tender succulence—because the circulating air in the properly constructed ice refrigerator is kept neither too moist nor too dry, neither too warm nor too cold, but *just right* to keep foods in prime condition.

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Women who do much entertaining know the advantages of using ice generously in table service. Shimmering bowls of ice on the table—ice tinkling merrily in cold drinks—sparkling covers of ice for little red radishes, green and ripe olives, golden squares of butter, crisp young celery. Doesn't the very thought of it make you hungry? Then, too, good ice refrigeration makes it possible to prepare many dishes long in advance, so that the housewife can serve delightful meals without spending much time in the kitchen after guests arrive.

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The valuable services of ice are by no means confined to refrigerator and table uses. In cases of illness or accident, ice is one of the most comforting friends—generously applied to allay inflammation, reduce swelling, and alleviate pain.

And modern women have found a brisk ice massage of indispensable aid in toning up circulation and keeping their complexions healthy and glowing. In many other ways as well, ice is proving a most useful servant.

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You don't need to feel extravagant when you use all the ice you really want. A survey covering the ice bills in more than 20,000 homes throughout the country shows that the cost of ice the year 'round for the average household is only $3.54 monthly. And the only other investment is the modest price of a good ice box.

A Good Refrigerator Important

There's a big difference in refrigerators. A good ice refrigerator quickly pays its cost in the ice and food it saves. Be sure your ice box is well insulated with an approved material—that it is correctly designed to permit free circulation of air that is constantly cooled, freshened and purified—that it is solidly built and tightly fitted together. If you don't know where to get a good ice refrigerator, *ask your own ice company.*

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES

(Continued from Page 159)

the nomination of his ally for governor. That news was being shouted everywhere, and boys were selling it in unnecessary extras. I wasn't pleased; I would personally repudiate any city that defeated Alec McMinn. In something of a rage, I crossed to the theater and went round to the stage entrance, where a policeman was arguing with me when Harvey Malooth came out.

"Pass me in," I entreated him. "I'm looking for the infallible."

He nodded to the officer. "He's inside, drinking in the oratory. Lescott's emotions run out through his pencil. Thank goodness I'm not paying his space rates. What's more, he's become a power in politics."

"That must be nice," I said. "Just how?"

"Closeted himself with Boddie and gave out an interview about how the Statesman loathed rascals. It wouldn't sell a paper on the streets," Malooth said acidly, "but the Record is rushing through an extra to comfort Boddie's delegates on the floor. . . . No, I never went to Harvard."

He looked bilious and went away. The extra he had foretold reached the convention just as I emerged on the stage and made my way to the press table. The floor—the theater pit—was white with waving pages, and the awful uproar of the crowd went into a crescendo. On the stage a helpless chairman banged his gavel, shouted into amplifiers, and finally sat down to let the hurricane subside. Someone pitched an armful of extras on the press table, and there, marred by a retoucher, were the handsome features of Oliver Lescott. I sat beside him and unfolded the Record's headlines. An interview with the Statesman's editor screamed through type of diminishing sizes and subsided to an inner page. I didn't read it, I merely verified my guess that it spoke favorably of reform and very harshly of graft and poker games.

Lescott scribbled furiously and passed successive sheets to a telegraph man across the table. He was frantic with excitement; the convention had made him drunk. He finished his dispatch and tossed it to the operator. Then his gaze fell pleasurably on the Record.

"Hello," he greeted me. "It's all over but the shouting." He was helping that out. "They'll end McMinn's control of his party in about one hour more by the clock. That nomination for governor cooked his goose."

I grunted, and he went on, flaming into complaint: "They should have adjourned right after it. That would have been psychology—let McMinn's gang worry about it over dinner. I suggested as much to Boddie."

"No!" This, somewhat raucously, from someone at his other elbow—a newspaperman in shirt sleeves and a derby. "Must have burst on him like a three-inch shell."

Oliver glared at the scoffer, but no one who wore a vest without a coat could disturb him. "It was psychology," he complained. "Recess right after a victory. Someone did move it, but it didn't go through."

"Fella," said the uncouth reporter, "if you want to put anything across in this convention, take it to little Nelle, the girl Napoleon." He spat elegantly over the table and looked dour.

The chairman had restored the hall to something like decorum. One could now make out that the minor nominating speeches naming local personages in the cow counties had been made, and that the ring was cleared for real business. And now up leaped the mayor of Ralston, with shining hair and a mohair suit and a voice that woke music in the theater. The convention quieted; for this was a headline act, a major effort, and would, after due suspense, offer Mr. Harold Boddie for nomination to the Senate of the United States. It was the oratory once known as silver-tongued, now happily extinct except in the deep South and the far West. It rolled its passion over our great past and our greater future. It named all the heroes and all the villains of our national history. It rebuked the British for the Boston Massacre and spoke reverently of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. And then, the mayor's voice climbing with a trill, it mentioned that arch priest of corruption, Alexander McMinn.

"The Statesman fires the shot heard round the West," I said.

Lescott brusquely motioned me to be still. . . . The mayor dealt vengefully with the poker game and then passed on to graft. The peril of the nation, one saw, was grave indeed so long as that swindler and defaulter, that pusillanimous boodler, that conscienceless employe of the people's enemies, that public thief and private hypocrite—so long as that high priest of villainy, Alexander McMinn, stayed in the Senate.

But there was hope. The voice grew sweeter, anticipating a better day. In this dark hour the state had yet a promise of fairer things. And so, period by period building up a climax of trumpet calls and splendor, the mayor of Ralston at last presented for nomination that paragon of statesmen, that plumed knight of reform, that last and greatest hope of righteousness and honesty and public courage—Mr. Harold Boddie.

The theater went mad. On the floor the banners of county delegations surged toward the mayor of Ralston, made a vortex of noise and movement, and then started out to parade the hall. In the top gallery a band broke into The Stars and Stripes Forever. From the balcony scores of spectators hurled confetti streamers that splashed the hall with many colors. From the roof, jerkily unrolling, descended a canvas portrait of Harold Boddie at least fifty feet square, and a banner inscribed "Boddie and Honest Government" blossomed on the far wall.

Oliver Lescott was on his feet, and though I couldn't hear him shouting, his face was sufficiently informative. Here before him was the triumph of reform, the deathbed of corruption, the will of the people irresistibly expressing itself. And he had had a part in it.

The chairman, after pounding his gavel till it splintered, had sat down to await the end of the demonstration. Finally messengers shut off the brass band and the parade broke up, the delegates making their way back in confusion. One could hear the telegraph again.

Lescott, sitting down, exhaled a long breath. "And you think that politics are settled in hotel lobbies!" he said. "God forbid that I should be rhetorical, but if you couldn't feel, in that outburst, the public will to oust McMinn ——" Emotion overcame him and his words dissolved. I noticed that his hands were trembling.

"That sort of public will," I said, "is obtainable for the highest and best bid made. Does a brass band jubilate free of charge?"

But I didn't follow up the gibe, for I had discovered something of greater interest. The end balcony box on the left side had been conspicuously empty when I came in. Now it held a couple of unidentifiable persons and Nelle McMinn. Whether Nelle had witnessed the whole demonstration, there was no telling. If she had, it had not roused her emotions. She was looking down on the convention with the casual interest of a debutante at an automobile show.

"Get it over!" Lescott prayed audibly. "Let's let someone nominate Four Jacks McMinn and then let's vote him back to private life."

That, no doubt, was the Boddie program. Nelle was resting her hands on the railing of the box and looking down indolently at the pit. While I watched her she casually lifted her hands on the railing, fingers spread wide, and then dropped one of them and let a single index finger stand up. I followed the direction of her gaze. It seemed to be resting on a delegation in the opposite corner.

And in that corner a delegate stood up and moved that the convention adjourn until eleven o'clock that night.

"No!" shouted Lescott. Some fifty people on the floor shouted the same syllable in unison with him. He added in a frantic whisper: "Use psychology! Capitalize this emotion! They'll cool off if they adjourn."

Amidst tumult the chairman called for the ayes and noes. No human mind could have decently appraised the successive roars that followed. But the chairman was a McMinn man.

"The ayes appear to have it!" he shouted. "The ayes have it! The convention stands ad——"

From the clerks behind him a Boddie vote teller had leaped up and shut him off. "Standing vote!" roared the teller. "Or take it by counties!" The convention roared in answer to him, a confused bellowing in which one could make out only extremely warlike rage.

The chairman was an elegant man and his light summer suit had been tailored by Windsor's best. He stepped out of the teller's embrace, shook his coat into order, made his cravat tidy and banged his gavel to announce a standing vote. My eyes were on Nelle. Hers were on the convention, and her shoulders were squared.

The floor was absolutely quiet. Everyone knew that—in spite of confetti and brass bands—this was the first test of Alec's strength. The ayes rose, in ominous silence, and tellers were frantic, counting them, while county chairmen checked up the tellers. The ayes slid into their seats at the chairman's order, and the noes stood. Again the tellers were busy.

"The ayes have it," the chairman announced superciliously, "thus vindicating the judgment of the chairman. The convention stands adjourned till eleven o'clock tonight."

The gavel banged and, without outcry, the delegates rose and flooded toward the exits. Lescott, at my side, said confidently, "By only eleven votes! Much less than a majority. We can turn those on the first ballot." Then a sudden realization overpowered him and he groaned. "Oh, my God! That motion to adjourn—that came from a delegate from Hooper County!"

I saw that all was not happy with Oliver Lescott, whose theories had no room for internal discords. We descended from the stage and walked through the emptying auditorium. We came out of it into the bewildering lobby of the new Western architecture, and, seeking an exit, promptly got lost in a maze of alcoves, foyers and promenades. Thus it was we stumbled upon a tableau—some fifteen or twenty men and women herded together compactly, listening to the harangue of a tall, tanned man who, mounted on a chair, was earnestly giving voice.

"Where was Alec McMinn when Magpie Dam was located?" he demanded. "Why didn't Hooper County get that dam? Man and boy, I've known McMinn for sixty years, and I never knew him do an honest act!" A fist knotted convulsively and swung toward a hypothetical Alec McMinn.

The group laughed and Lescott pulled me away. "Our local Guelphs and Ghibellines," I protested. "I thought the voice of Hooper County was significant."

Serious men from the Boddie camp swooped down and bore Lescott away. I went on alone and, at the door, met Nelle with the young Mrs. Dyer.

"I'd like to take you home to dinner," she said rather dispiritedly, "but I'm a political woman."

I saw that a new hat set off the bride's face, with sophisticated awareness in its lines. I submitted compliments.

"Give me a week with Miss McMinn," the bride smiled, "and I'd do for Washington. We're shopping again tomorrow."

They left me alone and rather despondent. I discovered that I was getting concerned about Alec McMinn's renomination. I wanted to attach myself to Nelle or to Alec himself or to someone else who could reassure me. I ate dinner alone and then, succumbing to suspense, went out to find

(Continued on Page 164)

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Dealers and contractors who apply J-M Asbestos Shingles are reliable, trained experts. In order to insure your satisfaction, we authorize J-M dealers to supply to the owner, after completing his roof, the Johns-Manville Certificate of Registration. A facsimile of this

certificate is shown at the right of this page. The certificate is filed in duplicate at the Johns-Manville Registration Bureau, thus making your roof a matter of record. We do not know of a single case in which Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles have ever worn out.

Some Startling Comparative Costs

The permanent qualities and remarkable beauty of J-M Asbestos Shingles have led many people to assume that J-M Shingles were as expensive as they are desirable.

This is not true.

A recent survey based on the selling prices per square of shingles for materials and labor, covering 39 cities located in 19 states from Massachusetts to California, brought out this fact:

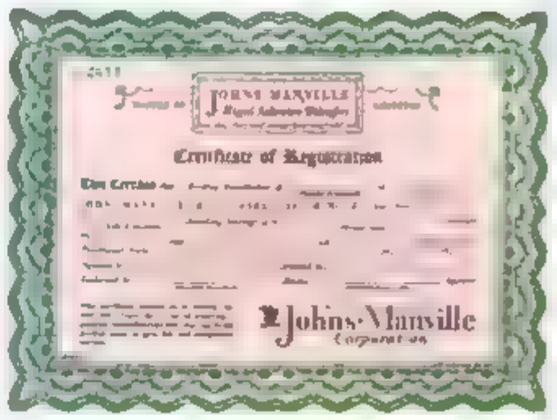
The average cost of Johns-Manville #70 mottled Gray Asbestos Shingles is only 12.2% more than the average cost of 18" stained Cedar Shingles. And the first cost is the last cost—over a period of ten years the J-M Asbestos Roof will actually cost you less because it does not need repairs.

A J-M Asbestos Shingle for Every Purpose

No matter what style or size of house you wish to roof, there are J-M Asbestos Shingles suitable for it. These shingles are also ideal for schools, churches and other similar buildings.

All J-M Shingles can be laid directly over old roofs of worn-out wood shingles, or, of course, may be applied on new structures. The finest grade of asbestos shingles is J-M Colorblende. These are the shingles which

are being laid in the picture on the left-hand page. Thick, pleasing in texture and available in a variety of colors as well as in random widths, J-M Colorblende Asbestos Shingles provide a superlative roof. No house is too fine for J-M Colorblendes.



In addition to the wide choice of colors offered, J-M Asbestos Shingles are also obtainable in a complete variety of sizes, shapes and textures.

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Remember every J-M Asbestos Shingle is fireproof and will never wear out. Roof any building with any type of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles and you have roofed it for the last time.

The J-M Name is the Stamp of Authority

Every Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle has the letters J-M embossed on the back. These letters represent a name famous throughout industry. J-M Asbestos, Magnesia and allied products are used wherever power is generated and wherever factory wheels turn. Johns-Manville woven Asbestos Brake Lining was a pioneer in the field—now J-M MOULDED Asbestos Brake Lining has been developed to keep pace with the vigorous demands of modern motor vehicles—and new types of brakes—J-M Moulded Brake Lining wears longer—is safer and does not squeak. Whether you are building a new house or re-roofing your present home, you can rely on the half century of reputation which is back of every Johns-Manville promise.

Write for a Free Estimate

Let us show you how little it will cost to roof your house for the last time with J-M Asbestos Shingles. Just fill out the coupon and mail it to the nearest office listed below—our local representative will gladly make a free inspection of your roof and furnish a free estimate to you *without* obligation.

Send for the New Book of Roofs. In it you will find the *right* roof for *your* home.

About J-M Asphalt Shingles

While J-M Asbestos Shingles are the ideal roofing, you can obtain years of satisfactory service by using Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles. The brightly colored coating of crushed rock makes J-M Asphalt Shingles fire-resistant and weather-proof. These popular priced shingles are supplied in a wide variety of styles and colors which makes it easy to select a roof exactly suited to your home and your pocketbook

You can identify J-M Asbestos Shingles by the fact that they are *rigid*. All Asphalt Shingles are flexible. J-M Asbestos Shingles are fireproof and everlasting. J-M Asphalt Shingles are fire-resistant and long-lived. Either will make a fine roof for your home. The difference in price represents the difference in service which you will obtain.

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(Continued from Page 161)

someone. Nelle was nowhere, and Alec seemed to have disappeared from the earth. He was not at headquarters, he was not at the hotel, he was not at any place my curiosity suggested. And everywhere that I asked for him I found apprehension. Even Harvey Malooth, who was supposed to be the unofficial commander of the force, hailed me from a roadster at the curb and asked me if I had seen Alec.

"Is it my job to shadow senators?" I asked. "Am I perhaps a newspaperman?"

"I thought you might be on the Statesman," he said, and looked displeased. "How," he demanded—"how can there be dirty work at the crossroads before eleven if the chief beneficiary absents himself?"

"Are you being mysterious for the sake of the Herald's circulation?" I inquired. "Or do you expect to get a consulate?"

"Mysterious Malooth, the bearer of the bane." He shot the roadster out into Harney Street with a clash of gears.

I found no comfort in Windsor till it was time to seek out Nelle's reception. My decision to put on evening clothes tremendously amused Nelle, who, in an afternoon frock of canary yellow and flanked by a committee of assistant welcomers, met me just inside the arch of the roof garden.

"Don't stay with me too long that way," she said, "or you'll lose me half the rural delegates." She relinquished my hand to welcome arrivals who pressed behind me, but not before she had whispered: "Wouldn't you know that Alec would choose to disappear on the very eve of my coup d'état?"

It was frankly a rally of McMinn supporters, I found, and all the organization except Harvey Malooth seemed to be there and busily engaged. There was sporadic music from a string quartet, to which a few people were dancing at the far end of the roof garden. There was a plethora of food, set out on tables in one corner and circulated by attendants. There were punch and confetti and chatter. Most of all there was excitement. It was impossible in that atmosphere not to feel one's pulses fluttering and one's breath growing uneasy.

If Nelle felt any suspense, any apprehension for her grandfather's fortunes, she hid it beautifully from observation. Greeting friends and strangers, delegates and bystanders, she managed to convey assurance, an unquestioned certainty of success. She set the key of the reception—a high-spirited loyalty to Alec McMinn.

She did communicate impatience, once, in an aside to me, when there was an interval between arrivals. "Are people supposed to vote for Alec merely because I'm a competent hostess?" she demanded. "He might at least come long enough to exhibit the goatee."

She broke off to assure an anxious matron who wore a delegate's badge and three McMinn buttons that Mr. Boddie could not possibly stampede the convention before it convened again. Then her lips smiled and Oliver Lescott was coming toward her. He shook off the committee who crowded forward to receive him and came straight to where we stood

"Good evening, Mr. Lescott," Nelle said. "Please don't forget the new post office Alec got for your county seat. But no, it's rude to greet a Statesman editor with patronage."

Lescott wasn't being frivolous just then. "Mrs. Boddie asked me to see you," he said. "She wonders what you meant by sending someone to request her to come to see you."

"Oh. You've become a Boddie messenger?"

He made a curt gesture. "By no means. A supporter, yes—as an editor. An active worker, no. I happened to be there when your courier arrived. Mrs. Boddie didn't understand."

"My courier meant what he said. Tell Francine to come here, well"—Nelle glanced at the clock, which announced a quarter to nine—"inside of half an hour."

"Is it your idea that she'll come?"

"I never predict what Francine is going to do. But you have my word for it, she'd better."

Their glances interlocked while Lescott smarted under an obvious threat. Nelle's eyes held his till he smiled ironically, bowed, and moved away.

"Mr. Lescott," she called after him, "do come with her. There may be an editorial in it." She added, to me: "That assumes that Alec will be discovered by 9:15."

My eyes alternated between her and the banjo clock that hung beside the arch. It had covered half the allotted time and my pulses were accelerating when I saw Nelle, rather excitedly, go out to meet Mrs. Dyer and take her arm.

"Where have you deposited your husband?" she demanded. "I need him for an important villainy."

"Is there murder in my eye?" the bride drawled. "He left me flat right after dinner. Next honeymoon, Miss McMinn, I think a horseback trip in the desert would be nice."

Nelle's eyes shone with sudden laughter. "That was about the time Alec vanished." She kissed the girl's cheek. "Politics will be over by midnight, dear. Now, all I need is Harvey Malooth."

"He's hesitating at the door," I said.

Nelle summoned him with a glance, waving aside her assistants. "I have a clew to the mystery," she said. "I can guess ——"

"No need." The editor of the Herald released his first laughter of this campaign. "Alec is in the business office of the theater, and I don't favor disturbing him."

"I thought so." Nelle's mouth twitched. "It wouldn't occur to any of us politicians to look for the candidate at the convention hall. I won't disturb him. But that means taking Francine there."

It appeared, then, that she really thought Francine would come. My faith in Nelle's infallibility was under a strain, and the clock had moved noticeably nearer 9:15. She had talked with a dozen different people when the clock chimed a delicate quarter. Exactly on the note, Oliver Lescott came through the arch, and at his side was Francine Boddie, otherwise unaccompanied, but flaming with an appalling indignation. The roof garden seemed suddenly raucous and garish, clamorous with an excitement too long ignored. Even as I noticed the uproar, it intensified at the sight, in this alien place, of Harold Boddie's wife. She marched up to Nelle, terrible as a squadron of cavalry. Half the guests of the reception surged toward us.

"Will you tell me, Miss McMinn," Francine demanded, only half articulately—"will you tell me what you have to say to me? Will you tell me how you have the effrontery to send me threatening messages? Or are you, perhaps, withdrawing Mr. McMinn from the race?"

"Not here," Nelle said. She turned to the receiving line. "You'll have to manage this for a while." Then, seizing me with one hand and Mrs. Dyer with the other, she took us swiftly to the elevators.

Lescott and Francine had followed perforce, Malooth with them. Nelle turned to Francine. "I'm taking you to Alec. He has consistently refused to do anything about you; so I've got to. This nomination simply can't be decided without violating someone's ideas of polite behavior. Perhaps yours, Mr. Lescott," she flung parenthetically over her shoulder. She gave her opponent no chance to interrupt: "Oh, I think you'd better come, Francine. I really do."

An elevator received us and bore us to the lobby. Nelle's frock, and the bride's, glimmered under arc lights, and then we were pushing through the crowded theater entrance, on into a quieter promenade, and then behind curtains into a retiring room. Nelle whisked the curtains shut and walked quickly to the far end.

"I'm sorry to weary you with the science of government, my dear," she said to Mrs. Dyer, "but we've got to find your husband in a moment." She pointed to an ornate sofa. "Sit down, Francine."

I was not surprised to see Francine obey—I think that a major general would have obeyed the authority that had come into Nelle's voice.

"The trouble with Harold Boddie is that he talks," Nelle said. "He talks altogether too much, Francine. You may have heard Alec say as much." She faced to the oblique to address Lescott: "Don't forget that, the next time you construct a political theory. Don't forget that people do talk too much. Conversation is more apt to be important in a campaign than your ideas about dignity in public office."

Malooth, dour and cynical beside the bride, grunted, "Making a speech, Nelle?"

"I'm afraid so." Dimples broke out at the corners of her mouth. "I haven't an editorial page." She seemed still intent on Lescott. "You wrote a pretty story about the poker game, and an even prettier one about graft and Magpie Dam. It's a pity they weren't true."

She shot the insult at him, and then went on in a magisterial tone: "You ought to go in for politics, Mr. Lescott. It might teach you to distrust beautiful simplicities—such as your illusion that a righteous rebel fights a corrupt old villain because his conscience makes him. It might teach you to use your eyes—perhaps even your mind. . . . Heavens, how I despise the intellectual!"

Nelle dismissed him from existence and turned back to Mrs. Boddie. "Go call off your campaign, Francine. I don't care what method you use. Perhaps releasing the Hooper County boys would be most plausible."

"I didn't realize you had gone insane," Mrs. Boddie said.

And, "Things don't happen to please spoiled children," Lescott said.

"All right." Nelle nodded. "Alec's old-school nonsense about not fighting with women is hereby suspended. . . . You're a rich woman, Francine, but no one ever called you generous." She flashed toward Lescott again: "I've said you might have used your eyes. Francine would like to be a senator's wife. But at a discount, Mr. Lescott. A great deal of Boddie expense has passed before your eyes—banners and brass bands and newspaper extras and popular demonstrations. Did you think perhaps that Francine was paying for them? You should ask Francine's grocer."

She held out a hand to Malooth. "Give it to me, Harvey."

Still dour, Malooth took a newspaper from his coat pocket and handed it to her. She unfolded it to our gaze. The Windsor Herald had appeared several times that day, but this was a new edition. It was an extra. It was, furthermore, a very startling extra, with headlines two inches high screaming on the front page. They demanded to know who had profited from the land sales following the location of Magpie Dam. They then answered their question by announcing that Harold Boddie, in his capacity as aide to Alec McMinn, had sold advance information to those who would pay for it. The type subsided a few points and began to list names, but no one waited to read them.

The room had been quiet before; now it was positively tomblike. An apoplectic glow had spread over Francine Boddie's face. It slowly receded before an awful pallor.

She had voice only to whisper, "It isn't true."

Lescott made up for her by roaring: "It's a preposterous lie!"

"No," Nelle said quietly, "it isn't true; but it isn't a lie, Mr. Lescott, and it isn't preposterous. Harold's too genial and placid to be corrupt. Villains are scarce in politics, Mr. Lescott, but there are a lot of fools. He just talked. He talked secret information when a discreet person or a villain like Alec would have had to shut up. He talked about the dam site and the canal routes. And grateful acquaintances profited. And then Francine realized, after ambition bit her, that she could levy on the grateful acquaintances and have a nice

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The club pro seldom gives instruction in what to wear. Yet his ensemble invariably sets this example: clothes are a part of a golfer's form.

Sportblends...congenial foursomes of color!

SPORTBLENDS, *in three color choices, include English wool hose, rich silk cravat, soft collar-attached shirt, and embossed leather belt, by Wilson Brothers. Complete.* $8.50

They tee off the season's style in golf haberdashery. Shirt, tie, hose, and belt; each Sportblend is complete. Each eliminates every hazard of selection. The colors blend; the patterns harmonize; the smallest detail in each box conforms to the best dictates of taste. So thoroughly has Wilson Brothers Style Committee done its work, you can dash into a good haberdasher's and be enroute to the links a minute later, your Sportblend under your arm . . . Scotch as the game in price, eight fifty.

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expensive campaign at a good discount. Put that down, Mr. Lescott; you can yell reform and grateful acquaintances will pay for it."

"Oh, hang it, Nelle," Malooth said. "Get on! Get on! You don't have to crush an expert. If there wasn't the Statesman, there'd be worse."

"All right. . . . Well, Francine, the cynical Mr. Malooth has this edition waiting in his paper's basement. Thousands and thousands of them. More, probably, than the Records with Mr. Lescott's picture. There's a little more than an hour before the convention reconvenes. If you say the word, there'll be a copy in the hands of every delegate, and my delegates will be singing a hymn. If you say the word, Mr. Malooth will go and pour a lot of kerosene on the paper and burn it up. I don't much care which; we win either way."

She smiled and looked girlish and naïve. But the collapse of Francine Boddie was not lovely to behold. After a while it quieted somewhat and she began to abuse Nelle. Wild accusations streamed to her lips. Tears followed them. A gust of anger. Then the crushing realization. "What can I do? You've separated me from my people. How can I answer for my committee?"

"Well," Nelle said, "I merely told you to come. You didn't have to. Never mind the supporters and prospective officeholders and grateful acquaintances. It's much better to do the explaining after the fact. You can have a couple of copies of the Herald just for evidence. All you need do now is go up to Joe Dyer and release the Hooper County delegation. I think you'll find him across the hall."

She moved swiftly toward the curtains and, trance-bound, we trooped after her. Malooth produced a key and silently fitted it into the lock of a closed door.

"Let Harold lead on the first ballot," Francine wailed. "Let him save his face."

Nelle yielded to the rare luxury of anger. "I'm saving yours—how many am I responsible for? Alec never needed more than one ballot before. He's too old to begin now."

Malooth had opened the door and a cloud of cigar smoke, eddying out of it, blinded us.

"I'll play these pat," said the lovely drawl of Alec McMinn. "How many you takin', Joe?"

"Two"

"Oh, Lord, politics is back," Alec said wearily. "It's hard bein' a party leader. . . . Just be still, folks. This is a big pot."

It was possible, now, to make out the Honorable McMinn and Joe Dyer and some five other gentlemen, among them the mayor of Ralston, in their shirt sleeves, round an office desk. The chips were mostly in front of Alec, and all but him and Joe Dyer had stayed out of this pot. Joe suddenly perceived that his wife had entered and, cupping his cards in one hand, waved the other apprehensively.

"I thought this was politics when it began, honey," he explained with great haste. "It was too. The old devil cleaned me out. But don't you fret; I'll wire the bank for funds. You and Nelle get another buyin' drunk tomorrow."

"Set down, Joe," Alec McMinn said testily. "Is this poker or is it a game of post office?"

"Neither," Nelle said. She shook her grandfather's shoulder vehemently. "Do you want to go on making fatuous speeches in the Senate or would you rather sit at home and read Harold Boddie's?"

"There, there, sister," Alec soothed her. "You run along and play some politics. Why ——" His jaw fell. "Hanged if you haven't brought Francine. You need walloping. Sit down a minute, Francine; I won't let this girl of mine talk mean to you. You wait ——"

"We've come," said Nelle, "to tell Mr. Dyer that he's no longer pledged to Mr. Boddie. Mrs. Boddie is releasing Hooper County, and his little playmates will vote for McMinn."

"Half of 'em will, anyway," Alec said. "Won't you ever trust old man McMinn to run his affairs? I got half of Hooper County right now."

"Maybe all of 'em," Joe Dyer said mournfully. "I dealt these cards myself, but he's a fool for luck. What you got, Alec?"

Alec laid down the three of spades and then, with infinite deliberation, followed it one by one with four jacks.

"Beats a full house," Joe said. He sighed. "You old hellion, Alec. Now you got all of Hooper County."

There was muffled applause from the mayor of Ralston. Alec turned to Nelle, his forehead stern. "You shouldn't 'a' spilled the milk, sister. It's gettin' so's I can't trust you with politics. You counted me out prematurely—and that's a political error. I'm sorry, Francine. Nobody's going to spill a scandal on you."

Joe Dyer was staring regretfully at Alec's hand. "I dealt them jacks myself. . . . Well, Alec, you won Hooper County fair and square and I'm proud to congratulate you on bein' reëlected." He came back to the present with a jerk. "What was that you said, Nelle? Mrs. Boddie lettin' go her votes without a struggle? That's convenient, seein' they're gone anyway, but what light does it put me in? I went and staked them against your grampa as if they were worth something."

"The question," Nelle said, "is what light does it put me in? I thought I was winning a death struggle."

Alec rose and crossed swiftly to Francine. I pulled Lescott outside. Nelle was beginning to talk rapidly as we departed, and Joe Dyer was putting on his coat before going to the convention to vote Hooper County for McMinn.

"We must be there for the first ballot," I said as gently as I could. "Waves of reform have a strong fascination for me, and it isn't often we get a chance to watch the rising fury of the people's will."

BASIL AND CLEOPATRA

(Continued from Page 15

freshness, soothed him and he drank down her lies in grateful gulps like cool water. The last sunshine touched her cheeks with the unearthly radiance he had seen there before, as she told him how she hadn't wanted to accept Le Moyne's invitation, and how surprised and hurt she had been when he hadn't come near her last night.

"Then do one thing, Minnie," he pleaded: "Won't you let me kiss you just once?"

"But not here," she exclaimed, "you silly!"

"Let's go in the summerhouse, for just a minute."

"Basil, I can't. Bessie Belle and William are on the porch. Maybe some other time."

He looked at her distraught, unable to believe or disbelieve in her, and she changed the subject quickly:

"I'm going to Miss Beecher's school, Basil. It's only a few hours from New Haven. You can come up and see me this fall. The only thing is, they say you have to sit in glass parlors. Isn't that terrible?"

"Awful," he agreed fervently.

William and Bessie Belle had left the veranda and were out in front, talking to some people in a car.

"Minnie, come into the summerhouse now—for just a minute. They're so far away."

Her face set unwillingly.

"I can't, Basil. Don't you see I can't?"

"Why not? I've got to leave tomorrow."

"Oh, no."

"I have to. I only have four days to get ready for my exams. Minnie ——"

He took her hand. It rested calmly enough in his, but when he tried to pull her to her feet she plucked it sharply away. The swing moved with the little struggle and Basil put out his foot and made it stop. It was terrible to swing when one was at a disadvantage.

She laid the recovered hand on his knee.

"I've stopped kissing people, Basil. Really. I'm too old; I'll be seventeen next May."

"I'll bet you kissed Le Moyne," he said bitterly.

"Well, you're pretty fresh ——"

Basil got out of the swing.

"I think I'll go."

Looking up, she judged him dispassionately, as she never had before—his sturdy, graceful figure; the high, warm color through his tanned skin; his black, shining hair that she had once thought so romantic. She felt, too—as even those who disliked him felt—that there was something else in his face—a mark, a hint of destiny, a persistence that was more than will, that was rather a necessity of pressing its own pattern on the world, of having its way. That he would most probably succeed at Yale, that it would be nice to go there this year as his girl, meant nothing to her. She had never needed to be calculating. Hesitating, she alternatingly drew him toward her in her mind and let him go. There were so many men and they wanted her so much. If Le Moyne had been here at hand she wouldn't have hesitated, for nothing must interfere with the mysterious opening glory of that affair; but he was gone for three days and she couldn't decide quite yet to let Basil go.

"Stay over till Wednesday and I'll—I'll do what you want," she said.

"But I can't. I've got these exams to study for. I ought to have left this afternoon."

"Study on the train."

She wriggled, dropped her hands in her lap and smiled at him. Taking her hand suddenly, he pulled her to her feet and toward the summerhouse and the cool darkness behind its vines.

II

THE following Friday Basil arrived in New Haven and set about crowding five days' work into two. He had done no studying on the train; instead he sat in a trance and concentrated upon Minnie, wondering what was happening now that Le Moyne was there. She had kept her promise to him, but only literally—kissed him once in the playhouse, once, grudgingly, the second evening; but the day of his departure there had been a telegram from Le Moyne, and in front of Bessie Belle she had not even dared to kiss him good-by. As a sort of amend she had given him permission to call on the first day permitted by Miss Beecher's school.

The opening of college found him rooming with Brick Wales and George Dorsey in a suite of two bedrooms and a study in Wright Hall. Until the result of his trigonometry examination was published he was ineligible to play football, but watching the freshmen practice on Yale field, he saw that the quarterback position lay between Cullum, last year's Andover captain, and a man named Dansiger from a New Bedford high school. There was a rumor that Cullum would be moved to halfback. The other quarterbacks did not appear formidable and Basil felt a great impatience to be out there with a team in his hands to move over the springy turf. He was sure he could at least get in some of the games.

Behind everything, as a light showing through, was the image of Minnie; he would see her in a week, three days, tomorrow. On the eve of the occasion he ran into Fat Gaspar, who was in Sheff, in the oval by Haughton Hall. In the first busy weeks they had scarcely met; now they walked along for a little way together.

"We all came North together," Fat said. "You ought to have been along. We had some excitement. Minnie got in a jam with Littleboy Le Moyne."

Basil's blood ran cold.

"It was funny afterward, but she was pretty scared for a while," continued Fat. "She had a compartment with Bessie Belle, but she and Littleboy wanted to be alone; so in the afternoon Bessie Belle came and played cards in ours. Well, after about two hours Bessie Belle and I went back, and there were Minnie and Littleboy standing in the vestibule arguing with the conductor; Minnie white as a sheet. Seems they locked the door and pulled down the blinds, and I guess there was a little petting going on. When he came along after the tickets and knocked on the door, they thought it was us kidding them, and wouldn't let him in at first, and when they did, he was pretty upset. He asked Littleboy if that was his compartment, and whether he and Minnie were married that they locked the door, and Littleboy lost his temper trying to explain that there was nothing wrong. He said the conductor had insulted Minnie and he wanted him to fight. But that conductor could have made trouble, and believe me, I had an awful time smoothing it all over."

With every detail imagined, with every refinement of jealousy beating in his mind, including even envy for their community of misfortune as they stood together in the vestibule, Basil went up to Miss Beecher's next day. Radiant and glowing, more mysteriously desirable than ever, wearing her very sins like stars, she came down to him in her plain white uniform dress, and his heart turned over at the kindness of her eyes.

"You were wonderful to come up, Basil. I'm so excited having a beau so soon. Everybody's jealous of me."

The glass doors hinged like French windows, shutting them in on all sides. It was hot. Down through three more compartments he could see another couple—a girl and her brother, Minnie said—and from time to time they moved and gestured soundlessly, as unreal in these tiny human conservatories as the vase of paper flowers on the table. Basil walked up and down nervously.

"Minnie, I want to be a great man some day and I want to do everything for you. I understand you're tired of me now. I don't know how it happened, but somebody else came along—it doesn't matter. There isn't any hurry. But I just want you to—oh, remember me in some different way—try to think of me as you used to, not as if I was just another one you threw over. Maybe you'd better not see me for a while—I mean at the dance this fall. Wait till I've accomplished some big scene or deed, you know, and I can show it to you and say I did that all for you."

It was very futile and young and sad. Once, carried away by the tragedy of it all, he was on the verge of tears, but he controlled himself to that extent. There was sweat on his forehead. He sat across the room from her, and Minnie sat on the couch, looking at the floor, and said several times: "Can't we be friends, Basil? I always think of you as one of my best friends."

Toward the end she rose patiently.

"Don't you want to see the chapel?"

They walked upstairs and he glanced dismally into a small dark space, with her living, sweet-smelling presence half a yard from his shoulder. He was almost glad when the funereal business was over and he walked out of the school into the fresh autumn air.

Back in New Haven he found two pieces of mail on his desk. One was a notice from the registrar telling him that he had failed

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"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish

BEAUTY PRESERVATION

How long since the *painter* stopped at your house?

WHEN a garment has lost its freshness, you quickly send for the dry cleaner. Dingy clothes never helped anyone's standing.

But what of your home—or your office or factory? Are they a bit dusty, a little shabby? Do they need renovation? Like your clothes they give people an impression of you and your business. How long has it been since the painter stopped at your house?

Paint and varnish, enamel and lacquer provide fresh, colorful, smart clothing for all sorts of buildings—inside and out. They change old rooms into new, transform old floors, make dark halls things of light and beauty, renew furniture, and so add to the enjoyment of your family, your guests, your customers.

And outside, paint and varnish brighten up homes and other buildings. They add to the looks of your home—and that means pleasure for you, your family, your neighbors and for passersby.

But that's not all. Paint products, while they beautify, also protect and preserve property of all kinds. They do two jobs at the same time and for one price, for when you paint to beautify, you preserve, and when you paint to preserve, you beautify.

Isn't it time the painter stopped at your house?

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This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world wide slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save All," is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.

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"Have you learned to judge clothes-value by the *calendar?*"

A MESSAGE FROM ALFRED DECKER, *President of Alfred Decker & Cohn, makers of Society Brand Clothes*

PERHAPS you think that clothes-economy depends solely on the price you pay. Yet if you reflect a moment, you will find that it does not. After you've worn a suit, you don't think of it in terms of dollars at all. You measure its value in *time* and how it keeps its good looks.

Time alone will tell whether a suit of clothes is made with sufficient craftsmanship to keep its smartness in the face of wear. If a suit fails to keep its shape and style, your loss is *greater* than the amount you paid for it. Such a suit is *more* than worthless. It's a liability because it detracts from your appearance.

You won't find it easy to tell, merely by looking at a suit, whether or not it will stand up under the test of time. Few suits show their real character —or their lack of it—until they've been worn awhile. *In choosing clothes, you are really obliged to trust to a name and a reputation.*

When you find the Society Brand label in the inner coat pocket of the suit you buy, you can be sure of the following facts about that suit:

(a) It was produced by the foremost style-house in the country.

(b) Its correct lines have been built in to stay.

(c) It has been tailored with tireless attention to fine points—and can never lose its shapely style or comfortable fit.

(d) It is made of a fine long-wearing fabric—such as a BRIARCLIFF, STAUNCHLEY, or STURDYMAN.

Society Brand Clothes may be purchased at moderate prices. This is made possible by the efficiency of modern methods—never because of inferior materials or workmanship. In the making of any Society Brand suit, there is just one object in view: It is quality—*enduring* quality.

That's where real value lies—whether you pay $50 or $100.

Alfred Decker

It's the cut of your clothes that counts

Society

A distinguished two-button style for the executive type of man. See it in Sturdyman fabric—Society Brand's Exclusive Double-Service Worsted—in the new Mediterranean shades. $65

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WOOSTER BRUSHES

FOR GOOD PAINTING

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his trigonometry examination and would be ineligible for football. The second was a photograph of Minnie—the picture that he had liked and ordered two of in Mobile. At first the inscription puzzled him: "L. L. from E. G. L. B. Trains are bad for the heart." Then suddenly he realized what had happened, and threw himself on his bed, shaken with wild laughter.

III

THREE weeks later, having requested and passed a special examination in trigonometry, Basil began to look around him gloomily to see if there was anything left in life. Not since his miserable first year at school had he passed through such a period of misery; only now did he begin for the first time to be aware of Yale. The quality of romantic speculation reawoke, and, listlessly at first, then with growing determination, he set about merging himself into this spirit which had fed his dreams so long.

"I want to be chairman of the News or the Record," thought his old self one October morning, "and I want to get my letter in football, and I want to be in Skull and Bones"

Whenever the vision of Minnie and Le Moyne on the train occurred to him, he repeated this phrase like an incantation. Already he thought with shame of having stayed over in Mobile, and there began to be long strings of hours when he scarcely brooded about her at all.

He had missed half of the freshman football season, and it was with scant hope that he joined the squad on Yale field. Dressed in his black and white St. Regis jersey, amid the motley of forty schools, he looked enviously at the proud two dozen in Yale blue. At the end of four days he was reconciling himself to obscurity for the rest of the season when the voice of Carson, assistant coach, singled him suddenly out of a crowd of scrub backs.

"Who was throwing those passes just now?"

"I was, sir."

"I haven't seen you before, have I?"

"I just got eligible."

"Know the signals?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you take this team down the field—ends, Krutch and Bispam; tackles ——"

A moment later he heard his own voice snapping out on the crisp air: "Thirty-two, sixty-five, sixty-seven, twenty-two ——"

There was a ripple of laughter.

"Wait a minute! Where'd you learn to call signals like that?" said Carson.

"Why, we had a Harvard coach, sir."

"Well, just drop the Haughton emphasis. You'll get everybody too excited."

After a few minutes they were called in and told to put on headgears.

"Where's Waite?" Carson asked. "Test, eh? Well, you then—what's your name?—in the black and white sweater?"

"Lee"

"You call signals. And let's see you get some life into this outfit. Some of you guards and tackles are big enough for the varsity. Keep them on their toes, you—what's your name?"

"Lee."

They lined up with possession of the ball on the freshmen's twenty-yard line. They were allowed unlimited downs, but when, after a dozen plays, they were in approximately that same place, the ball was given to the first team.

"That's that!" thought Basil. "That finishes me."

But an hour later, as they got out of the bus, Carson spoke to him:

"Did you weigh this afternoon?"

"Yes. Hundred and fifty-eight."

"Let me give you a tip—you're still playing prep-school football. You're still satisfied with stopping them. The idea here is that if you lay them down hard enough you wear them out. Can you kick?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's too bad you didn't get out sooner."

A week later his name was read out as one of those to go to Andover. Two quarterbacks ranked ahead of him, Danziger and a little hard rubber ball of a man, named Appleton, and Basil watched the game from the sidelines, but when, the following Tuesday, Danziger splintered his arm in practice, Basil was ordered to report to training table.

On the eve of the game with the Princeton freshmen, the egress of the student body to Princeton for the Varsity encounter left the campus almost deserted. Deep autumn had set in, with a crackling wind from the west, and walking back to his room after final skull practice, Basil felt the old lust for glory sweep over him. Le Moyne was playing end on the Princeton freshmen and it was probable that Minnie would be in the stands, but now, as he ran along the springy grass in front of Osborne, swaying to elude imaginary tacklers, the fact seemed of less importance than the game. Like most Americans, he was seldom able really to grasp the moment, to say: "This, for me, is the great equation by which everything else will be measured; this is the golden time," but for once the present was sufficient. He was going to spend two hours in a country where life ran at the pace he demanded of it.

The day was fair and cool; an unimpassioned crowd, mostly townsmen, was scattered through the stands. The Princeton freshmen looked sturdy and solid in their diagonal stripes, and Basil picked out Le Moyne, noting coldly that he was exceptionally fast, and bigger than he had seemed in his clothes. On an impulse Basil turned and searched for Minnie in the crowd, but he could not find her. A minute later the whistle blew; sitting at the coach's side, he concentrated all his faculties on the play.

The first half was played between the thirty-yard lines. The main principles of Yale's offense seemed to Basil too simple; less effective than the fragments of the Haughton system he had learned at school, while the Princeton tactics, still evolved in Sam White's long shadow, were built around a punter and the hope of a break. When the break came, it was Yale's. At the start of the second half Princeton fumbled and Appleton sent over a drop kick from the thirty-yard line.

It was his last act of the day. He was hurt on the next kick-off and, to a burst of freshmen cheering, assisted from the game.

With his heart in a riot, Basil sprinted out on the field. He felt an overpowering strangeness, and it was someone else in his skin who called the first signals and sent an unsuccessful play through the line. As he forced his eyes to take in the field slowly, they met Le Moyne's, and Le Moyne grinned at him. Basil called for a short pass over the line, throwing it himself for a gain of seven yards. He sent Cullum off tackle for three more and a first down. At the forty, with more latitude, his mind began to function smoothly and surely. His short passes worried the Princeton fullback, and, in consequence, the running gains through the line were averaging four yards instead of two.

At the Princeton forty he dropped back to kick formation and tried Le Moyne's end, but Le Moyne went under the interfering halfback and caught Basil by a foot. Savagely Basil tugged himself free, but too late—the halfback bowled him over. Again Le Moyne's face grinned at him, and Basil hated it. He called the same end and, with Cullum carrying the ball, they rolled over Le Moyne six yards, to Princeton's thirty-two. He was slowing down, was he? Then run him ragged! System counseled a pass, but he heard himself calling the end again. He ran parallel to the line, saw his interference melt away and Le Moyne, his jaw set, coming for him. Instead of cutting in, Basil turned full about and tried to reverse his field. When he was trapped he had lost fifteen yards.

A few minutes later the ball changed hands and he ran back to the safety position thinking: "They'd yank me if they had anybody to put in my place."

The Princeton team suddenly woke up. A long pass gained thirty yards. A fast new back dazzled his way through the line for another first down. Yale was on the defensive, but even before they had realized the fact, the disaster had happened. Basil was drawn on an apparently developed play; too late he saw the ball shoot out of scrimmage to a loose end; saw, as he was neatly blocked, that the Princeton substitutes were jumping around wildly, waving their blankets. They had scored.

He got up with his heart black, but his brain cool. Blunders could be atoned for—if they only wouldn't take him out. The whistle blew for the quarter, and squatting on the turf with the exhausted team, he made himself believe that he hadn't lost their confidence, kept his face intent and rigid, refusing no man's eye. He had made his errors for today.

On the kick-off he ran the ball back to the thirty-five, and a steady rolling progress began. The short passes, a weak spot inside tackle, Le Moyne's end. Le Moyne was tired now. His face was drawn and dogged as he smashed blindly into the interference; the ball carrier eluded him—Basil or another.

Thirty more to go—twenty—over Le Moyne again. Disentangling himself from the pile, Basil met the Southerner's weary glance and insulted him in a crisp voice:

"You've quit, Littleboy. They better take you out."

He started the next play at him and, as Le Moyne charged in furiously, tossed a pass over his head for the score. Yale 10, Princeton 7. Up and down the field again, with Basil fresher every minute and another score in sight, and suddenly the game was over.

Trudging off the field, Basil's eye ranged over the stands, but he could not see her.

"I wonder if she knows I was pretty bad," he thought, and then bitterly: "If I don't, he'll tell her."

He could hear him telling her in that soft Southern voice—the voice that had wooed her so persuasively that afternoon on the train. As he emerged from the dressing room an hour later he ran into Le Moyne coming out of the visitors' quarters next door. He looked at Basil with an expression at once uncertain and angry.

"Hello, Lee." After a momentary hesitation he added: "Good work."

"Hello, Le Moyne," said Basil, clipping his words.

Le Moyne turned away, turned back again.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Do you want to carry this any further?"

Basil didn't answer. The bruised face and the bandaged hand assuaged his hatred a little, but he couldn't bring himself to speak. The game was over, and now Le Moyne would meet Minnie somewhere, make the defeat negligible in the victory of the night.

"If it's about Minnie, you're wasting your time being sore," Le Moyne exploded suddenly. "I asked her to the game, but she didn't come."

"Didn't she?" Basil was startled.

"That was it, eh? I wasn't sure. I thought you were just trying to get my goat in there." His eyes narrowed. "The young lady kicked me about a month ago."

"Kicked you?"

"Threw me over. Got a little weary of me. She runs through things quickly."

Basil perceived that his face was miserable.

"Who is it now?" he asked in more civil tone.

"It seems to be a classmate of yours named Jubal—and a mighty sad bird, if you ask me. She met him in New York the day before her school opened, and I hear it's pretty heavy. She'll be at the Lawn Club Dance tonight."

IV

BASIL had dinner at the Taft with Jobena Dorsey and her brother George. The Varsity had won at Princeton and the college was jubilant and enthusiastic; as

(Continued on Page 173)

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they came in, a table of freshmen by the door gave Basil a hand.

"You're getting very important," Jobena said.

A year ago Basil had thought for a few weeks that he was in love with Jobena; when they next met he knew immediately that he was not.

"And why was that?" he asked her now, as they danced. "Why did it all go so quick?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"Because I let it go."

"You let it go?" he repeated. "I like that!"

"I decided you were too young."

"Didn't I have anything to do with it?"

She shook her head.

"That's what Bernard Shaw says," Basil admitted thoughtfully. "But I thought it was just about older people. So you go after the men."

"Well, I should say not!" Her body stiffened indignantly in his arms. "The men are usually there, and the girl blinks at them or something. It's just instinct."

"Can't a man make a girl fall for him?"

"Some men can—the ones who really don't care."

He pondered this awful fact for a moment and stowed it away for future examination. On the way to the Lawn Club he brought forth more questions. If a girl who had been "crazy about a boy" became suddenly infatuated with another, what ought the first boy to do?

"Let her go," said Jobena.

"Supposing he wasn't willing to do that. What ought he to do?"

"There isn't anything to do."

"Well, what's the best thing?"

Laughing, Jobena laid her head on his shoulder.

"Poor Basil," she said, "I'll be Laura Jean Libbey and you tell me the whole story."

He summarized the affair. "You see," he concluded, "if she was just anybody I could get over it, no matter how much I loved her. But she isn't—she's the most popular, most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I mean she's like Messalina and Cleopatra and Salome and all that."

"Louder," requested George from the front seat.

"She's sort of an immortal woman," continued Basil in a lower voice. "You know, like Madame du Barry and all that sort of thing. She's not just ——"

"Not just like me."

"No. That is, you're sort of like her—all the girls I've cared about are sort of the same. Oh, Jobena, you know what I mean."

As the lights of the New Haven Lawn Club loomed up she became obligingly serious.

"There's nothing to do. I can see that. She's more sophisticated than you. She staged the whole thing from the beginning, even when you thought it was you. I don't know why she got tired, but evidently she is, and she couldn't create it again, even if she wanted to, and you couldn't because you're ——"

"Go on. What?"

"You're too much in love. All that's left for you to do is to show her you don't care. Any girl hates to lose an old beau; so she may even smile at you—but don't go back. It's all over."

In the dressing room Basil stood thoughtfully brushing his hair. It was all over. Jobena's words had taken away his last faint hope, and after the strain of the afternoon the realization brought tears to his eyes. Hurriedly filling the bowl, he washed his face. Someone came in and slapped him on the back.

"You played a nice game, Lee."

"Thanks, but I was rotten."

"You were great. That last quarter ——"

He went into the dance. Immediately he saw her, and in the same breath he was dizzy and confused with excitement. A little dribble of stags pursued her wherever she went, and she looked up at each one of them with the bright-eyed, passionate smile he knew so well. Presently he located her escort and indignantly discovered it was a flip, blatant boy from Hill School he had already noticed and set down as impossible. What quality lurked behind those watery eyes that drew her? How could that raw temperament appreciate that she was one of the immortal sirens of the world?

Having examined Mr. Jubal desperately and in vain for the answers to these questions, he cut in and danced all of twenty feet with her, smiling with cynical melancholy when she said:

"I'm so proud to know you, Basil. Everybody says you were wonderful this afternoon."

But the phrase was precious to him and he stood against the wall repeating it over to himself, separating it into its component parts and trying to suck out any lurking meaning. If enough people praised him it might influence her. "I'm proud to know you, Basil. Everybody says you were wonderful this afternoon."

There was a commotion near the door and someone said "By golly, they got in after all!"

"Who?" another asked.

"Some Princeton freshmen. Their football season's over and three or four of them broke training at the Hofbrau."

And now suddenly the curious specter of a young man burst out of the commotion, as a back breaks through a line, and neatly straight-arming a member of the dance committee, rushed unsteadily onto the floor. He wore no collar with his dinner coat, his shirt front had long expelled its studs, his hair and eyes were wild. For a moment he glanced around as if blinded by the lights; then his glance fell on Minnie Bibble and an unmistakable love light came into his face. Even before he reached her he began to call her name aloud in a strained, poignant Southern voice.

Basil sprang forward, but others were before him, and Littleboy Le Moyne, fighting hard, disappeared into the coatroom in a flurry of legs and arms, many of which were not his own. Standing in the doorway, Basil found his disgust tempered with a monstrous sympathy; for Le Moyne, each time his head emerged from under the faucet, spoke desperately of his rejected love.

But when Basil danced with Minnie again, he found her frightened and angry; so much so that she seemed to appeal to Basil for support, made him sit down.

"Wasn't he a fool?" she cried feelingly. "That sort of thing gives a girl a terrible reputation. They ought to have put him in jail."

"He didn't know what he was doing. He played a hard game and he's all in, that's all."

But her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Basil," she pleaded, "am I just perfectly terrible? I never want to be mean to anybody; things just happen."

He wanted to put his arm around her and tell her she was the most romantic person in the world, but he saw in her eyes that she scarcely perceived him; he was a lay figure—she might have been talking to another girl. He remembered what Jobena had said there was nothing left except to escape with his pride.

"You've got more sense." Her soft voice flowed around him like an enchanted river. "You know that when two people aren't—aren't crazy about each other any more, the thing is to be sensible."

"Of course," he said, and forced himself to add lightly: "When a thing's over, it's over."

"Oh, Basil, you're so satisfactory. You always understand." And now suddenly, for the first time in months, she was actually thinking of him. He would be an invaluable person in any girl's life, she thought, if that brain of his, which was so annoying sometimes, was really used "to sort of understand."

He was watching Jobena dance, and Minnie followed his eyes.

"You brought a girl, didn't you? She's awfully pretty."

"Not as pretty as you."

"Basil."

Resolutely he refused to look at her, guessing that she had wriggled slightly and folded her hands in her lap. And as he held on to himself an extraordinary thing happened—the world around, outside of her, brightened a little. Presently more freshmen would approach him to congratulate him on the game, and he would like it—the words and the tribute in their eyes. There was a good chance he would start against Harvard next week.

"Basil!"

His heart made a dizzy tour of his chest. Around the corner of his eyes he felt her eyes waiting. Was she really sorry? Should he seize the opportunity to turn to her and say: "Minnie, tell this crazy nut to go jump in the river, and come back to me." He wavered, but a thought that had helped him this afternoon returned: He had made all his mistakes for this time. Deep inside of him the plea expired slowly.

Jubal the impossible came up with an air of possession, and Basil's heart went bobbing off around the ballroom in a pink silk dress. Lost again in a fog of indecision, he walked out on the veranda. There was a flurry of premature snow in the air and the stars looked cold. Staring up at them he saw that they were his stars as always—symbols of ambition, struggle and glory. The wind blew through them, trumpeting that high white note for which he always listened, and the thin-blown clouds, stripped for battle, passed in review. The scene was of an unparalleled brightness and magnificence, and only the practiced eye of the commander saw that one star was no longer there.

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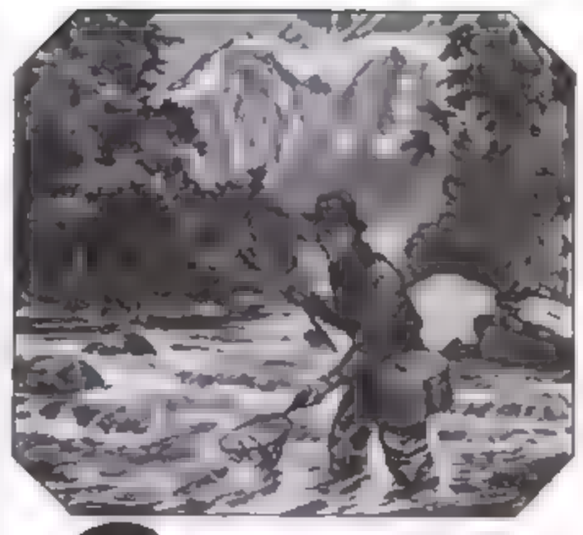

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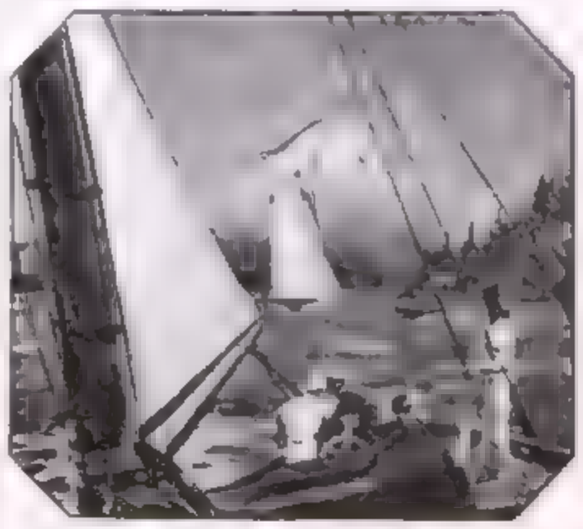

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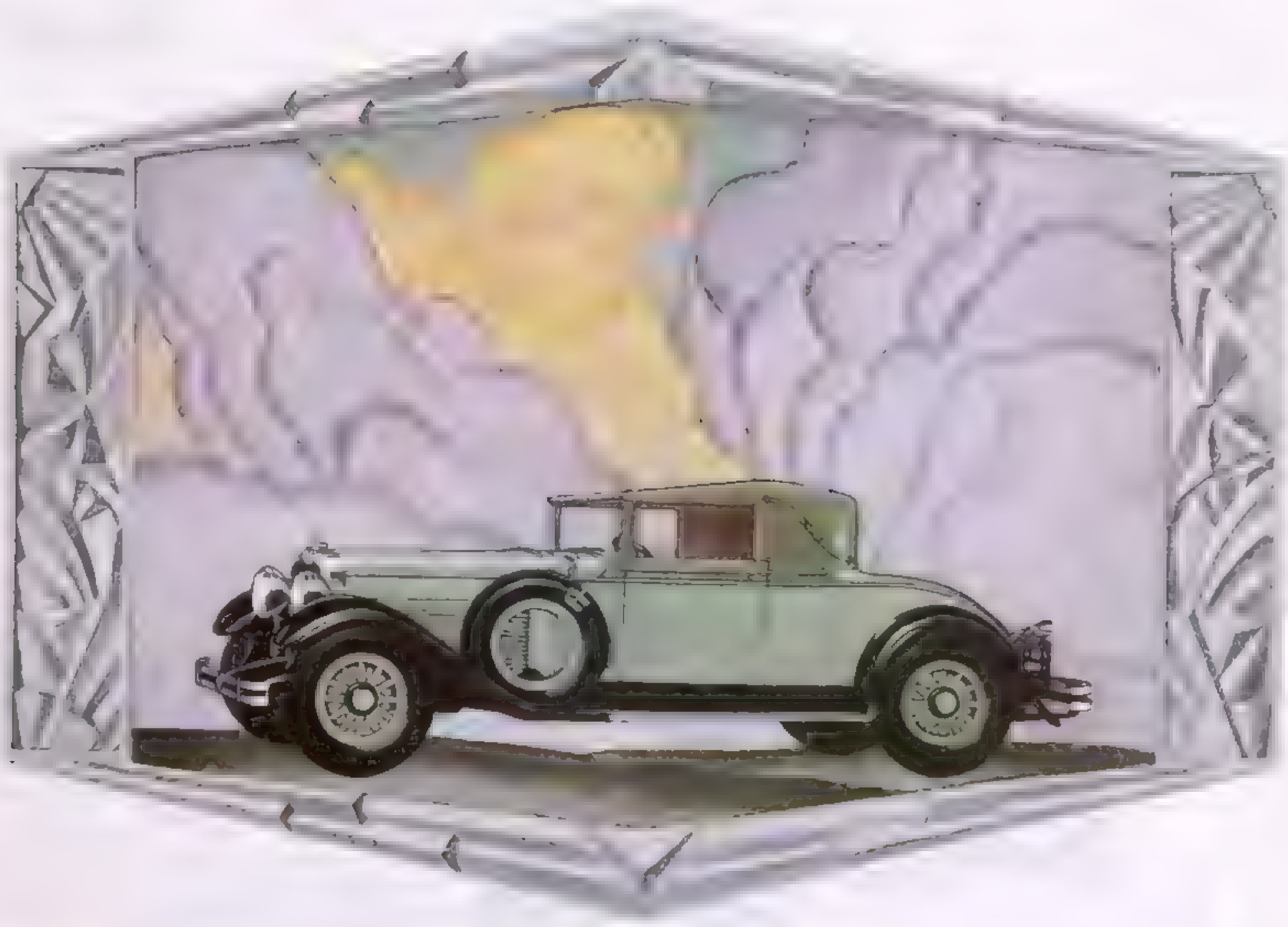

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DARK AND DREARY

(Continued from Page 23)

have chosen, perhaps, but certainly better than he ever had expected. Saturday morning he would be far away and still traveling, and at that time the vicious Andiron would present himself at the Willets home and be greeted with amazing frigidity. For a few moments he would not comprehend—then he would be gripped by a great wrath and he would say things about the departed Thesis.

Thesis did, indeed, go to Twenty-first Street. He even went as far as the lobby of the Third National Bank. But he made no effort to speak to Mr. Willets. Twenty minutes later he was back in Bud Peaglar's place shaking the grimy paw of his *bête noire*.

"The job's yourn, Andiron."

"Oh, man!"

"You is to deport fo' work Saddy mawnin'. Cook will give you the keys."

"How much sal'ry?"

"He starts you at twenty-two a week an' raises you rapid if you make good."

"An' my room an' meals?"

"Bofe."

"Great sufferin' tripe, ain't that somethin'?" He scratched his head. "Don't Mistuh Willets want to see me 'tween now an' Saddy?"

"No, he don't crave to be bothered. You just arrive there at eight o'clock an' remind him who you is. Also, Andiron, I want you to promise me one thing."

"What?"

"That you ain't never gwine say nothin' to nobody 'bout me takin' fifty dollars fum you fo' gittin' you the job. It might make some folks sore, an' also Mistuh Willets woul'n't like it"

Andiron promised. Then he shook hands with Thesis and rambled down the street, whistling gayly. Thesis was a pretty good sort, after all, but kind of mercenary. Fifty dollars! Gosh, that was a lot of money! Yet the job was worth it.

As for Thesis, that gentleman was superlatively happy. His prospective revenge was all the sweeter because he wouldn't be in Birmingham to see it. He fingered the fifty dollars in his pocket. Liquidated damages—that's what it was; just as though he had sued Andiron for salts an' battry and settled out of court.

He reached his cozy room over the Willets garage. He disrobed slowly and stretched full-length on the bed. The moon filtered through the windows and played across his slender figure. It touched his lips and they expanded into a contented smile. Things were perfect—almost.

In all dusky Birmingham, Thesis Pratt had but two enemies. Andiron Smith was one, and he had been effectively handled. Jim Colic was the other. At thought of the giant Jim, Thesis' countenance twisted into a grimace of distaste. Compared with his hatred for Andiron, Mr. Pratt's sentiments toward Jim were positively murderous.

The two men were of the same ilk—both were huge physical specimens, both radically inclined to worthlessness, both bullies. They had tortured Thesis for the sole and simple reason that they resented his quiet, self-respecting decency; because they were victims of inferiority complexes; because they envied him the possession of the best chauffeuring job in Birmingham.

But where Andiron's crowning insult in the past had been the mere precipitation of Thesis and a new gray suit into a muddy gutter, Jim Colic had transgressed more viciously. The thing had happened the preceding summer at Tuxedo Park, that gorgeous playground for the colored élite of Birmingham, Ensley and Bessemer.

Tuxedo Park had opened formally on a Sunday and the dusky worthwhile were present en masse. Thesis had gone with his very best girl, a delectable creature who, though conscious of her own charms, was not unmindful of the fact that she was escorted by the prize eligible of Birmingham.

Thesis had done himself proud. He had adorned his slim figure in the finest raiment procurable in Eighteenth Street; he wore a rose in his coat lapel; a new and floppy panama hat perched on his head; and he disdained the guttural insults of Jim Colic, who looked very disreputable and acted more so.

Mr. Pratt and his lady friend stood on the edge of the swimming pool, watching the bathers. They were surrounded by a group of admiring friends, and nobody noticed the intrusion of the mountainous Jim Colic. Mr. Colic's face merely appeared.

"Hello, han'some," he sneered.

"'Lo, Jim."

"You sho look swellegant, Thesis."

"Thank you."

"Nobody hadn't ought to look so sweet."

"You reckon not?"

"I sholy does."

Whereupon, with a deft and totally unexpected motion, Mr. Colic shoved the magnificently appareled Thesis into the swimming pool. There was a shout of indignation, a swift rescue and a totally bedraggled and hysterical Thesis emerged from the water to confront his tormentor.

"I—Ise gwine git even fo' this, Jim Colic!"

"Boy, you is even now—even worse than I thought!"

"If you wasn't a big bully ——"

"Well, I is. An' any time you tries any funniment with me you is gwine git extincted so fast you won't know where you is at."

Many months had passed since then. Thesis and Jim Colic had met frequently—at picnics; at meetings of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise; at sessions of the Over the River Burying Society, and, casually, along Eighteenth Street. Jim always grinned when they passed each other, but his single terrible assault seemed to have satisfied his sense of humor and it was obvious that he bore Thesis no further ill will. As for Mr. Pratt, that gentleman—like the fabled elephant—refused to forget.

Now, as he bethought himself of the despised Mr. Colic, a magnificent scheme for vengeance presented itself. He knew many things about Jim, including the fact that that person thoroughly hated Andiron Smith. That was the ultimate touch of artistry to Thesis' scheme. And as for personal danger ——

"Well," he reflected philosophically, "I reckon two of 'em coul'n't kill me no deader than one would."

And so the following morning Thesis stopped Jim Colic on the street. This time it was he who made the diplomatic approach, it was he who extended the hand of false friendship.

"Tomorrow," he announced, "I is departin' away fum Bumminham."

"I know," answered Jim. "You is gwine immigrate to Cleveland."

"Ohio."

"Ain't you lucky!"

"I would be," admitted Thesis, "on'y fo' one thing."

"What it is?"

"In all Bumminham they ain't but one feller I ain't friendly with—an' tha's you. I yearn to make up befo' I git away, an' consequently I has got a favor to do fo' you."

Jim was surprised and infinitely pleased. "Tha's all right, Thesis."

"Well, 'tis an' 'tain't." He lowered his voice. "What I craves to do fo' you, Jim, is a favor—but also I need some money an' woul'n't do it fo' nothin'."

"Soun's reasomble."

"I is quittin' the finest job in Bumminham. I git thirty dollars a week an' found. Also Mistuh Willets gives me brawtus money sometimes. . . . Jim, how would you like to git my job?"

"Me?"

"Yeh, you. 'Co'se, you'd mos' likely start in at about twenty-two dollars a week, but you'd git raised quick—terrible quick. An' you gits a swell room with private bath an' the grandest eatments in the world. Mistuh Willets hires whichever man I recommend, an' if us gits together, that feller is gwine be you."

"Hot diggity dawg! You mean ——"

"I gits you that job fo' fifty dollars, Jim. What you say?"

Mr. Colic emitted a hollow groan. "I ain't got no fifty dollars, Thesis. Mind you, I ain't sayin' it ain't wuth it, but I just ain't got but thirty-two dollars to my name."

"All right," announced Thesis generously, "I assepts that much."

Once again Thesis pretended to visit Mr. Willets at the Third National Bank. When he returned, it was to announce to Jim Colic that he had been engaged for the job.

"Sev'al things is impawtant," warned Thesis. "Fust off, you ain't to say nothin' to nobody. Second, you ain't never to let Mistuh Willets know I tooken money fo' gittin' you the job. An' third, you is to be at his house eight o'clock Saddy mawnin' an' git the keys fum the cook."

Jim Colic was tearfully grateful. He bitterly regretted his past mistreatment of this gorgeous little man. He was happy, was big Jim Colic, but his joy was misery compared with the beatitude which suffused Thesis Pratt.

Mr. Pratt visited the bank in earnest now and withdrew therefrom his entire savings—a matter of some three hundred dollars, which he added to the eighty-two dollars already in his pocket. He was leaving on the morrow. He'd buy his ticket at the station. Meanwhile he was king of the universe, a gentleman of leisure about to start on adventurous travel.

All afternoon he lounged around Darktown, and toward evening he met a colored person slightly taller than himself and even more elegant. They shook hands.

"Well, if it ain't Thesis Pratt!"

"It sho is. An' how is Mistuh Florian Slappey feelin' this evenin'?"

"Tol'able." Florian looked around. "Thought you was a'ready gone Nawth, Thesis."

"I leave tomorrow noon."

"What you doin' tonight?"

Thesis shrugged. "Nothin'," he announced. "Or else anything."

"How 'bout comin' up to Lawyer Chew's house?"

"What's doin'?"

"Full-House Poker Club is meetin', an' Doc Atcherson ain't gwine be there, so we got a vacancy. What say?"

Thesis nodded. "O. K. with me, Florian. I got eighty-two dollars I'll double or lose."

"Now you is tootin'. . . . Le's eat."

They ate—great bowls of Brunswick stew, slices of cracklin' bread, barbecued lamb ribs, coffee and pie. When they arrived at the stately Avenue F residence of Lawyer Chew, the other participants in the weekly poker session were waiting impatiently.

Lawyer Chew was most prominently present. And so were emaciated little Semore Mashby, the money lender; Dr. Vivian Simmons, the debonair dentist; huge and genial Simeon Broughton; J. Cæsar Clump, production chief for Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.; Epic Peters, elongated Pullman porter; and Forcep Swain, Birmingham's eminentest colored author. Cards were produced, chips apportioned, windows curtained and they settled themselves to the business in hand, after first making it clear to Thesis that he was exceedingly welcome.

The game started slowly, as do all poker games wherein the participants know what they are about. These men knew the game and loved it—no fancy hands, no deuces wild, no seven-card pedro. Draw poker and regular stud, with an occasional hand of open-blind.

(Continued on Page 178)

BEAUTY of line

in golf clubs, as in museum pieces, is the result of proportions that are right, of artistry that is technically correct. Such beauty is seen in the new Grand Slam Golf Clubs. It promises you precision and balance in your form. It pledges you broken pars.

You can buy Grand Slam Golf Clubs from the dealer in your locality. In the "Pebble Beach" matched wood set, No. AA—driver (shown above), brassie and spoon—are materials of rare quality. The centers are of different colors with special aluminum weight in back, winged sole plate, steel shaft with light hickory Pyratone sheath, and extra quality grips with rolled gold tips and ferrule. They retail at $20.00 per club—$60.00 for the set. These clubs are matched in weight, length and balance; are registered and indexed; are packed in a special case.

This set is a good introduction to the Grand Slam line which consists of five other matched sets of woods for men and women. There are ten carefully graded Grand Slam iron clubs, in four groups of matched and indexed sets.

If your dealer can't supply you, write to Hillerich & Bradsby Company, *Incorporated*, Manufacturers, 480 Finzer Street, Louisville, Kentucky for new 1929 catalog which contains information of interest to every golfer.

GRAND SLAM Golf Clubs

"Viewing the Grand Canyon." Painted by Walter Kuhn for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The New DUAL-BALLOON PRINCIPLE *alone*

—has been successful in combining greater mileage with regular balloon low-pressure

The new *Dual*-Balloon steps far beyond the most extravagant idea of what a tire ought to be. It delivers a new measure of mileage both as to the quality of the miles and length of service.

By combining low-pressure with greater mileage, the new *Dual*-Balloon advances beyond all former balloon-tire standards. It introduces a new permanency of non-skid and reduces the chance of a puncture to the vanishing point.

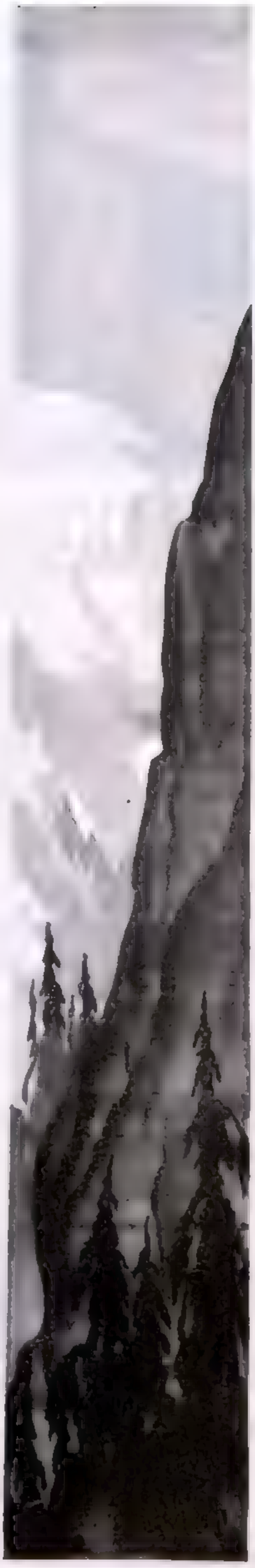
In this day of speedy stop-and-go traffic a more effective and permanent non-skid is essential. The tire that will not wear prematurely bald holds every assurance of security for many seasons to come.

With the *Dual*-Balloon you do not sacrifice "riding comfort" for the added miles. For the first time, the greatest possibilities in mileage and full efficiency in low-pressure have been brought together.

The *Dual*-Balloon runs at regular balloon pressure. It reverses the high-pressure or moderate-pressure tendency of today in tires. No tire of anything like its great mileage capacity can compare with its low-pressure advantages.

On all roads you want trouble-free travel, without the annoyance of a moment's attention to the tires, without the tension of tire worry—the new experience of never having a puncture or a moment's delay because of your rubber.

Mileage—Non-Skid—Comfort—Confidence—or even sheer pride of ownership. Whatever particular feature you most desire you can take in full measure from the *Dual*-Balloon. The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, O.



The New GENERAL

Dual-Balloon 8

—goes a long way to make friends

SILVERFILL
IT PLATES AS IT POLISHES

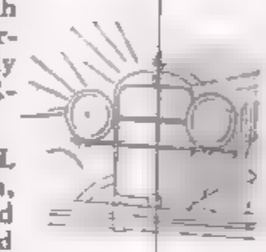
Bright as the day it came to you—gleaming with the lustre of a new surface—that is the family plate when SILVERFILL is on the job.

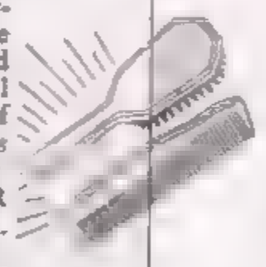
A little SILVERFILL powder on a wet cloth, a few gentle rubs and tarnished or scratched metal surfaces disappear beneath the new silver left by this household plating and cleaning compound.

SILVERFILL plates, replates with pure silver, cleans and polishes all bright-surfaced household metals. It permanently assures the life of your silver and nickel ware. It will change the finish of brass, copper, and alloys to durable, shiny silver. It rubs NEW SILVER on at every application.

SILVERFILL is a shining bit of magic for daily use in every home.

If you cannot obtain SILVERFILL locally, we will supply you direct on receipt of the purchase price. Use the coupon below and, for your future convenience, send us the name of your nearest dealer.





SILVERFILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
80 Federal St. Boston, Mass.

Sold in one-ounce cans by leading department stores

50 cents

Silverfill Mfg. Co.,
80 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Enclosed please find 50 cents for which send me one ounce can of SILVERFILL as advertised.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
My dealer's name is .....

(Continued from Page 175)

Less than an hour after the start, Thesis Pratt, Epic Peters and Lawyer Chew tied up in a big pot which Mr. Peters won. The betting had been heavy, thanks to the dollar limit, and the loss of the pot made a considerable dent in Thesis' eighty-two-dollar bank roll

Luck was very much against him. He was in the nerve-racking position of holding good cards and having them beaten. He couldn't stay out of many pots—his hands were too strong. Yet it seemed always that the other fellow was a trifle stronger. Of course he knew what every experienced poker player must know—that strong cards couldn't always come out second best.

He played cagily, but with consistent misfortune. Finally, with only six dollars remaining of his original eighty-two, he picked up his five cards in a dfaw hand and found himself gazing into the placid countenances of four handsome jacks. Sitting immediately to the left of the dealer, and the game having been announced as jack pots, Mr. Pratt calmly passed, thereby adhering to the old adage that the best of cards are no good unless one gets a play.

Florian passed. Lawyer Chew opened for a quarter—indicating strength. Vivian Simmons and Simeon Broughton stayed; Cæsar Clump boosted it fifty cents and Epic Peters dropped. Then Semore Mashby raised and so did Florian Slappey. Forcep Swain laid down his hand, and so, on the second round of betting, did Florian, Thesis meanwhile having merely met the raises without comment.

Thrice the wagering circled the board, with Lawyer Evans Chew and Semore Mashby now boosting the pot a dollar a time. Thesis donned a lugubrious expression and trailed along. Each time, however, he gazed doubtfully at his cards.

"I got a good hand," he murmured, "if ——"

He took one card. Lawyer Chew took one, indicating two strong pairs or threes with a kicker. Vivian Simmons took three and Simeon Broughton one. Julius Cæsar Clump seemed satisfied with his one-card draw and Semore Mashby took two cards, which, in conjunction with his many raises, showed clearly that he had three good ones to start with.

Lawyer Chew checked the bet and Vivian followed suit. Simeon Broughton bet a dollar, Clump called and Semore Mashby raised. And now Thesis indulged in a bit of acting. He shuffled his cards and inspected them carefully. It mattered not to him what he had drawn, but he wished to create the impression that he had filled a bobtail flush. He permitted a broad grin to decorate his features and promptly raised the pot a dollar. The others glanced at him with no little contempt. Raising a powerful set of hands like that on a flush or straight! It was little short of insanity, they thought—which was precisely what Thesis wanted them to think. He wasn't afraid of anybody except possibly Semore Mashby. That person might have fours, and they might be bigger than jacks; but the odds were all against it.

Then the betting started in earnest. Lawyer Chew raised the pot a dollar each time it came to him, and so did Vivian Simmons and Simeon Broughton. Twice Thesis merely trailed and then he, too, took a hand in the raising. On the fourth round of the table, Semore Mashby dropped out and Thesis heaved a sigh of relief. The single real menace now was gone and Mr. Pratt knew that he had the pot locked up. But it became evident that others thought so too. Lawyer Chew, Vivian, Simeon and Thesis remained, and each raised a dollar a time. Then Simeon Broughton weakened and called, but the others refused to allow his call and the pot grew sweeter and sweeter. The others leaned forward in tense silence. This was a tie-up such as was seldom seen in a poker game.

Yellow chips covered the table top. Thesis' eyes sparkled as he regarded them. Must be three hundred dollars there already. With a free and eager hand he delved into his Cleveland money to buy more chips and he spun his raises out on the table with glorious insouciance. He visioned himself arriving in Cleveland with a real bank roll—one which would enable him to sit pretty for a few weeks while he oriented himself.

The pot grew and grew. Save for the long-suffering Mr. Broughton, who was being scientifically whipsawed, the others showed no sign of weakening. Then, when the table held a record-breaking array of chips, Lawyer Chew gazed through horn-rimmed goggles at Thesis Pratt and delivered an opinion.

"I think," he remarked, "that Mistuh Pratt has got him a straight flush fum his one-card draw. I call."

Vivian Simmons did considerable thinking. And finally he joined in the call. Simeon Broughton uttered a howl of relief as he made it unanimous and all eyes turned to Thesis.

That gentleman smiled in superior fashion as he placed his hand, card by card, on the table

"I hate to grab yo' good money, gemmun," he announced, "but I got the four sweetest jacks in the world."

Lawyer Chew moaned. "An' me," he said—"I thought I was sittin' pretty with an ace-high full. Golla!"

Simeon Broughton said nothing. He had known for some time that his queen-high flush was too weak. Thesis reached out avid fingers for the gleaming yellow chips.

"Just a minute!"

The quietly triumphant voice of Dr. Vivian Simmons reverberated across the table like a knell o' doom. Queer that nobody had considered him and his three-card draw. Full house was the very best one could figure on that. Doctor Simmons shook his head at Thesis.

"Sorry, Brother Pratt," he announced, "but them jacks ain't quite pow'ful enough."

Solemnly he spread face up on the table a quartet of leering kings. Thesis closed his eyes, then opened them slowly. The kings were still there. He mopped his perspiring forehead with a lavender-bordered handkerchief.

"Oh, whoa is me!" he exclaimed. "Hard luck has sholy busted me right in the eye!"

"Ise sorry," said Doctor Simmons, "but when I drawed th'ee cards and stayed against all that heavy bettin', you should of knowed I had plenty."

"Yeh, I did. But I thought I had more."

The game was resumed, and now Thesis played desperately. He struggled to change his ill luck and succeeded only in making it worse. They topped him all around the board. Five and ten dollars at a time his store of cash capital slipped away, and finally there came the ghastly moment when he found himself absolutely and completely broke.

No choice now but to battle. His haggard eyes roamed the board and he requested credit. This was instantly offered by every player save Semore Mashby, for Thesis was known as a gentleman of unimpeachable integrity.

Credit made a bad matter horrible. Before the four chimes of early morning sounded mournfully through the room two hundred borrowed dollars had followed Thesis' original capital into the pockets of the winners. The poker session was at an end and Mr. Pratt was absolutely and utterly busted, broke and bankrupt.

He staggered into the street, leaning heavily on the arm of his faithful friend, Florian Slappey. The first gray glimmering of a new day was appearing along the crest of Red Mountain; a breeze sighed fitfully through the trees; somewhere an automobile siren sounded, and then—most poignant of all—came the shriek and roar of a railroad train steaming through the dawn. Thesis closed his eyes in agony.

"Oh, golla!" he moaned.

Florian shook his head commiseratingly. "Tough luck, feller," he said. "But you sho had good cards all th'oo the evenin'."

"An' the others had gooder."

"Nex' time ——" started Mr. Slappey, but Thesis interrupted.

"They ain't gwine be no nex' time."

"How come?"

"'Cause Ise fixin' to shake hands with the angel Gabriel."

"Silliment you speaks!"

"You just don't understan'."

"You mean you ain't got no money to go to Cleveland with?"

"Boy, that ain't even the commencement! I cain't go—an' gosh knows, I cain't stay!"

"You talks riddles."

"Ain't no riddle to me, Florian. Inside of no time a-tall I is gwine happen to a terrible disaster."

Mr. Slappey questioned solicitously, but Thesis refused to divulge the nature of his troubles. When he reached his comfortable rooms over the Willets garage, it was to stare wide-eyed through the window and reflect miserably upon his troubles.

Thesis Pratt had plunged himself into an abyss of woe. He cursed the vengeful impulse which had prompted him to sell his job to the two worst colored men in Birmingham. His thoughts leaped ahead twenty-four hours. In about that time Andiron Smith and Jim Colic would appear on the Willets place and claim the chauffeuring job. Neither would be accommodated and they would most certainly compare notes. Then they would burn with homicidal fury.

Twelve hours previously that prospect had delighted Thesis. Now it had been stripped of every humorous feature. It would have been considerably amusing to loll back in the velvet-cushioned seat of a railway carriage and chuckle over the manner in which he had discomfited his two enemies. It was quite something else to be marooned in the same city with two wild men. Thesis wept.

"Ise gwine git manslaughtered," he wailed "twice!"

After two awful sleepless hours, he rose, took a cold bath and dressed himself with scrupulous care. A new suitcase mocked him. He kicked it under the bed. Then he walked into the kitchen of the big house and accepted a cup of coffee from the cook. Maideen was most envious.

"You-all ready to go Nawth, Thesis?"

"Yeh, Ise ready enough. But what has that got to do with it?"

"Shuh! You don't need to git uppity just 'cause you is gwine travelin'."

Thesis was instantly contrite. "Ise sorry, Maideen, but I is all preturbed."

"On account of which?"

"Oh, sev'al things. Some is bad and the others is worse."

He backed the coupé out of the garage and along the curving driveway to the porte-cochère. Tricky piece of driving, that. Took an expert hand on the wheel and considerable experience to back a car between those high stone walls without so much as scratching a fender. He remained at the wheel, staring moodily at nothing at all and wondering what would be happening this time tomorrow morning.

Mr. Willets breezed out of the house. He leaped into the coupé beside his chauffeur and the car continued its slow backward progress toward the main road. Once they were headed toward the downtown section, Mr. Willets spoke.

"I'm certainly sorry to see you leave me, Thesis. You've been a wonderful chauffeur."

"Yas-suh. Thank you, suh."

"And just to think—by this time tomorrow you'll be gone."

Thesis blinked. "I sho will," he agreed sadly.

Silence fell between them—a long, pregnant silence which was finally punctured by the chauffeur.

"Mistuh Willets," he asked suddenly, "would you loaned me some money?"

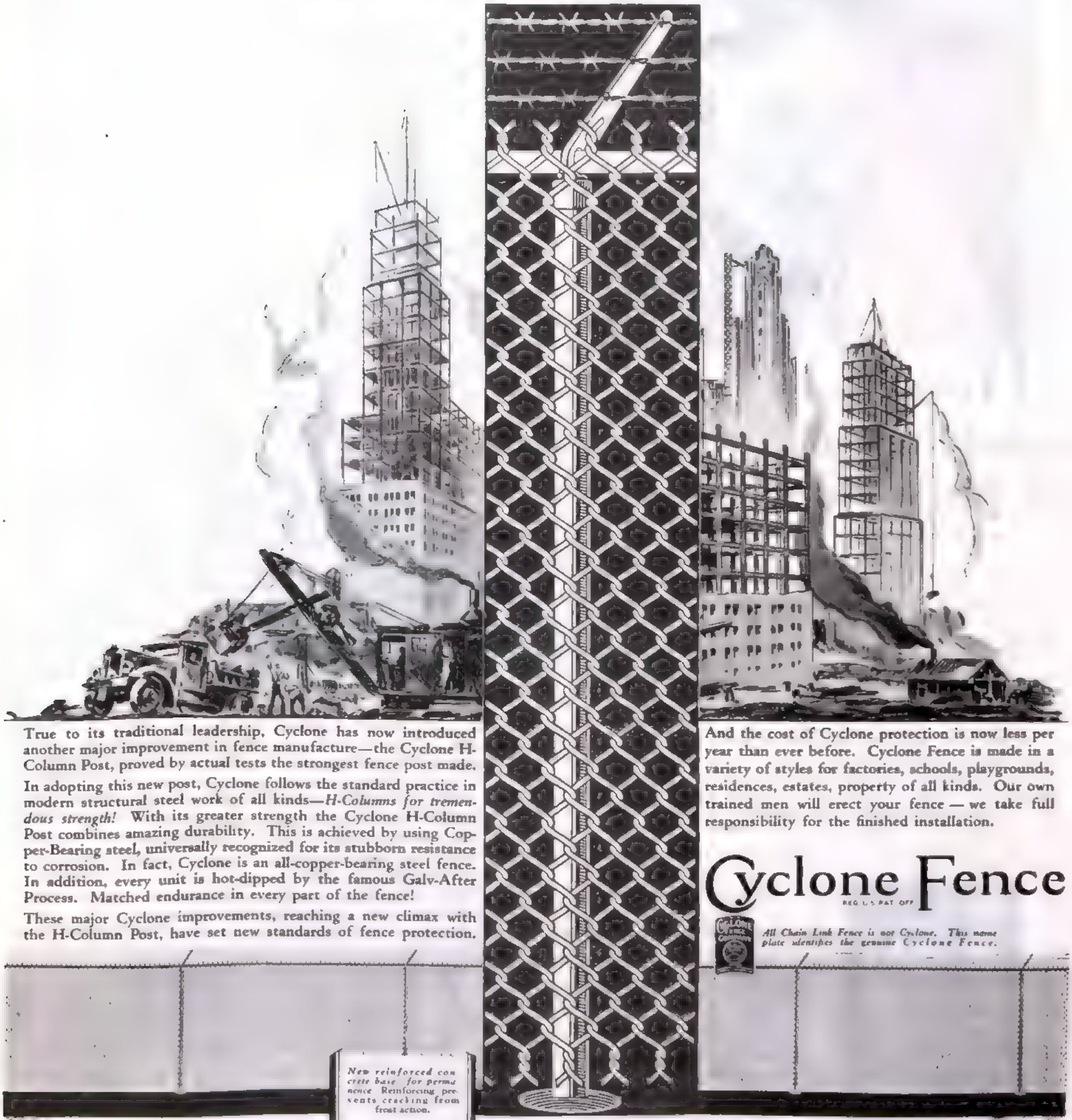
"How much?"

"'Bout—'bout fo' hund'ed dollars."

The banker whistled. "What are you planning to do, Thesis—buy Cleveland?"

(Continued on Page 180)

STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE CYCLONE H-COLUMN POSTS



True to its traditional leadership, Cyclone has now introduced another major improvement in fence manufacture—the Cyclone H-Column Post, proved by actual tests the strongest fence post made.

In adopting this new post, Cyclone follows the standard practice in modern structural steel work of all kinds—*H-Columns for tremendous strength!* With its greater strength the Cyclone H-Column Post combines amazing durability. This is achieved by using Copper-Bearing steel, universally recognized for its stubborn resistance to corrosion. In fact, Cyclone is an all-copper-bearing steel fence. In addition, every unit is hot-dipped by the famous Galv-After Process. Matched endurance in every part of the fence!

These major Cyclone improvements, reaching a new climax with the H-Column Post, have set new standards of fence protection.

And the cost of Cyclone protection is now less per year than ever before. Cyclone Fence is made in a variety of styles for factories, schools, playgrounds, residences, estates, property of all kinds. Our own trained men will erect your fence — we take full responsibility for the finished installation.

Cyclone Fence

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

All Chain Link Fence is not Cyclone. This name plate identifies the genuine Cyclone Fence.

New reinforced concrete base for permanence. Reinforcing prevents cracking from frost action.

Cyclone Fence Company

GENERAL OFFICES: WAUKEGAN, ILL. BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

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How about a daily dozen for the scalp?

Exercise your scalp if you want to keep your hair. Don't let the muscles get weak and lazy. Give them these "setting-up exercises" every day with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Apply a very few drops of the Tonic directly to the scalp. Work it in with the finger tips, using a rotary motion. Keep up this massage until you feel your whole scalp tingle and glow. Just as your body tingles after healthy exercise.

Form the habit, too, of giving your scalp a good work-out before each shampoo. Apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the scalp in liberal quantities, and massage well to loosen any accumulation of dust and perspiration.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic keeps your scalp from getting tight and dry. Frees the pores of accumulated waste so they can do their work properly. Encourages a vigorous, healthy growth of hair.

Buy a bottle today at the nearest drug store and use it. Don't let those scalp muscles lose their grip on your hair!

Get a bottle...today

You'll find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at all good drug stores. Sold in bottles of two sizes, with a convenient shaker-top to make it easy and economical to use. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG U S. PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 178)

"Nos-suh. I on'y craves to git there." Thesis hesitated for a moment and then blurted out the whole story. When he finished, Mr. Willets was smiling—in sympathy and delight.

"I can't do it, Thesis. It isn't that your credit isn't good with me, but for your own sake and mine I must refuse. I've never tried to interfere with your private life, but from the first I've known you were making a mistake to leave Birmingham. You won't be happy in the North. And now that this apparent disaster has overtaken you, I must say I think it's best all round. Of course you can stay right on with me, and I'm mighty glad to have you. I'll speak to the new chauffeur I engaged and tell him not to come. You'll be happier ——"

"Happier than what?" inquired Thesis.

"Than you would be in Cleveland."

"Oh, lawsy! You don't comprehen', Mistuh Willets. I got to go."

"Forget it."

"Mistuh Willets, I sho cain't do that."

"Isn't this a good job—the best in Birmingham?"

"Yas-suh, it sho is. Tha's the trouble."

"Very well, it is still yours. Nothing's the matter with you now except disappointment. In a week or so you'll be thanking me for refusing to lend you the money."

Mr. Pratt didn't argue—he knew his employer too well. But when he bade him farewell at the granite portals of the Third National it was with a solemncholy face.

For more than one hour Thesis circulated through Darktown, seeking to raise sufficient capital to pay off his creditors and leave himself with enough money to reach Cleveland. Unfortunately most of the men from whom he might have borrowed were already his creditors—they were the persons of influence and affluence who had sat through the hectic poker session of the previous night. They were sorry, and they liked Thesis, but there was most positively nothing doing. They were willing enough to lend to a friend who had a good job and intended remaining in Birmingham, but to advance money to someone they would most probably never again see was quite a different matter.

And so at noon Thesis Pratt dragged weary feet and heavy heart to the vicinity of the Terminal Station and watched the heavy train pull out for points North. Save for his stupendous ill luck, he would have been on that train, happy as a young lark, eagerly embarking on the great adventure of his life.

Instead, here he was marooned in Birmingham, with nothing to anticipate save sudden and violent extinction at the hands of two frothing man-eaters. What mattered it to him that Mr. Willets was willing for him to continue on the job? There were Jim Colic and Andiron Smith to be considered. Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock they would be at the Willets home, each fondly believing that he belonged. And when the ghastly discovery was made ——

The more Thesis pondered over his predicament, the more awful it appeared. He couldn't go and he couldn't stay. He had accepted money from Andiron and Jim and he could neither return it to them nor deliver that for which it had been paid. Furthermore, there was the deadly certainty that they would—sooner or later—compare notes, at which time it would become all too clear to them what Thesis had done.

Mr. Pratt was gripped by an attack of violent melancholia. He knew that never before in the history of the colored race had any man been confronted by so much concentrated trouble. All afternoon he mooned around his home, seeking to find some way out of his difficulty, but the more intensively he thought, the worse the situation appeared.

It was his own fault, of course. At least it was originally the fault of Andiron Smith, or perhaps of Jim Colic. If they hadn't picked on him in the first place he never would have considered seeking revenge; and if he hadn't sought revenge, he would not now be in a position to regard blooming lilies with a proprietary eye.

By nightfall Thesis became obsessed with a sort of grim fatalism. What must be, must, and there was absolutely nothing he could do about it. He slept a fitful nightmarish sleep and rose at six in the morning heavy-eyed and weary. He dressed with meticulous care, garbing himself for his rôle of honor guest at an extemporaneous funeral. Cataclysm was overtaking him and he was almost reconciled to the inevitable.

He was in the kitchen when Maideen arrived. That buxom damsel expressed her surprise at finding Thesis still on the job, but her raillery was cut short by the gentleman's expression of misery. Thesis eyed her eagerly. He didn't think so very much of Maideen, but he felt that he must confide in someone. He leaned forward.

"Does you know Jim Colic and Andiron Smith?" he inquired.

"I sholy does."

"Is they populous with you?"

"Man, I hates them fellers worse'n oysters in summer."

Thesis brightened. Here, at least, was a community of opinion. In a low vibrant voice he unfolded to Maideen the difficulty into which he had plunged himself. She listened pop-eyed to his tale of woe and burst forth with an encouraging question when he finished:

"What is you gwine do 'bout it, Thesis?"

"Gosh! Tha's what I yearn to know."

"You ain't got no money to leave Bumminham with?"

"No."

"An' you cain't stay heah?"

"Oh, lawsy, no!"

"So," summed up the erudite Maideen, "there ain't nothin' a-tall you can do, an' you got to do it right away."

Thesis pressed his hands to an aching forehead. "There's one chance, Maideen, if you is willin' to he'p me."

"To put somethin' over on Jim Colic an' Andiron Smith, I'd he'p anybody. What you want me to do?"

"'Tain't much—an' it mos' likely won't work. But if it don't, Ise gwine be close to a lot of flowers I won't smell an' listenin' to plenty of sof' music I won't hear. Now this is my scheme: You hold this key to Mistuh Willets' car. Andiron an' Jim is sho to be heah a li'l' befo' eight o'clock ——" His voice dropped to a confidential whisper and Maideen, giving attentive ear, grinned delightedly.

"It might," she agreed, when he finished. "Them two fellers sho hate each other."

Promptly at 7:45 two figures turned in at the Willets driveway. Jim and Andiron eyed each other balefully.

"What you doin' heah, big boy?" inquired the former.

"I ask you similar."

"Ise come to go to work."

"Fo' who?"

"Mistuh Willets."

"Doin' which?"

"Ise his new chauffeur."

The other emitted a raucous laugh. "Don't make me feel so humorous. Ise got this job."

"Yeh? Wait an' see!"

They eyed each other with open hostility and finally Jim Colic stepped very close.

"Just so there won't be no misunderstandin'," he said grimly, "Ise gwine let you know that this job is mine."

"Who says so?"

"Thesis Pratt—tha's who. I boughten the job off him fo' thirty-two dollars."

Andiron dropped back, his face wreathed with sudden fury.

"Liar what you is! I boughten this job off Thesis an' paid him fifty dollars cash money."

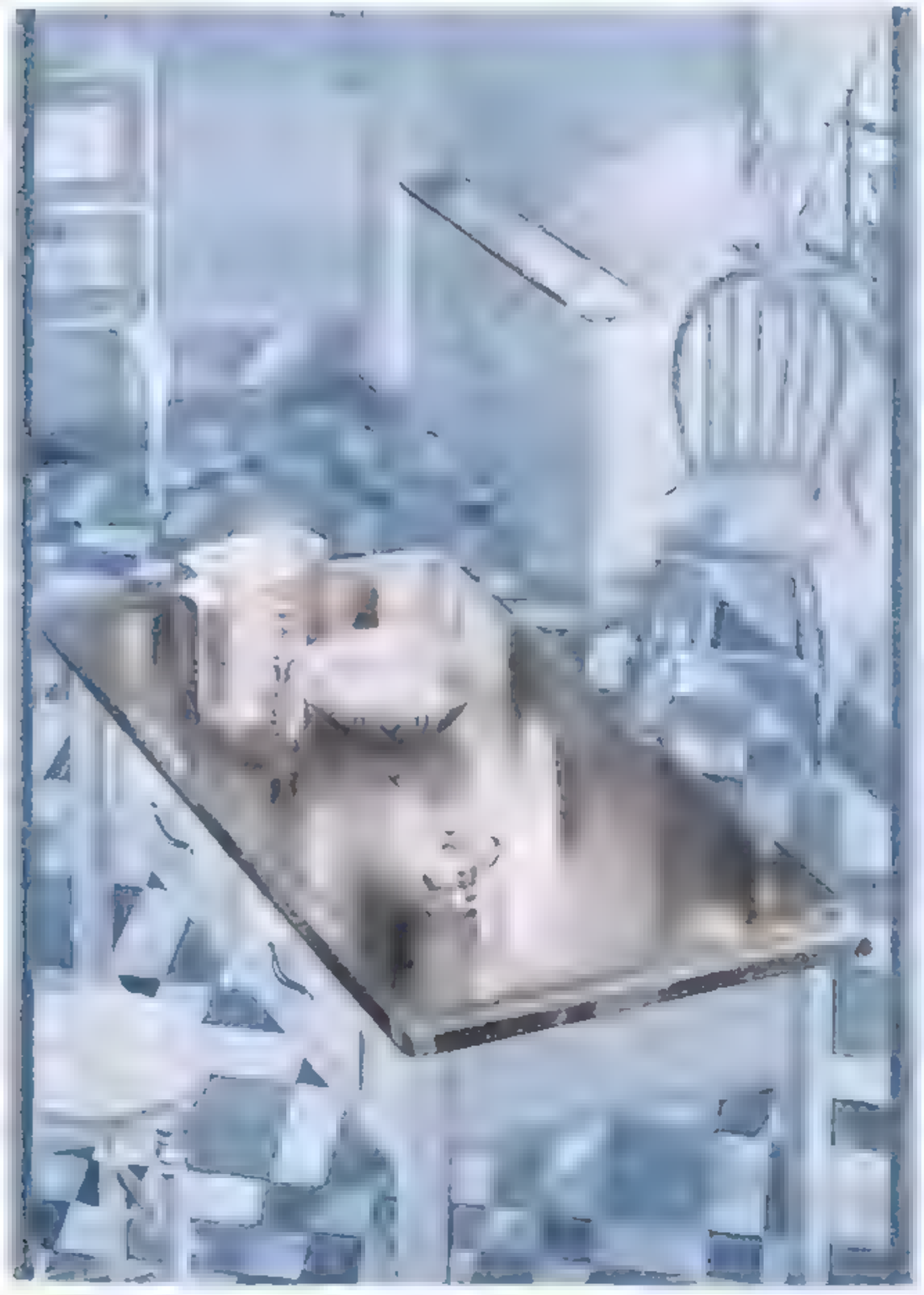
Realization smote both at the same instant. In one ghastly moment of comprehension they recognized the exquisite nature of the revenge which the supposedly absent Mr. Pratt had wreaked upon them.

Their words were pregnant with mayhem, but their natural antipathy toward each

(Continued on Page 183)

MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW



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that make Good Housekeeping easier

In your present home . . . and in your dream home of tomorrow . . . you can enjoy the ageless beauty, the constant convenience of Monel Metal.

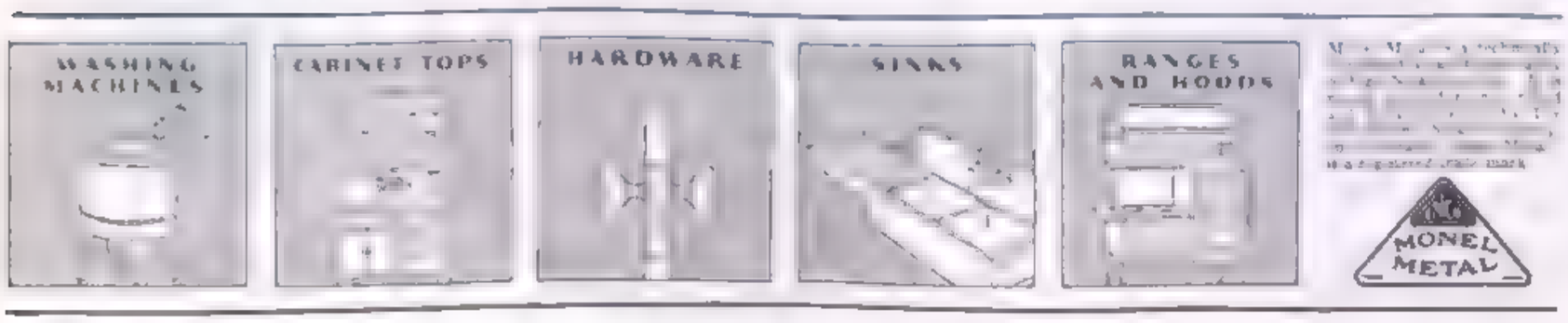
To your kitchen, Monel Metal brings a practical means of lessening labor. Its silvery surface is easy to keep clean and spotless. For durable Monel Metal has no coating to chip, crack or wear off.

Monel Metal will not rust; it resists corrosion. It is economical, too—it shows no signs of wear after years of hardest use.

With Monel Metal you can achieve charming decorative effects. Its permanent, friendly lustre, akin to the mellow richness of fine old silver, blends perfectly with the smartest color schemes. You will find Monel Metal a treasure, increasing in value with the passing years.

Your architect and sheet metal worker will gladly advise you about Monel Metal for your home of today and for your dream home of tomorrow. Investigate the many advantages of this beautiful, lasting, modern alloy. Mail the coupon today for a sample of Monel Metal and the helpful booklet—"Good Housekeeping Made Easier".

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.



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I could have met Peter Reynolds when he came in on the Chicago express and taken him to lunch. But they wouldn't let me.

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That trim, unwrinkled look of success that tells people you're good enough for any job!

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Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

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Regular pressing by this method maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit. The pressed effect lasts longer.

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By *regulated* steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crepe or satin frock soft and fresh.

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Please write us to send you the free, helpful booklet entitled "How To Make Clothes Look Better—Last Longer."

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HOFFMAN VALETOR DEPENDABLE PRESSING SERVICE

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other flamed white. After all, there were only two candidates for the position. It appeared that one of them was destined to hold the job—and only one. Their attitude became markedly pugilistic. They edged close to each other, fists clenched, eyes gleaming, shoulders hunched.

"It's my job!"

"It's mine!"

"You try an' git it!"

"Watch me'"

"Make any foolishment an' I'll ——"

"You'll which?"

"I'll bust you so hard yo' descendants will all be hunchback."

"Yeh? You an' who else?"

Out of the house came Maideen. Andiron and Jim looked eagerly at her—so eagerly that neither noticed the head of Thesis Pratt protruding affrightedly around the corner of the kitchen window. Thesis knew that his plan had started well, but he couldn't figure how it would finish. After all, even if these candidates disposed of each other by a process of elimination, the eliminated gentleman would carry through life a hatred against Thesis which could not possibly be satisfied with anything less than complete dismemberment. Thesis knew that it wasn't the question of the job or the money so much as the realization that he had tricked them both, however justifiably.

Maideen advanced on the belligerent giants. In her hand was an automobile key.

"Which of you fellers is the new chauffeur?" she inquired.

"I is!" howled Jim.

"It's me!" growled Andiron.

She looked from one to the other. "One of you is lyin'," she remarked with engaging candor.

"Jim is."

"Andiron is."

Maideen made a magnificent gesture. She flung the key at their feet. "I ain't gwine git mixed up with no such trash as you-all," she said. "But Mistuh Willets wants his car right away, an' whichever one of you is the chauffeur is to back it up to the front door an' wait fo' him."

She turned and walked toward the house. Andiron and Jim stared at the key, and it occurred to both of them that whoever got that key automatically qualified for the job.

There was a sudden howl as both men dived for the bit of gleaming metal. Their heads cracked. Andiron's fingers closed about the key just as Jim Colic's big fist thudded against his jaw.

And then, in Mr. Willets' driveway, there started a battle of epic proportions. The two men fought with magnificent gusto. They punched and wrestled and kicked and chewed so that the curving driveway rapidly became a shambles.

They did not fight silently. During the course of the combat Mr. Smith made it clear that he did not like Jim or Jim's ancestors or anything that was Jim's, and Mr. Colic announced to the world at large that Andiron was of slightly less value than nothing at all.

Maideen's shrieks, coupled with the thumping and pounding and the lusty imprecations, attracted the attention of someone in the house. A head appeared at an upstairs window and the dignified Mr. Willets stared down at the two negroes who had converted his driveway into a battleground. Mr. Willets started downstairs to discover what it was all about.

But before he reached the first floor something happened. Jim Colic poked a hard right into Andiron's left eye and Mr. Smith sank to the pavement. Instantly Jim grabbed the key and leaped into the driver's seat. He was considerably disheveled, but he was the victor and therefore didn't care particularly how spoiled he was.

He started the motor and slipped into reverse. Then, slowly and carefully, he commenced backing the car along the curving driveway toward the porte-cochére. It was then that this move was viewed by Andiron.

His job was vanishing—the job for which he had paid fifty dollars cash money. One idea—and one idea only—penetrated his skull. He must stop that car before it reached Mr. Willets. He staggered to his feet, gave vent to a large howl and leaped after the car. He sprang on the running board and reached for the ignition switch.

Jim Colic, lavender with fury, swung on Andiron's jaw and landed. Mr. Smith collapsed in the alley, and at the same instant there was the sickening crash of steel on stone as the car backed dignifiedly but forcefully into the side wall of the driveway and came to an abrupt and protesting halt.

Jim stepped into the alley. The left rear fender was crumpled like so much tissue paper. The gleaming new paint of the body was scratched. The rear bumper was more than a trifle askew. Mr. Colic stared mournfully and Andiron lurched to his feet and murmured dismal words.

Mr. Willets sprang through the back door. He took one look at the wreckage and rushed to the telephone. He spoke in staccato fashion to police headquarters and in less than no time at all a motorcycle policeman was speeding toward the Willets home.

When the minion of the law arrived Jim and Andiron were seated spiritlessly side by side on the running board of the car. The police scout accompanied Mr. Willets into the alley and the latter gentleman demanded to know what was the matter. Jim Colic hastened to defend himself.

"This big hunk of tripe jumped on the runnin' board an' 'tacked me."

"Oh, he did, did he? And may I ask what you were doing in my car?"

"Yah!" howled Andiron. "Tha's just it. What was you doin' in his car?"

"I is yo' new chauffeur," announced Jim.

"You're a fool," grated Mr. Willets.

"Yas-suh," indorsed the triumphant Andiron, "he sho is. I done tol' him I was the new chauffeur."

Mr. Willets stared from one to the other. "You're both crazy. Neither one of you is my chauffeur. You trespassed on my property, acted in disorderly fashion and wrecked my new coupé. I'm going to have you both arrested and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law."

"But, Mistuh Willets ——"

"Shut up! Officer, arrest these men."

The policeman stepped forward. Jim Colic turned pleadingly to the banker.

"Honest, I thought I was doin' right. They said if I gotten heah at eight o'clock, I was to chauf fo' you."

"Who said so?"

"Thesis Pratt."

Mr. Willets snorted with disgust. "You expect me to believe that Thesis said you could have his job?"

"Y-y-yas-suh"

"Fools! Nobody is going to have Thesis' job except Thesis."

"Ain't he in Cleveland?"

"No, he isn't. He's right here in Birmingham, and he's going to stay here." Mr. Willets raised his voice and called for Mr. Pratt. From the back door came a thin and frightened figure. Thesis was not at all happy. Mr. Willets fired a question at him:

"Thesis, these two men say that you told them they could have your job. What about it?"

Upon the countenance of Mr. Pratt there perched an expression of angelic innocence. He made a clucking sound with his teeth and shook his head.

"I sholy don't know whatever could of made them think such, Mistuh Willets."

Both victims howled in protest, but the policeman silenced them. Mr. Willets spoke again to Thesis:

"Do you know them?"

"On'y casual, Mistuh Willets—or even less than that. They is bofe roughnecks."

"Exactly! Officer, arrest them!"

And now Jim Colic and Andiron Smith were beset by a deep and terrible fear. They were to be arrested and cast into the city jail. They were to face prosecution by the rich and powerful Mr. Willets. They were face to face with disaster and they knew it.

No hope of mercy from the officer; no chance of clemency from Mr. Willets. In all that group there was only one possible ally—only one person who held out even a forlorn hope. They turned pleadingly to Thesis. In voices which were choked with sobs and terror they begged him to intervene. He stepped close to them and considered the situation judicially.

"You fellers has bofe acted rotten," announced Mr. Pratt virtuously.

"Yeh, Thesis, we sho has."

"An' I dunno if it's any use he'pin' you, anyhow."

"Oh, golla! Please ——"

"An' then the fust time I show up downtown you is gwine beat me up. I guess not!"

They protested loudly that they would become his best friends if he would extract them from the clutches of the law. They declared that his revenge had been justified and that they had no further score to settle with him. They fairly groveled. And so Thesis drew his employer aside.

He spoke long and earnestly with Mr. Willets, while Jim Colic and Andiron Smith watched with frightened eyes. They knew that their fate was hanging in the balance. Trouble was waiting to happen to them. Thesis was their only hope. They saw the little man pleading for them; they saw Mr. Willets shake his head angrily, then with less venom, and finally they saw him nod.

Thesis turned back to the two frightened giants. He fairly strutted to their vicinity.

"Has you two fellers learned yo' lesson?" he inquired.

"Oh, Lawsy, yes!"

"If us lets you off, will you 'gree to pay the damagement to Mistuh Willets' car?"

"Tha's the most thing us craves to do, Thesis."

"An' do you understan' that this Mistuh Police says if you-all ever bother me on account of this, he's gwine arrest bofe of you?"

"Y-y-yas-suh, Thesis, us understand all that. An' please ——"

Mr. Willets was watching with a half smile on his lips. Annoyance had been superseded by amusement and he enjoyed watching his favorite chauffeur in his hour of triumph.

Mr. Willets believed he understood the situation. As a matter of fact, Thesis had told him almost all the truth almost, but not entirely all. He had carelessly neglected to mention the money he had accepted from Jim and Andiron in exchange for the coveted job. Now Thesis faced his employer.

"Don't you reckon, Mr. Willets, that you an' me had better let these two fellers loose? They ain't got their good senses."

Mr. Willets nodded. "You're handling this, Thesis. Whatever you say goes. And if you ever want them rearrested, just let me know."

Mr. Pratt swung on the others. "You heah that? Any time I want, you gits th'owed in the Big Rock."

They announced that they heard, and what was more important, they understood.

"An' can we go now?" they asked meekly.

Thesis dismissed them with a regal wave of his hand. Mr. Willets and the policeman stepped inside the house, leaving the little chauffeur alone in his glory.

Thesis was really magnificent. He stared at the two huge men who walked mournfully and painfully along the driveway. Two bitter enemies, either of whom could have pulverized him with a single blow. Yet he, Thesis Pratt, had revenged himself gloriously upon both and made a cash profit in the process.

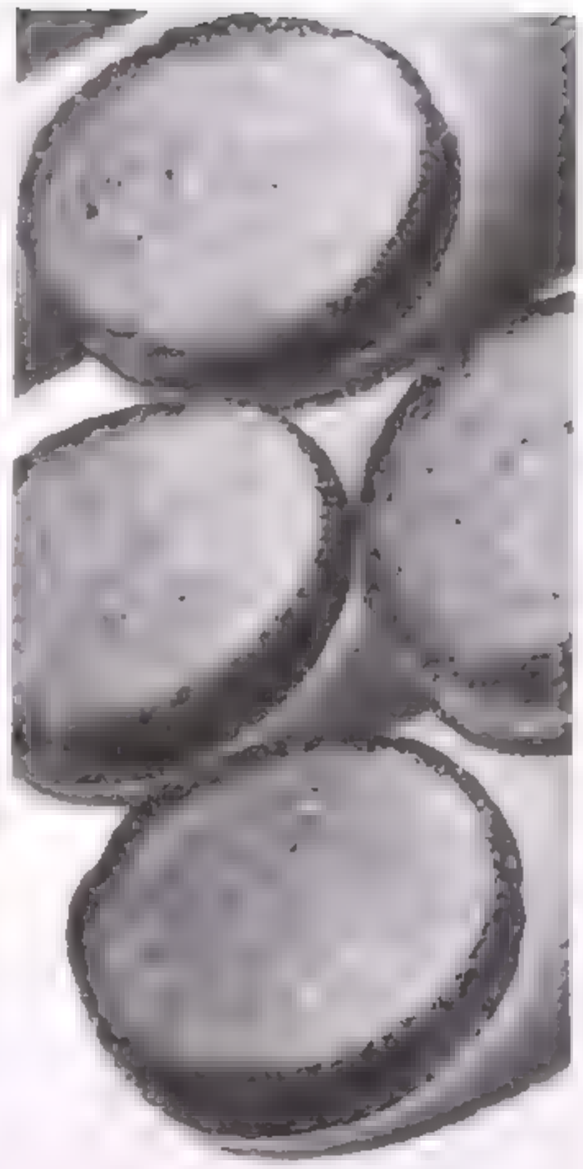
They were going. But there was one more word to be said, one last superb gesture to be made. Thesis flung one arm in the air.

"You fellers!" he called.

They stopped. They faced him humbly.

"Yas-suh, Thesis, what is it?"

"I just want to tell you this," announced the triumphant Thesis Pratt: "After the way you two fellers has acted, you needn't expect me to git you any more jobs."



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Name

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MR. HANNA

(Continued from Page 27)

them. Our historians tell us that they "joined in the mad scramble for success." Perhaps, in the twenty-second century, historians may discover that success is just a form of amusement, mostly sacred to those who have not brains enough to attain it. As for the smart men whose interest in the war had been the costly shipping of soldiers by rail and boat or the sale of munitions to the bewildered Government, they were now functioning smoothly as a medium between the American citizen and his country.

In the 50's, grants of land and subsidies to railroads had been subjects for debate in Congress, but the stalwart precedents set by Mr. Lincoln in the Homestead Act and the grants to the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific had been useful to the smart men. Hotels and boarding houses in Washington now jammed with people eager to have the Government build a railroad across their land, or appropriate twenty millions to build a school for negroes on their hills, or widen their river. The popular mind had grown used to the Government's benevolent activities, and the smart men would certainly not discourage this state of things. It was really the backwash of the expansionist mania; the neurosis of the pioneer, his profound faith in future wealth, now joined the other neuroses in the East, and the smart men reaped what desire had sown. Huge tracts of Western land passed into the keeping of gentlemen who had rooms and pretty ladies at the disposal of excited Westerners wanting something done at Washington. Everybody was "opening the country up." It was a pastime. The pioneers came back with charts of their possessions, and the agreeable men at the St. Nicholas showed them a good time. Of course the Government would run out a railroad! They spoke soothingly, and whispered something extra about a man in Washington, who —— Soon every Western settlement had its soured loungers, aware of the best hotels and bars on Broadway, but bitter against the Eastern capitalist. Some of the capitalists locked up deeds to hundreds of thousands of acres and waited for the country to manure this unearned increment. While waiting, they applauded the Hon. Roscoe Conkling when he passionately argued, before Federal courts, that the Fourteenth Amendment forbade a mere state to regulate rates of railroads passing through its territories. He could prove by sheer force of oratory that states should not regulate anything. The less regulation you had, the better. Was not the country being opened up? Even Mr. James Blaine agreed that the country was being opened up. It went on being opened up until the panic of 1873 halted the practice.

This society, not at all unlike the society surrounding another President from Ohio fifty-two years later, welcomed Ulysses Grant in 1869. The amusement hunters, the power seekers and the smart men swarmed on the guileless, tired soldier. The game was safe up to such a time as his suspicions might rouse and his stubborn temper turn on his plausible friends. He wanted to be entertained. Rich people who could dine him in gilded private parlors on steamboats, where stained-glass windows projected color on the silver and handsome representatives, who understood a horse, circled the President. He might buck out of their grooming hands and veto a bill to increase the inconvertible currency. He might sign a bill setting a date for the resumption of payments in hard money for governmental indebtedness. He might listen to the reformers and establish a commission for the improvement of the civil service. He would decide three times to withdraw the soldiers from the racked South and let a conquered people settle its affairs in its own way. But for six days in the week the smart men had him dazzled. Failure and war had bitten Grant; he was tired out. "Let us have peace" was not only a political expression but a personal and immediate prayer. He wanted no more trouble. It was easier, after stewing and fretting, to let his friends do the work. Let the senators and congressmen make the appointments to the civil service; if his cabinet made trouble, get another cabinet. Let us have peace!

Beyond the journalists and the orators, this general had a special audience. He was Grant. He was not the President or the military commander to this legion, but a man. History cannot be taught to understand the effect of human images on the people, although you can pick Grant's effect from any volume of the Photographic History of the Civil War. See, here is a circular bench under dusty pine trees, and a group of officers and correspondents gabbling in the sunlight. Orderlies and messengers on tall horses are dimmer under the trees, but their faces turn to the commanding group. And here, somehow lonely on the bench, is a hard, lounging body, a plain hat drawn down over a bearded face, and a pair of dirty boots. This is Grant, familiar to the men watching his silence as Bill and Jason and Ed at home waiting outside the smithy for a horse to be shod. Everything since dug up by destructive analysts against him was an amiable commonplace of his camps. His men knew that he had been brought down to hauling wood for a living in Missouri, but that did not disturb them. If his staff pumped ideas into him, that was all right. A man ought to listen to his friends. What of it? He was not a figure to be increased by religious lights; he was no Liberator. He was their neighbor. He had only to pause beside a cot in the field hospital below Vicksburg and say "I bet that hurts" to a lad with a smashed arm, in order to have the fealty of a whole tribe in Iowa. Criticism of the President was something immaterial to this grand army. They might curse him and even vote the Democratic ticket. But he was still Grant.

And there was nothing else to look at now. The giants vanished or waned as querulous freaks. Thaddeus Stevens died. Wendell Phillips had gone crazy over fads, votes for women and prohibition and those things. Sumner was lost in his obsessions, wanting the English flag washed off the continent or bullyragging the President to get the fantastic two billion dollars of "indirect damages" inserted among the Alabama claims. Ben Butler wallowed between the parties, grossly impudent and jolly. Roscoe Conkling leaned on a marble mantelshelf, now and then adjusting the famous curls on his brow, and aspirants for favor waited the signal of Kate Chase's round fan before approaching the chief of the spoilsmen with a request or a new slander of James Blaine. This is the chart of the Gilded Age, a fierce assumption of greatness in a circumfluent weariness. Everyone was tired and wanted to be entertained.

Out in Cleveland, young Mr. Hanna could not interest his friends in politics. He made himself inconvenient and obstreperous trying to get Republicans to the polls. He objected to the party's machinery throughout Grant's first term. In 1873 he bolted, with other Republicans, and helped to elect a sound Democrat mayor of the city. He was busy in objections and arguments for years. By 1880 he had given it up. The machine ruled in politics. Nice people did not bother. Men of business had other things to think of. Politics was a dirty game. Let the professionals handle it, and be damned to them! This, with every emphasis, was what Mr. Hanna learned when Grant was President. But the most of his lesson in life was financial.

In 1872 there was a stir and a flutter from Washington. The nation now learned why Senator John Sherman had shuddered in 1864 over the act to insure the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. It came out that the mighty construction company known as the Crédit Mobilier had distributed shares of its stock among some legislators. Commissions were appointed to discover what this was all about. Mr. Oakes Ames, a congressman from Massachusetts, the son of poor but honest parents, was the main witness. The committees delved, and curious facts crawled on the table. A controlling group of stockholders dominated the Crédit Mobilier and the Union Pacific. As the Crédit built the railroad, the railroad paid its friend in cash and stocks. Unpleasant people kept asserting that the actual cost, per mile, of the railroad was about one-half what the Crédit charged for its work. It developed that the Crédit had been paid more than ninety-three million dollars. The cost of building the road was claimed at fifty millions. Skeptics alleged that it had cost only

Roscoe Conkling

twenty eight or nine millions. Anyhow, the stock of the Crédit Mobilier had been a diamond mine.

The investigation was an affair of two stories. On the lower floor the committee discovered that certain congressmen had taken or had bought stock at par from Mr. Ames. In the second story people accustomed to finance had an esoteric treat. For, mile by mile, the Government of the United States had kept its contract with the Union Pacific by turning over securities to its officers. It was these securities that had really paid for the building of the railroad. And now the Government must wait to get its money back until the railroad's debt matured in 1895. There had been no real risk of anybody's fortune in the deal. The Government was the cow, and the smart men had filled their pails. The facts were there, in the reports of the Poland and Wilson Committees. Congress meekly voted that a senator and two representatives be censured. It was true that no bill affecting the Union Pacific had been before the House when Mr. Ames distributed the stock. He was just procuring a friendly influence, he said. This great national enterprise needed friends. There were disappointed churls and blackmailers who would try to damage the road. The word "blackmailers" amused numbers of people. Mr. Ames retired to Massachusetts and died soon. Schuyler Colfax could not be nominated for the vice presidency a second time. Other reputations were damaged.

This scandal was still piling its gossip through the summer of 1873 when a wide uneasiness about all railroad stocks commenced to show. Europe was having hard times and European brokers began to flood back railroad stock on the American markets. Meanwhile sober investors wondered if the railroads were really sound, and some of them sold their holdings. Then, in seven hours of September 19, 1873, the whole inflated, expansionist prosperity of the United States was blown to rags. Nature coöperated handsomely with finance. Rain fell a dozen times on the crazy brokers lurching along Wall Street, and spectators huddled on steps and parapets, watching the show. Everything slumped, racketed and fell. The Exchange closed. Men sat on the curbs and mumbled to one another for hours. Jay Cooke was ruined, with a hundred smaller bankers. There was nothing left. And now men who had lived under stimulus since 1861 exacted a last thrill: Suicide was constant. Bars would give no credit to the oldest patrons. Mr. Edward Stokes, who had murdered Jim Fisk last year, sent word from prison that he was glad to be in out of the rain. Mr. Jay Gould quietly swept thousands of shares into his control at very reasonable prices, and many sons of stockbrokers left school and went to work.

When 1873 ended more than a third of the railroads in the United States were being nursed by receivers. The burden of the panic fell, of course, on the West. The ruin of a few hundred reputable bankers in the East was followed by the collapse of banks in the country towns. Much of the trouble was simply neurotic. A state of mind succeeded a state of mind; inflation was the mother of timidity. The expansionist policy of the Eastern capitalists drew in its fingers. Hard-headed men went on investing in sound Western mortgages, and the battle of the power seekers who used oil as their ground did not stop. But in the soft-coal companies there was a general adjustment. Elaborate staffs of clerks and hangers-on were discharged; companies consolidated for the sake of safety from competition; weak, scared little concerns dropped the scale of all wages and were sometimes ruined by the desertion of their men. A national association of soft-coal miners had been born just a while before the panic, but its officers were snubbed when they tried to deal with the operators in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The one person who listened to them civilly was Mr. Hanna, of Rhodes & Co.

Mr. Hanna promised to aid the union men if they would hold to their stated program and try to avoid strikes. He had worked hard to organize the operators as an association, and so this union of the miners seemed an excellent device to him. But he was to be baffled by the weak operators when he tried to keep the situation smooth in Wayne and Stark counties, then known as "the Massillon district." Master Daniel Hanna's first lessons in finance were discussions of coal around the dinner table. Flushed gentlemen expounded the villainies of the Eastern market and the horrible terms exacted by contracting factories and railroads. Statistics rose in air and fell as arguments on Daniel's head. "My father," he wrote to a friend in 1905, "believed that the bad conditions prevailing in that period were partly a fraud. He held that some corporations and large industrial concerns were deliberately bleeding their workmen as a matter of selfish economy. I have heard the same opinion expressed in regard to the panic of 1873 by other men who were in a position to be acquainted with facts. As an instance of this I may mention a certain foundry near Philadelphia in which the workmen were paid as little as six dollars a week when the owner was so prosperous that he could afford to maintain a large residence in Paris and one at Newport. . . . But the conditions in the soft-coal business at the time were really very bad. It was impossible for Mr. Hanna to keep the rate of pay up. Several of the small operators were on the verge of ruin."

Prices dropped or were forced down all through 1875. In the early spring of 1876 the operators reduced wages to sixty-five cents a ton in the Massillon district, and the union could not keep the men from striking. Only one mine of Rhodes & Co. was still operating at the middle of April. When Mr. Warmington brought down some new

(Continued on Page 189

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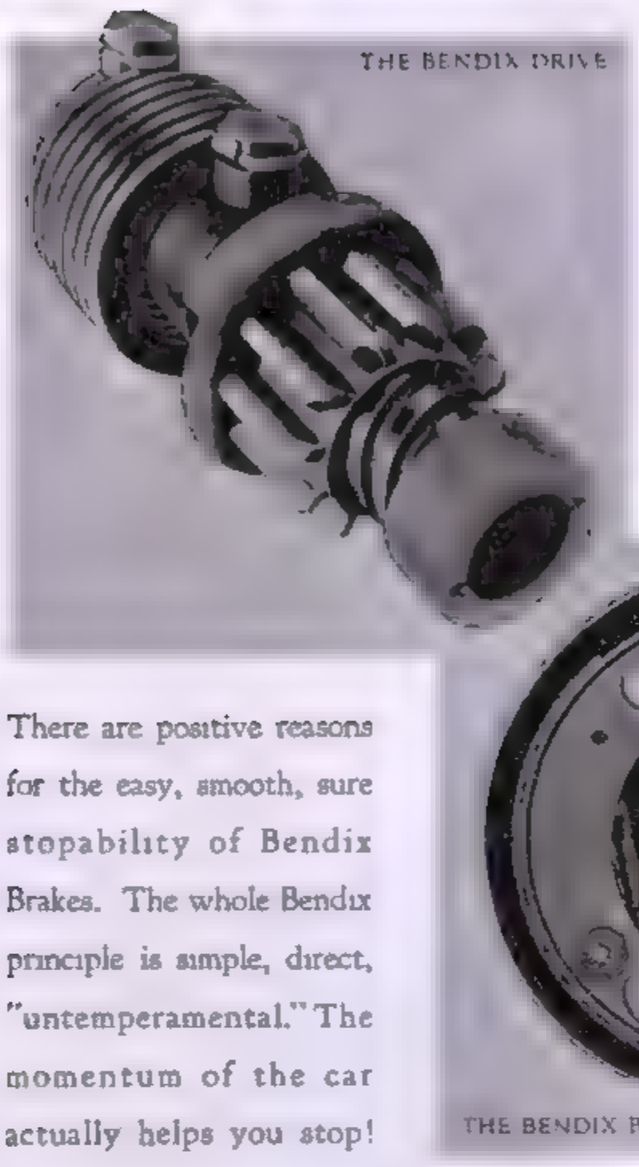

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BENDIX

(Continued from Page 184)

laborers from Cleveland, he was mobbed and would have been killed had not two strikers saved him. A genuine disorder broke out instantly, and the sheriff appealed to Governor Hayes for troops. The grave veteran at Columbus sent a company of militia to the mines. Twenty-four hours passed. The strikers fired other mines of Rhodes & Co., and the militia made arrests. A man was shot, of course, and the timid babbled about anarchy. Mr. Hanna found himself, as chief of the operators, charged with the job of seeing that twenty-three scared and half-starved proletarians were properly prosecuted by the law.

It was not easy to find a lawyer who would defend the miners before an antagonized audience at Canton, the county seat. Some picturesque happenings in Pennsylvania had alarmed readers of newspapers. The Molly Maguires terrorized the miners around Mauch Chunk. Bosses and superintendents were freely assaulted and sometimes murdered by this secret society. There was awful talk of a general conspiracy of labor, whereas the Mollies were merely thugs. Major William McKinley's friends begged him to let the case at Canton alone, when it was heard that he was going to plead for the miners. He had a great deal to lose. He was being talked up for Congress and he was popular with the nicest people in the district. But McKinley had the singular and unbelievable stubbornness of the mild and pliant man. He elected to take his chance.

His clients at first considered the volunteer a spy sent to entrap them. He was some dapper little devil who would sell them to Rhodes & Co. He was too handsome and well dressed and polite. It cost him a box of cigars and large bulks of chewing tobacco to soothe the prisoners. His success in defending all but one of them was due, principally, to what he had got out of them beforehand. People always would talk to him as though he were some professional confessor. When he went into court, in June, he was fairly sure of getting the men discharged, and his legendary emotional appeal against the brutality of capitalism is not even good legend. He simply won his case.

Mr. Hanna did not enjoy the occasion. He had no vindictive traits and it probably meant a quiet relief to know that the men were free, but he was suffering abominably with hives on his tender ankles. When he took Daniel to the great Centennial at Philadelphia in July he was still smeared with sulphur ointments and leaning on a cane. The small boy deplored his father's habit of sitting down on benches in Machinery Hall in cold contradiction of Daniel's rights to hours in the society of a camel. It was very hard to get Mr. Hanna away from the machines, anyhow, for he understood what made the wheels go round and the valves open. He would talk busily to clerks and exhibitors, and write down notes of prices. Once, when Daniel was importunate for camels, the wearied father saw a man in a red fez and said, "Go and ask Abou Ben Adhem if his tribe's increased any." In this way he was left alone with some humming and clicking interest for an hour, before Dan came back to report that Abou Ben Adhem had no tribe. By that time Mr. Hanna was ready to be a good parent and take his son to the camel.

He was not so much different from other fathers led by children through the Centennial. His tastes were simple. He liked a popular play or a good lecture, although he knew long speeches from Shakspere and, for some reason, detested the eloquence of both Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Ingersoll. He would play whist for a whole night without a stake, and his favorite dessert was cold rice pudding. Except that he was a daring pioneer of industry and could remember anything that once had interested him, he was the cousin of half the prosperous midlanders who afforded a trip to the great show at Philadelphia. He resented the patronage of the East, just as they did, and he felt the same way about the massacre of General Custer's troops, week before last, on the Little Big Horn, and he was still ashamed of Grant for accepting Secretary Belknap's resignation when the Congress impeached Belknap, back in March, for selling privileges at the trading posts in Indian Territory. He probably thought that Samuel Tilden would beat General Rutherford Hayes for the presidency in the autumn. The Republican Party was in awful shape, everywhere. Hayes never would have been nominated if it had been possible to make Blaine and Conkling friends. Mr. Hanna was not much wiser about politics, in 1876, than the rest of the crowd. His strong cigars were costly, and be sure that his wife had the best rooms at the hotel. Sometimes officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad bowed to the heavy man quite eagerly, and people from Duluth or Chicago pressed up to shake hands. But Mr. Hanna was still nobody at Philadelphia, in 1876.

III

THE war had not made Rutherford Hayes neurotic, although his hair and his long square beard began to gray when he was commander of the 23rd Ohio. He didn't understand nerves, and he despised excesses. His young officers were politely lectured for drinking too much; though he was more indulgent to enlisted men because they were less educated and had no responsibilities. General Hayes had never been a failure and had never evaded a responsibility. When he was shot through an arm in battle he lay on the ground in front of his troops and directed the fire; when an Electoral Commission assured him that he was President of the United States after an election as disgraceful to both parties as had ever occurred in North America, he took on the job. He was then badgered, bullied and insulted by legislators, newspapers, corporations and office seekers throughout his presidency. Neither Theodore Roosevelt nor Woodrow Wilson endured as much slanging in public as General Hayes took for four years. One gapes at the mass of published and untruthful information available about this Yankee gentleman from 1877 to 1881. His salvation was that he was a Yankee, born in Delaware, Ohio. New England returned to power with General Hayes, although the Yankee journals did not claim him, and he was vilified as heavily in New England as he was in California.

He was not one of your fanciful Yankees. He admired Emerson, but sometimes could not understand the philosopher. Vagueness does not seem to have pleased the second of Mr. Hawthorne's bullet-headed generals. He distrusted minds which moved from side to side of questions; James Garfield's cleverness seemed to him a want of moral principle. But he was not a dull man. Mr. Hawthorne would have understood General Rutherford Hayes directly. He had often talked with such Yankees—stiff, tall men—when they brought ships into Salem, through some January gale, and reported at the custom house with ice caked in their square beards. It was this old strain, scrupulous, hard and precise, that dominated General Hayes and made him hated by the spoilsmen who lived politically on gifts of office to their followers. He had not been President two weeks when a breach showed between Capitol Hill and the Executive Mansion, nor was it ever filled in with any help from Hayes.

Yet, actually, much of what Hayes did toward the reformation of political life was to carry through the good intentions of Ulysses Grant. Grant had been wanting, at the last, to withdraw troops from Louisiana and South Carolina. Hayes did it, and the carpetbagger governments of both states collapsed at once. The whole South was now free from military controls, at the cost of alienating a third of the Republican legislators at Washington from the President. Grant had steadily disliked the inconvertible paper currency and had favored the Resumption Bill of 1875, which set a date for the redemption of the greenbacks in gold. Hayes and his serene Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, accumulated gold in 1878 by a bond issue, and resumed the payment of gold for currency in January of 1879, while Greenbackers and Democrats howled, literally, in public meetings that this meant ruin. Nor was the mild general afraid to make use of his powers as executive to clean out a polite little gang of Roscoe Conkling's friends from the New York customhouse and to appoint a reformer. The Congress refused to back him, of course, when he wanted to revive the Civil Service Commission, and would not grant him funds.

Washington became a new kind of comic spectacle. The rush of congressmen leaving the House after the reading of a presidential veto in 1879 was likened by Cushman Davis to the flight of bats from hell. The neurotics could not understand a man who sent poets and scholars or cultivated lawyers speaking several languages to Europe as ambassadors and ministers. He made no use of patronage to secure himself a personal machine. One of his cabinet was a former Confederate soldier, David Key. He made unreconciled Rebel ladies postmistresses in Southern towns. "He seems," said an astonished editor, "to have no feeling whatever for the popular thing!" He was, it proved, quite ready to veto a bill shutting out Chinese immigrants from the United States because it dishonored America's treaty with China, and then patiently observed in his diary that it was the popular thing beyond the Rocky Mountains to hang or burn him in effigy.

It was the nation's luck to have this temperament in office when Mr. Hawthorne, staring down from a casement in the literary heaven on the night of July 20, 1877, saw a web of pink outlining irregularly much of the American railway system in the East. A great strike had come, at last, when the pay of railroad workers was reduced yet again. Junctions and roundhouses were seized. The ties were fired in six states. Perishable stuffs rotted in express companies and warehouses. Cities had no ice and no milk. There was open rioting at Martinsburg, Reading and Scranton. Militia would not shoot at the swaying crowds that hooted them. Nineteen were killed in Chicago. Pittsburgh was an insane arrangement of lights and smoke as the strikers shoved blazing oil cars into the huge roundhouse and fired machine shops. Men lugged stolen mattresses and leaking cans of sirup or frivolous kid slippers from the looted stores up the steep hills to their shacks. It was Wagnerian—a revolt of the soiled dwarfs against the gods at Newport. Sewing machines were tossed from an expressman's truck into the crowd near the station. At Cleveland it was chattered that two thousand men armed with revolvers were waiting a signal to plunder houses in Euclid Avenue. In New England it was observed by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge that certain owners of mills suddenly began to raise the wages, as if, he said in his old age, "they were conscious of some omissions." Ten thousand miners struck in Pennsylvania, and mines were wrecked and flooded. It was a huge and exasperated stirring of the betrayed.

General Hayes wrote three idle proclamations and backed them up with regular troops. One of his own kinsmen was among the militia besieged by the mob in the roundhouse at Philadelphia, but he does not mention this in his diary. The regulars paraded in the cities, took charge of stations, and impassively stood guard among the ruined cars in yards. Troops were kept at Pittsburgh all through August, but Hayes knew that everything was over, for this time, when that month began. On August 5 he wrote, "The strikes have been put down by force; but now for the real remedy. Can't something be done by education of the strikers, by judicious control of the capitalists, by wise general policy to end or diminish the evil? The railroad strikers, as a rule, are good men, sober, intelligent and industrious." But the strikers, in the newspapers and magazines,

and a terrific roar

Actual photograph taken February 21, 1929

Extracts from a Boston paper, Wednesday, February 20, 1929

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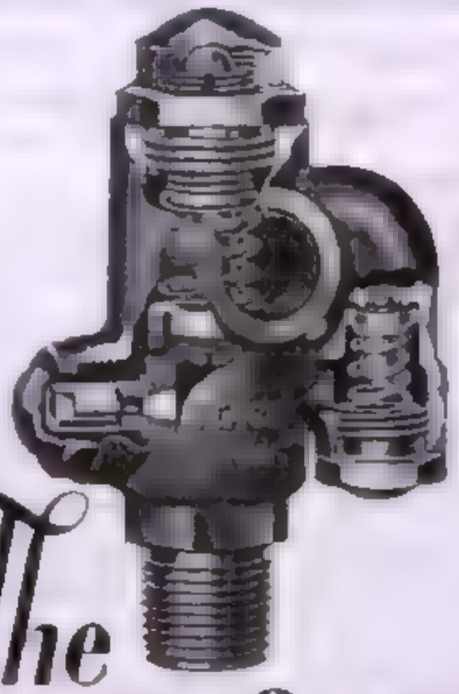

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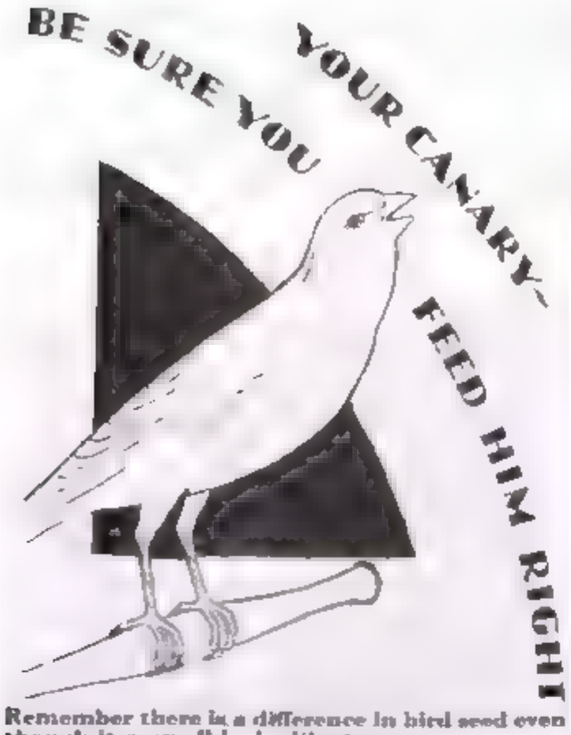

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were figuring as demons waving torches. In New York a most eminent clergyman, whose salary was known to be twenty thousand dollars a year, had been persuaded to say, at a meeting of the indignant and comfortable, that a workingman could live on five dollars a week, although Mr. Beecher did not precisely say that a workingman should be expected to do so with humble enjoyment. This was too strong, even for that audience, and there was laughter.

But something had been ruptured in the United States. An old relation between the workman and his boss had vanished wholly. It was only in little brickworks and unimportant machine shops of the smaller cities that an owner knew his men, now. Mass employment had come. Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna might walk out with a cigar in his mouth and talk over their grievances with his stevedores and dockmen on the piers of Rhodes & Co., at Cleveland, but he was something singular, a survival of a tradition. The laboring man, since the war, had grown used to feeling that the owner was a remote, contemptuous person whose one function was to keep the wages down. There was a Conspiracy of Wealth against the Masses. A dozen brittle parties of reform and societies of laborers affirmed this and, inescapably, the party of wealth was located to the east. Wall Street became a convenient compression in speeches and tirades, just as Nob Hill concentrated this anger on itself in San Francisco. For the necessity of mass thinking is to find an emblem, a point against which the grievance is projected, and Wall Street served the turn in 1877.

General Hayes could not have done anything toward the judicious control of capital had his slowly moving intelligence perfected any scheme to be proposed in Congress. The legislators were openly his enemies, while quiet people and reformers began to pack his table at the Executive Mansion, and the numbers at his wireless receptions swelled. Congress passed, over his veto, the Bland-Allison Act in 1878, and the Treasury was authorized to issue at least twenty-four million silver dollars annually, in the plain face of the fact that silver would not rise to par and went gently on depreciating until 1893. Congress did everything plausible to make Rutherford Hayes loathe it, and his last act as President in 1881 was to veto a monstrosity called the Refunding Bill. He then shook hands with senators who had insulted him in speeches at state conventions, congressmen who had ridiculed his beautiful wife for making modest little addresses on temperance, and so he went home to Fremont, where he was glad to observe that his new country house in its grove of fine trees had a low, plain, old-fashioned aspect. He had never wanted to be President a second time. It was a slavish, exacting job. And, he told William Dean Howells, you had to deal with such extraordinary people. They seemed to have no principles at all. They were like unruly cattle.

Mr. Hanna had hoped to see John Sherman nominated in June of 1880 at Chicago. Mr. Sherman had two merits, in his opinion: He was a son of Ohio and he was a sound, imperturbable student of finance. But Mr. Sherman was not showy. He was a pensive, proud gentleman who, at times, was wholly capable of calling some powerful senator an ignoramus to his face and then inviting him to dine. Numbers of the smart men loathed him for his tendencies in the way of a reformed civil service and his habit of jesting amiably about New York. He was not on very good terms with James Blaine, and Roscoe Conkling hated him as a friend of Hayes.

Roscoe Conkling now reached maximum. Grant had landed at San Francisco from his trip around the world and came eastward in a glory of applause. He was still Grant. Smart men arranged processions and banquets in the cities, but out in the country the special audience of this general gathered at stations at all hours of the night. Cowboys raced their ponies alongside the tracks. Miners put burning boughs together, after dark, below the numbers of old regiments carved on a hillside, and hoped that Grant would look that way. All this soothed Mr. Conkling, who needed something pleasurable after his dose of Hayes. He gathered the smart men behind him and appeared at Chicago with 308 votes for Ulysses Grant. But they were Eastern votes, for the most part. Blaine, simply because he was Conkling's enemy, had friends in the West. Mr. Conkling had made himself abominated on the prairies, where the veterans thought of him as Grant's evil genius and the farmers knew he was a pet of the railroads. They would stick to Blaine or to John Sherman before they would swallow Mr. Conkling's bait.

His own insolence spoiled Conkling's flowering chance of another term for Grant. In his pounding oration on the day of nominations he sneered at Sherman and Blaine. The applause lasted twenty-five minutes. He was answered by General James Garfield, of Ohio, putting John Sherman's name forward, and something happened. It was not wholly a new style of oratory—Garfield mentioned that God was preparing the outcome of this convention—but he talked on amiably and courteously, without sneering at anybody, and young men sick of jeers and allusions to Appomattox sat up and listened. Once someone shouted: "We want Garfield!" and there was applause. Mr. Conkling sank in his chair. He stared at the galleries until General Garfield was done and the roar began.

On the thirty-sixth ballot Garfield's following had risen to 399 votes, and he was nominated. Mr. Conkling's party was allowed to nominate Chester Arthur for the vice presidency. The maudlin convention dispersed. Roscoe Conkling retired to New York in a state of mind and openly sulked. He had been defeated in full sight of the whole party by the fusion of Blaine's followers with the Westerners and reformers. His language for some weeks is legendary and cannot be proved, but he talked freely. Polite messengers and intermediaries could do nothing with him. He had to be persuaded by Chester Arthur to make any speeches in the campaign, and Mr. Arthur, who did not care to be defeated as nominee for Vice President, lost patience with his patron. "I hope you understand," he said at a dinner before a dozen men, "that if the Republican Party is defeated, we are defeated with it!" Finally, Mr. Conkling consented to appear as a loyal Republican. He collected a group of names and loaded himself with them into a special train. Others were to meet him in Cleveland. The whole crowd of dignitaries would be transported to a mass meeting at Warren, Ohio, and would exhibit their devotion to General Garfield in his own state.

It was a grand mass meeting. Grant and Conkling were madly applauded when they walked onto the platform. Simon Cameron and John Logan were pointed out, in the group behind Grant, to Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna, who was in charge of the transportation. He was not conspicuous, merely one of the local committee from Cleveland who came along to see the meeting. None of the magnates had ever met him. They went off to a luncheon at the house of Senator Perkins, and Mr. Hanna was left with the reporters and understrappers outside. When he presently strolled into the dining room he was simply a nameless intruder, unless Senator Perkins knew who he was

"General, it has been arranged that we return to Cleveland by way of Mentor, and if you propose to stop there and see General Garfield, we shall have to start in a very short time."

Roscoe Conkling scowled. He had brought Grant into Ohio as a condescending favor to the party, and now this plump nobody was wanting to drag him to Mentor. It would seem a reconciliation with Garfield! He had let it be known that he was making a campaign because Grant had asked him to support the party. This imbecile with brown eyes was forcing his hand. But he could not speak. He did not dare to order Grant not to go.

"We will stop at Mentor," said Grant.

The train stopped at Mentor. Mr. Hanna was delighted that he had caused the party to appear at Garfield's door, and the crowd went mad for Grant. But Mr. Hanna did not realize that he had thus oiled Roscoe Conkling's heels. The great sham statesman was now damned. Next year he rounded on Garfield and accused him of treachery in appointing a Secretary of the Treasury without his permission. He thundered and made periods, and imitated Biblical movements in a tirade before a committee of reconciliation. But he suddenly seemed treacherous himself, a ranting midget whose wish in politics was a power over the spoils. When Garfield appointed one of his reforming enemies collector of customs at New York, Conkling made a grand gesture and resigned his senatorship, and then New York would not elect him back into the Senate. He was done for.

So was Grant. He soon gave the use of his name and his money to a smart man who had a scheme about a bank, and the smart man finished off the money. Poets and critics turned to him again, sunflowers of emotion, when they heard that he was dying and writing his memoirs to pay his debts. But his special audience had never turned away. Grant was doing all he could for his folks, as they knew he would. Clumsy coats and tanned faces filled the streets on the day of his funeral. After years, they came to New York once more on the windy day when his tomb was consecrated with much music, and foreign soldiers paraded before William McKinley. We who were children then, dare not be treacherous to this sentiment. We heard them speak of him, as if he might be met at the next corner. Because we have seen so many sentiments created, we grin at sentiments. But this man had created his own sentiment. He was Grant. The name had a sound, when they spoke it, of a drum briefly pulsing, and no other name has succeeded, in our ears, the curt admission of their faith in him.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Beer. The next will appear in an early issue.

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AND FOLDING CHAIRS TO MATCH

At Home With Fine Furniture

I GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from Page 4)

Naturally the names in an utterly frank autobiography of this kind must be fictitious, but they need not be misleading. Mike was of Irish extraction, grandson of an immigrant; both of his parents had been born in this country. As a person in the rôle of boss he was almost too perfect; cartoonists looked at him, groaned and gave up. It is not easy to draw funny pictures of a man who is already a burlesque. His stomach was a balloon, his nose a ripe tomato, cheeks puffy and pimply. The public assumed that he was a heavy drinker. But nearly everything people knew about Mike wasn't true. Rich food, not drink, was his tipple. Having discovered long ago that in delicate negotiations the advantage rests always on the side of the sober party, he encouraged conviviality and drank ginger ale. Physically he had two important assets—clear, fine eyes and the firm resonant voice that proclaims sanity and poise. In judging a man instantly, I rank the voice as of more importance than everything else.

At ten o'clock on the following morning I climbed to the third floor of a dingy office building near the city hall and strolled through the wide-open double doors of Mike's offices. They were admirably arranged for his uses. The anteroom was about twenty by thirty, practically a meeting hall. Two dozen plain, unpainted kitchen chairs were ranged around the walls. In the center of the room was a large oak table, littered with newspapers. The linoleum-covered floor also was sprinkled with scraps of newspapers, ashes and remnants of cigars, although cuspidors were numerous. At the far end of the room were two tables suitable for cards and dominoes. Chalk was available for marking scores on the table tops. Both tables were in use when I entered. Mike's stenographer, a young man, asked my name and reported it to the boss in his private office. Immediately two men came out and I was ushered in. This office, covered with a faded rose-colored carpet, was very small and had only one window. Callaghan sat with his back to it, so that the light fell full on his visitors' faces but made his own difficult to see. In front of him was a large desk and on the other side of this three chairs; the room would accommodate no more. The backs of them almost touched the bookshelves. At his invitation, I sat down in one of these three chairs, while he smiled at me and studied me.

Finally he said: "Young man, you can't make a political speech." My hopes sank. But a moment later they rose again when he added: "You know too much." A long puff on his cigar, and then he continued: "You mustn't try to tell people everything you know. . . . I heard your speech last night. It was rotten. But you've got a good head on you. There's a place for you in politics. Not making speeches, though. Don't ever do that again. . . . I'm going to see that you get some clients right away. Take care of your law business. . . . I want you to write out that speech you made last night and bring it to me. There was stuff in it that I may want to use some day. Not in a speech, though. Maybe in court. Anyway, I want it. . . . How'd you like to go to the legislature?"

How would I like to go to the legislature! The thrill gave me goose flesh. The correct answer would have been: "On the fastest express train." Not that I had any pet theories to foist upon my fellow citizens. What I wanted was a chance to earn a living. I said so, and Mike smiled. He was well pleased with me. I can't say that I was equally pleased with him, but his favor was a great improvement over starvation, and I didn't for a moment imagine that so slight a circumstance as this chance meeting was destined to alter the course of my life. Our interview consumed only fifteen minutes, and if nothing at all had come of it I would not have been astounded That, however, was not Mike's way.

The very next morning I had five new clients. One wanted me to pass upon the title to a three-hundred-dollar lot he planned to purchase. The work was worth more than the lot, but I did it and collected ten dollars. Another faced a charge of assault and battery. I got the case dismissed. The other three were workingmen out of jobs and facing eviction from their homes. These cases puzzled me, because my clients had not a leg to stand on. They had paid no rent for four months. The only thing I could think of was to delay the trials in the hope that they would find work. With this plan in mind I went to the courthouse and examined the trial docket to see when these cases would be called. All three of them were clustered at the very bottom of the docket and no dates had been set. Under the circumstances I was able to assure my clients that they needn't worry for at least a month, and probably three months. They were greatly relieved, but I could plainly see that this was what they had hoped to hear.

I questioned them, artfully, and stumbled upon one of the primary sources of boss power. Being members of neighborhood political clubs, they were entitled to whatever influence their chieftains could exercise. Well, their chieftains wouldn't presume to ask a judge to decide a case contrary to the law and the evidence, but they would presume to ask him—since he always had more cases pending than he could try in a year—to shuffle the docket a bit. I didn't know who asked the favor in the matter of my three cases—certainly I did not—but later I learned exactly how these arrangements were made. No one ever communicated with the judge himself. That would be improper. Word went no farther than to the clerk of the court. He put these favored cases so far down on the docket that they might as well have slipped clear off its pages, and the judge simply left them there. Without anything being said, he understood. No doubt he had handled such cases for the organization as a young attorney long before going on the bench. I handled dozens of them. The standard fee was five dollars, and sometimes remained uncollected for a year, or even three years.

The morality of our procedure in these eviction cases could scarcely be defended; still, the extenuating circumstances could not be overlooked. Very few of these unfortunates were bums, although some wasted entirely too much money on drink. Employment came to them irregularly; dull seasons wasted their small savings, if any; consequently, credit was essential to life; they were always behind their bills. Illness or any other misfortune plunged them over the economic precipice upon the edge of which they passed their lives. Although the city as a whole was prosperous and growing, there seemed to be more men than jobs in every field of employment. The economic structure of such a municipality has always been puzzling to me. Certainly we were producing new millionaires; industry and commerce were thriving; the business district annually sprouted into streets where formerly there had been only homes, and yet the majority of the populace remained close to the danger line.

Knowledge of these people and their problems was the basis of Mike's power. Their point of view was as alien to that expressed in meetings of the local chamber of commerce as though they had lived in a different world. Take the matter of that street-railway franchise as an example; at that time the growth of a city depended upon good street-car service. If you starved your municipal transportation system so that it could not extend its lines, you would choke your city to death. Industries wouldn't be able to use favorable sites in the suburbs; pasture lands available for cheap home sites wouldn't be developed and housing conditions would become bad. That was the problem as business men saw it. But to Mike's cohorts the street-car company stood between them and their jobs, collecting toll like a robber baron of the Middle Ages. Five cents in the morning before ever you could reach the place where spade, trowel or hammer awaited you; five cents in the afternoon before you could have your supper.

It seemed to them that the street-car company had the city wrapped up in a neat little package and that the populace might as well have been so many thousands of squirrels furiously operating treadmills. They estimated its profits in millions. As a matter of fact, its bonds sold at eighty. There was also an emotional basis for popular hatred of the street-car company. Most of these working people had a rural background like my own. As a boy I had always walked wherever I was going. It was a slow, sweaty and laborious procedure, but you were free. In town you couldn't walk because you'd be late, and the only way to hurry was to fork over your nickel.

In expressing the common resentment against this change, Mike Callaghan expressed his own; he, also, had come out of the country. His attitude toward the telephone company was also invariably belligerent, and in this he echoed the sentiments of his followers. Very few of them had telephones at that time. I think it was largely on that account that they liked to bait the company; the clients it served they classified as "the rich." Mike also aimed bricks at the gas and electric companies on every possible occasion. In these cases, also, I think the basis of his enmity was emotional. He and his crowd had grown up in the country, where one burned wood. When you bought wood in a small town you paid for the labor of cutting and hauling, but not for the wood. There was plenty of that. And if by any chance you could neither cut your own wood nor buy it, your position was still entirely different from that of a person who couldn't pay his gas bill. To be sure, you had no wood and no money, but you couldn't name the person who was withholding fuel from you. In town, however, if your gas was cut off, you knew that it was still in the pipes and actually in the house. It wasn't like wood that some neighbor would have to go and cut for you. It was already manufactured and on the premises, but you couldn't have it because your bill was unpaid. To withhold it from people many of whose fathers had paid their bills only once a year—well, times were changing and all of this was new and puzzling. A man's house was no longer his castle in the sense that a farmer's home had been. Everybody, of course, overlooked one vital point in letting emotion dictate this line of thought: Cities were growing at the expense of the country, because millions of people preferred to live in them; the country was still available, unchanged, and the roads back were wide open.

Years later European immigrants became an important element in the strength of our political machine, but at that time they were not sufficiently numerous to count. The thing that Mike had capitalized in the beginning of his reign was the rural man's discomfort and resentment in a new environment that was satisfactory on the whole—certainly better than what he had left—but still less than perfect.

In view of the fact that he was never on the side of the public utilities that were forced to deal with the city officials whom he controlled, you may wonder about the sources of his revenue. Bosses were generally supposed to levy toll and take bribes Mike's revenue was never large; power, not wealth, was what he craved. Such money as he needed for himself and the organization came from three sources liquor, prostitution and gambling. Ours

(Continued on Page 194)

SUCH SEEMING LITTLE THINGS

"Life," said Huxley the scientist, "is like the game of chess. Our opponent is Nature—patient, kindly, but inexorably just—to penalize, to reward."

We all must play the game, but a woman alone is the master player. Instinctively—mind, heart and body—she knows the moves that Nature makes. Every day she faces her opponent, to win if she can, for her children and

their father, and last of all, for herself. The pieces on the board are guided by her hands—such age-old things as food, sleep, clothing—to checkmate these age-old enemies of mankind—hunger, fatigue, cold and heat. Each day her skill must triumph. Such seeming little things, but so important. "It's time for bed, sonny."—"Have you washed your teeth?"—"Another glass of milk."—Yes, even, "Daddy, you forgot your rubbers."

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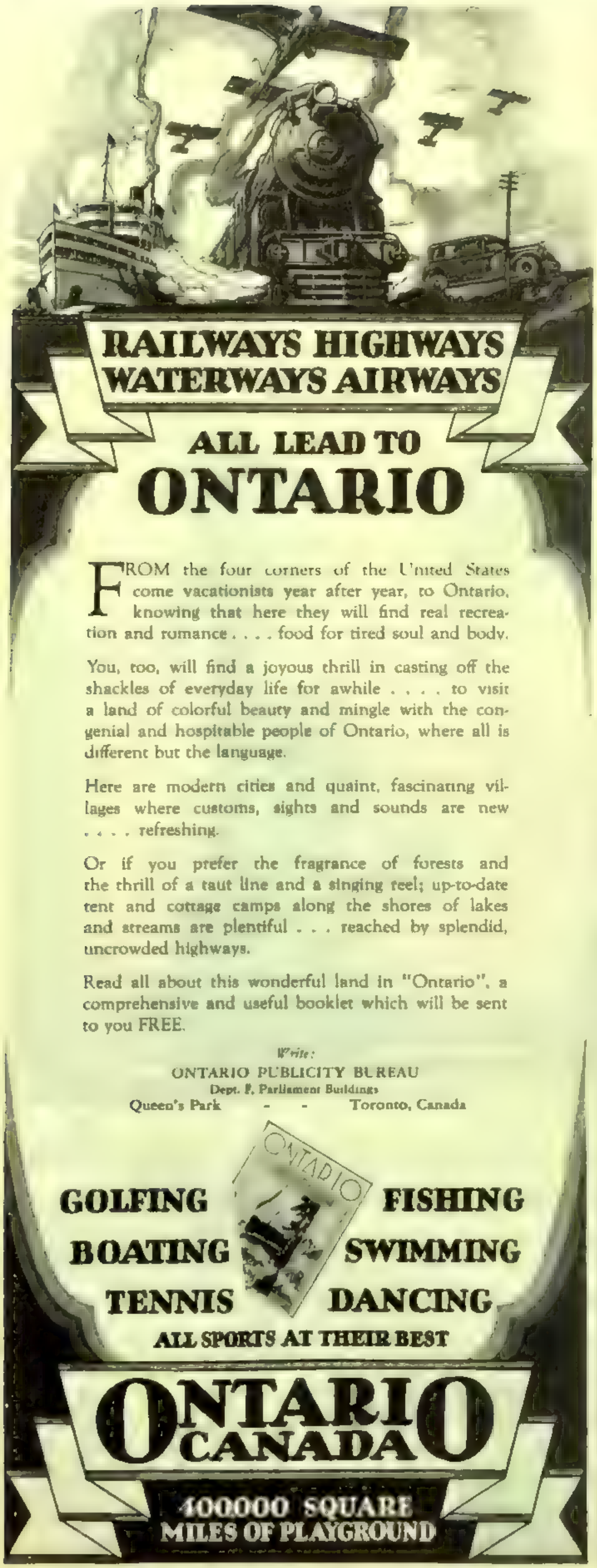
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was a wide-open town. Though a large majority of the people who enrolled in his political organization led sober, decent lives, they believed, as Mike did, that a wide-open town attracted a great deal more trade than would otherwise have come.

Commercial and industrial leaders were already becoming aware of the fact that our own people furnished upward of 90 per cent of the business enjoyed by local saloons and gambling houses, but the legend persisted that these establishments were patronized principally by visitors who, if they couldn't have a good time in our town, would trade elsewhere. Mike believed this implicitly. I think he would have been willing to repeal all of the restrictions, prohibitions and regulations that were nullified in order to provide the wide-open town. Not being able to do that, he used his wits to bring about nullification by all sorts of evasions, and those who profited paid willingly whenever there was need for funds. They would have paid a great deal more if he had demanded more, but he was not grasping. He took what he needed.

I think I can say truthfully that at the time I came under Mike's protection the basis of his power was that he fought virtually every important force working for the upbuilding of the city and defended all of the elements that were incontestably parasites upon it. He was honestly mistaken as to which were which—that's all. And so was I. On the credit side of the ledger were only two outstanding items: He was vigorously in favor of public improvements, and the organization he built rendered valuable service to uncounted thousands of humble, useful men who could not have obtained elsewhere the simple little helps that meant so much to them in their crises.

Stripped of all beclouding verbiage, that noisy campaign over the street-railway franchise resolved itself into a contest between two slogans: "Vote for and with the friends who don't forget you between campaigns," and, "Vote for the growth and prosperity of this city." One, as you can plainly see, is warm and personal. The other is not. Nevertheless, we were by no means certain of victory. All that any boss may hope to hold in the hollow of his hand is the balance of power, never a majority of all the votes. The uncontrollable majority must divide, honestly, on the issues. Then he steps in and tips the scales. In that campaign the argument for a liberal franchise for the street-railway company was backed up by promises that touched men's pocketbooks. The company expressed eagerness to construct an entirely new line that would serve approximately five thousand people residing in suburbs just south of the city, but inside the city limits. Naturally this new line would increase property values.

One of our principal industries was a factory that manufactured doors, windows, window blinds, and similar standardized articles used in the construction of frame dwelling houses. This factory needed a new site on account of its growth and had selected one out on the western edge of the city. If the street-railway company would extend its existing line one mile that site would be available; otherwise the factory might move, either taking its two hundred and fifty-seven employes with it or abandoning them, jobless. Another city had offered it a site and a bonus to cover the cost of moving. Considerations of this kind were weighing heavily.

But even more important than the strong and appealing arguments for the franchise was a new election law that threatened to cause confusion among our voters, accustomed as they were to marching to the polls in platoons with their ballots already marked. Mike had first to create more of a division among the whole electorate and then to drill his battalions so that they could mark their own ballots. The opposition was counting strongly on the confusion that the new election law would cause.

When I brought my written analysis of the franchise issue to Mike's office he banished everyone present and locked the door; it was never his custom to give his secretary orders to admit no one; his method was simple and foolproof. Even the secretary was banished. I pulled a chair around to his side of the desk and we went over the figures in the summary of what had been my beer-garden oration. Back and forth and back and forth we checked them. Mike was not an accountant, but he had a logical mind, and I had set down in arithmetic something that his agile wits had sensed without analysis. The essence of it was that the company could well afford to go ahead without better terms than those under which it was then operating; moreover, that the proposed improvements would probably pay for themselves in about half the time the company alleged was necessary. Mike especially objected to a very long-term franchise; so this point was important. We spent three hours together before the whole matter was entirely clear to him. By "clear," he meant that he was then able to state the case, figures and all, without notes.

Finally he said to me: "I sent you some clients. How's business?"

"Better," I answered.

He unlocked the door and I knew that I was dismissed. "Tell the mayor to come over," he said to his secretary, and then to me: "We'll pound the daylights out of that silk-stocking crowd, now that I've got their number for fair. That bunch of traction highbinders knows damn well that they're going to build those lines regardless. They're just trying to scare us, that's all. I'm going to unload a bomb on them that'll tear the seat out of their pants."

I went back to my office, tingling with pleasant excitement. If I hadn't made a success of my beer-garden speech, at least someone else was going to score a bull's-eye with the material. Mayor Drake, our candidate, knew how to make political speeches. It would be delightful to hear the crowd cheer as he expounded my arguments and blasted the opposition with my arithmetic.

Next morning the newspaper—we had only one morning newspaper—contained a page advertisement which asked in boxcar letters: WHAT ARE YOUR PROMISES WORTH, PERCY? The president of the street-railway company was named Percy Ball. Percy, however, was not called upon to answer this question. Mayor Drake, it appeared, would perform that service for him. There would be a mass meeting on Saturday night. All good citizens were urged to rally round the cause of civic welfare in the roller-skating rink. Band music was also promised, but the main thing would be a sensational answer to the explosive question: WHAT ARE YOUR PROMISES WORTH, PERCY? Mike never overlooked an opportunity to have fun with the name, Percy. Its owner, in this instance, was an electrical engineer six feet tall and hard as granite, a man who had set up machinery in some of the world's roughest places. But even Percy got off lightly as compared with Mayor Drake's opponent, William Farmer. William had had the misfortune, shortly after the campaign opened, to lose his house by fire. He himself had been rescued in pajamas. The amused firemen had discovered that the pockets in his white linen pajama coat were decorated with little edgings of pink silk. This important news item was immediately communicated to Mayor Drake, and thereafter he always referred to his opponent from the platform as Pink Pajama Bill. The picture he thus conjured up was enough to nauseate honest ice men, brick masons and locomotive firemen. Mike's own ridiculous figure was unmistakably a political asset.

Needless to say, I was among the earliest arrivals at the skating-rink rally. I could

Continued on Page 197

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Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM-PAIGE

(Continued from Page 194)

hardly wait for Mayor Drake to speak. My speech! Well, he finally came forward carrying an imposing sheaf of papers in his hand. My figures! I leaned forward, afraid that I might miss a syllable. By way of introduction he read the question that he purposed answering. Then he announced that he was going to prove that Pink Pajama Bill was "all balled up." This play on the name, Ball, brought a storm of applause and guffaws. Now he was ready to submit the proof. In his hands were the documents, and he proceeded to read and explain them. Our street-car company was owned by a holding company. Its officers could be fired as unceremoniously as he could fire a city-hall janitor. The real owners of the street-car company were no more bound by what Percy Ball promised than he, the mayor, would be bound by the irresponsible remarks of a garbage collector. That was all. He consumed an hour saying it, but that was the whole answer to the great question. And as a matter of fact, it wasn't even half true. But the effect upon that audience and upon the campaign was terrific. Very few people understood the structure of a corporation, and Drake had made it appear that the holding company was a deliberate subterfuge.

I left the hall somewhat puzzled. Why hadn't he used my figures? On the following morning I addressed that question to Mike himself.

"Didn't I tell you that that speech of yours was no good?" was his answer. "Nobody can explain all that junk to a audience. That kind of stuff is for me, so I'll know what I'm doing. That ain't for the crowd."

As a matter of fact, Mike held all speeches—and speakers—in contempt. He had noticed that some mysterious quality in the tone of voice was more effective in stirring applause than what a man said, and he often remarked that if speeches alone were to be used in a campaign he would place his bet "on the candidate who could yell the loudest."

Open upon his desk, while we talked, was a ten-pound leather-bound book containing the new election laws, and scattered around it several pages of penciled notes. I judged, correctly, that Mike had been at work on the puzzling problem of how to mill his voters through the voting booths so that they would leave behind them ballots that wouldn't be thrown out. The last legislature had enacted this law with the specific purpose of making it impossible for illiterates to vote. We had very few illiterate voters at that time, and Mike had carelessly failed to pay any attention to this legislation when it was pending, but there is a sort of no man's land between literacy and illiteracy very difficult to define, and many of Mike's cohorts lived in this shadowy realm. To put it briefly, they could read, but without pleasure, and sometimes without certainty as to the meaning. Many of them were bright enough to understand lengthy and intricate verbal instructions, yet I have seen them study a medicine bottle thirty seconds before feeling convinced that the printed words, "Dose, one teaspoonful in half a glass of water, after meals," meant exactly that. If they were going to vote under the new laws they would have to read and understand about three hundred words of printed instructions at the top of their ballots.

Mike had no intention of seeing them crushed under any such brain-paralyzing task if he could save them. Our previous election law had provided that the voter should make a little cross before the name of the candidate for whom he wished to cast his ballot. The new law provided that he should draw a line through the names of the candidates for whom he did not wish to vote.

Previously it had been possible to make one mark at the head of a column of names and thus vote a straight ticket. Now there was only one column and the voter would have to pick out each name. Under the circumstances it seemed more than ever advisable for the organization to have someone on hand at each polling place to mark the ballots, but this was no longer allowed. The voter had to mark his own ballot. Also, it was illegal to possess a sample ballot. It was even illegal to loiter about the polling place. And the slightest error in marking a ballot made all of it void. Mike saw plenty of trouble ahead.

By way of drawing him out, I asked if he thought the new law would cause the organization any difficulty. His answer was an angry snort. He had been working on the problem ever since the campaign opened, he finally admitted, and unless some infallible means for instructing his voters were found, there was no chance to win.

Glancing at the papers scattered over his desk, I noticed a yellow sheet from a scratch tablet on which he had penciled a column of capital letters as follows:

S
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I
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N

"What's that?" I asked, and he chuckled.

"I thought that was sure-fire," he said, picking up the page and holding it before me. "Look here; reading from the bottom up, that spells 'No Turnips.' Wouldn't you think anybody could remember that? Well, if you take those letters and read from the bottom up of your ballot, you'll see that each one in order is the first letter of the name to be scratched. Simple, eh?"

"It looks to me like you've done it," I commented. "All they have to do is remember 'No turnips,' and then we don't have to violate the law by giving the voters anything in writing."

"It's no good," Mike growled. "We tried it out and it takes nearly half an hour for them to mark their ballots. Not only that. About one out of five starts at the top, and when he does that he simply scratches our crowd to ribbons. There's another blowhole too. The R doesn't work. Our man for city assessor is Ramsay and theirs is Richardson. They've got to remember to scratch the top R. So it's no good." He picked up a blank ballot that had been face down on his desk and pointed out the two names, Ramsay and Richardson.

Knowing the election law intimately, I had to smile at this flagrant infraction of it; the law specifically provided that all ballots were to be counted by the printer, the count to be verified under oath, and no ballots to go astray. Possession of this ballot was a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. It had not previously occurred to me, however, that such a law simply couldn't be enforced, since public printing was awarded by favor. Of course, Mike would have sample ballots! I laughed inwardly at my own innocence. And while I laughed I had an inspiration. One handful of those ballots in advance of the opening of the polls would be sufficient to win the election. The plan popped into my mind complete in every detail. I wondered why it had not occurred to everyone long ago, especially to the legislators who framed this law.

"Listen," I said. "Give just one blank ballot to each precinct captain and have him on hand near the polling place when the polls open. He can mark this ballot and give it to the first voter of our crowd who appears. This voter will tuck it into his inside pocket and then get a blank ballot from the election officers when he goes to vote. He will go into the voting booth and remain long enough to count fifty. He will also fold the blank ballot, tuck it into his inside coat pocket, take out the marked ballot, and on leaving the voting booth, present it to the election officers. Then he will go back to the precinct captain and give him the blank ballot. The captain will mark this ballot and give it to the next voter. That's all there is to it."

Mike blinked several times while passing this performance in review, then laughed. "I'll be hanged!" was his comment. "Kid, I've been working on that puzzle for six weeks. It makes me sore as a boil to think I'm not bright. Now get out of here just as fast as you can. I've got to call in every precinct captain in town and give him a blue print and a drilling."

There never was an election law that can't be beat, and I doubt that there ever will be. The opposition lost many a ballot because of the confusion among all classes of voters, but I doubt that we lost as many as ten. We won the election by a majority considerably larger than we could have mustered except for that new law.

The complete success of my plan was alone enough to assure my future with the organization, but Mike now confronted the street-railway-franchise problem under the heavy responsibility attaching to the office of dictator. It was politically necessary and emotionally delightful to curse and threaten the company publicly, but silly to do it any real harm. In steering this course he wanted me and my arithmetic handy, but along with the franchise negotiations came new and still more engaging fights. Without realizing it, I was hitched up for life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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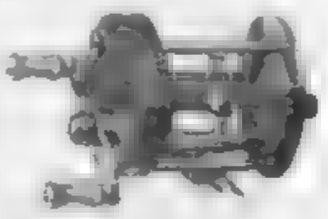

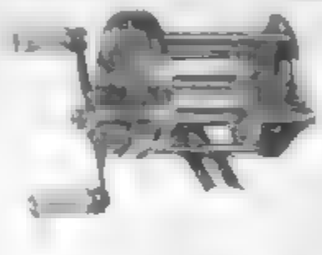

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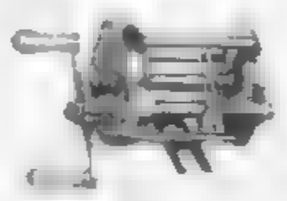

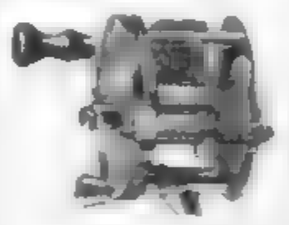

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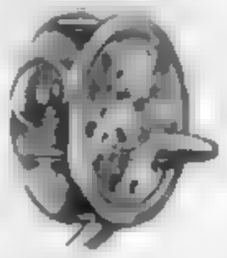

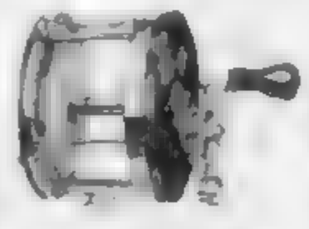

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EAVESDROP

(Continued from Page 142)

would be longer. Tope did not wish Willetson to arrive here till after dark; since the later Willetson's arrival, the shorter Tope's vigil would be.

But the old man was not one to take too much for granted, and Willetson might arrive by an earlier train; or he might send an emissary ahead. So toward mid-afternoon Tope put on a garment of vigilance. He chose a comfortable chair, so placed that he could see the wharf; and he put his book away. There was still rain, and fog, too, but through this veil he could see the oily water, rippling in a hypnotic monotony of movement.

He sat very still; and anyone watching him must have remarked that the inspector looked his years. By and by his head drooped a little and his eyes half closed. Later they closed altogether.

When they opened again, some time afterward, it was growing dark outside; it was already so dark that he could not clearly see the outlines of the boathouse. But he could see a light down there, and another light nearer at hand. This other light advanced, and at the same time it moved to and fro.

It was, the inspector instantly perceived, a flash light in the hand of someone coming up the path toward the camp. And in the moment of this realization the old man heard a footstep on the veranda, just outside the door.

A dozen miles north of Hickens' Cove, on the American side of the river, there lies along the shore a thick cedar swamp, tangled and almost impassable. The highway, here about half a mile from the water, runs along the southern border of this swamp, and near the end of the swamp a little-used country road comes up from the south to join this thoroughfare.

The swamp is nameless, but about opposite its middle a narrow, sandy point extends into the river. This neck of land, perhaps two hundred yards long, never more than thirty yards wide and no more than a sand spit at its base, is called Needle Point. There is on its wooded extremity a half-ruined shanty, built there many years ago by some fisherman; and the trail he laid on rotting curduroy may still be traced through the swamp from the highroad to the sand spit at the landward end of the point.

At about one o'clock Sunday morning an automobile came along the highway from the direction of Hickens' Cove and stopped for a moment at the end of this corduroy trail.

Two men alighted; then the car drove on. The two men, one of them acting as guide, found the end of the trail and picked their way through the swamp. The man in the rear now and then stepped into a muddy pocket between the rotting poles underfoot, and at such times he swore. But by and by the two came to the lake shore, just opposite the base of the point.

They emerged from the cedars and advanced directly toward the sand spit; and when they were well out from the cover of the cedars, a voice from the shelter of the trees ahead halted them with a low word.

The man who had sworn said impatiently: "All right! That you, Foxy?"

And the sentry who had challenged them replied: "O. K., chief."

The newcomers advanced. Two men met them in the shadows, and their voices fell to whispers.

The one called Foxy asked doubtfully: "Set, is it?"

"All set," the chief retorted.

"Wasn't the old man on the island?" Foxy insisted apprehensively. "I tell you, he wasn't at Lawrence's all day Saturday, nor today. Or if he was, he kept out of sight. And he'd landed on the island last Tuesday, with Patten. I know that!"

The newcomer said explosively: "No, I tell you! Maskett left at half-past nine Saturday night, and Joe and I went to bed. Fred got there just before eleven, with your warning; and we went over the whole place with a fine-tooth comb. He wasn't there!"

"Fred said you sent him back before you started to hunt around."

"Joe and I did the hunting."

"And the old man wasn't there?" Foxy suspiciously persisted.

"No. No, not a sign of him."

Foxy chuckled faintly in the darkness. "Well, neither was Fisher," he remarked at last in a tone grimly humorous; and the chief asked warningly:

"What do you know about Fisher?"

"Not a thing," Foxy confessed.

"Then don't talk about him," said the other man truculently; and after a moment he added: "And don't spill this to Maskett, either. He's nervous already. No use scaring him. The men here, are they?"

"Ten of us," Foxy assured him. "The first truck is due opposite the end of the trail at ten minutes past two. The others every twenty minutes from then on. We'll be out of here by four o'clock."

"Right," the chief approved. "And we've got to be. I've got to get away by 4:15, to catch the other train. Blasted nuisance being here, but Maskett wanted me personally."

"You can get under cover out at the shack," Foxy advised. "Maskett's not due till quarter of two. We give him the flash at 1:30. O. K.?"

"O. K.," the other assented; and he took Foxy's advice and proceeded along the point toward where the old shanty offered some shelter from the storm. After he was gone, Foxy and the other guard whispered a little together; then silence fell again, and there was no sound in the night but the hissing of the rain.

Later, a shadow slid in from the river; the shadow of a slender motorcraft, running on idling engines, almost silently. The wind was from the east, so she came in on the west side of the point, in the lee, where there was a sandy beach.

This craft nosed gently into the sand, and the waiting men splashed through the shallows to cluster around her. An immediate activity began, and the silence was broken by the scrape and thump of heavy boxes, the panting whispers of the men, the splash of heavy boots in the shoal water. Someone gave commands; and once there was a pause while two black figures conferred for a moment on the motorboat's deck. In the shelter of the cockpit a flash light gleamed, its rays falling on the green and gold of currency riffled in expert hands. Then someone muttered permission or command, and the activity was resumed.

An argument interrupted the proceedings; an argument that was carried on in muffled tones, inaudible at any distance. Laden men had started to move away toward the sand spit and the trail through the swamp, but they were recalled.

"Get it all off the boat first," Maskett insisted. "I want to pull out of here."

So the splashing began again; the heavy boxes, passed from the motorboat to the shore, were stacked there in the shelter of the trees.

The interruption came at last with a startling suddenness. With no least warning, from somewhere in the screen of rain that cloaked the river, a beam of light leaped like a sword. It touched the end of the point, groped along its flank, pounced upon the motorboat at rest there with her nose thrust lightly against the sand, and pinned her in its pitiless illumination.

And instantly someone on the end of the point fired a rifle shot toward the source of this beam of light.

Then a quick-firing gun began to bark, behind the light, out there on the river; and splashes leaped upward from the shallow water of the cove. The motorboat started her engines; she threw them in reverse; she drew free of the sand. But as she did so, the shells began to find their mark with a splintering, rending sound; and the boat shuddered and heeled.

After a moment she slowly settled, and she came to rest on the sandy bottom, in four or five feet of water, her superstructure still above the surface.

At the same time, from strategic spots east and west along the shore, two machine guns began to play, their bullets crossing on the sand spit and erecting there a deadly barrier which no man might hope to pass unharmed. And the patrol boat on the river came swiftly in, her searchlight blazing along the shore.

This beam of light caught and held two figures, so absorbed in their own affairs that they gave it no heed. They confronted each other, and their pantomime was eloquent. A shaken fist, a warning crouch, a gesticulating hand. Maskett and Willetson!

Then Maskett leaped and an orange flame darted from Willetson's hand, and Maskett fell face down upon the sand. His head lolled on one side.

Men sullenly emerged from the trees on the point, into the searchlight's beams, their hands in the air; and a little later other men appeared out of the swamp, trotting across the sand spit, weapons ready. But there was no resistance. Maskett was down and done; Foxy had a shell splinter through his shoulder, and the others were submissive.

Willetson met the newcomers with a derisive smile, but the smile faded when young Patten leaped into the water from the patrol boat and waded ashore; for Patten laid his hand on Willetson's arm, and his boyish face was grim.

"Not for Fisher maybe," he said steadily. "But we saw you drop Maskett, Mr. Willetson. He'll serve us to dispose of you in the end."

Willetson's glance flicked to right and left, but there was no loophole, no open avenue. He laughed again, affected to resign himself. There were still the shrewd devices of the law.

But to such men there sometimes comes a season when every subterfuge and evasion is only a new futility. This hour, time was to prove, had struck for Willetson.

When his business here was done, young Patten made haste back to Hickens' Cove, where the old inspector and Lawrence were waiting for him in the living room of the farm. Tope had declined any part in this dénouement.

"I'm too old for risks, my son," he explained. "It's in your hands now."

Yet he required a promise of the earliest news; and Patten came to fulfill that pledge.

"Got 'em!" he cried as he burst into the room. "The whole outfit, and Maskett's bunch too. Also, Willetson and Maskett tangled at the last, and Willetson killed him. That will take care of Willetson just as well as if we could prove the Fisher business. The whole show is in one tent, my friends."

He was dripping wet, and trembling with triumph; and they made him strip off his outer clothes and stand before the fire. Lawrence even offered him a drink, but Patten shook his head.

"All right for you, if you want it," he replied. "But I see too many of the wheels in the machine. No."

He was exhilarated by success, and his tongue ran rapidly, and Lawrence and Tope listened to his account of the fight at Needle Point, Lawrence attentively, Tope with a friendly smile. Till Patten swung at last toward the older man.

"But, inspector," he cried, "I haven't thanked you! The credit's yours! I'll see that you get it."

Tope shook his head. "Not mine," he objected. "I'm on vacation, son. Be kind to me. If you report this I'll have more jobs to do; and I want to go fishing, young man."

Patten nodded. "I know," he agreed. "All right!" His eyes quickened. "But how did you do it, inspector? You had their every movement, all their plans." He swung toward the artist. "Has he told you, Lawrence?"

"Not a word," Lawrence replied. "He makes mysteries!"

"No mysteries!" Tope protested. "The means was of no importance till the end was accomplished. But there was no mystery. I simply listened while they made their plans. That is all. Listened and reported what I heard to you."

Patten made an impatient gesture. "Disguised yourself as a piece of fire wood, I suppose," he cried derisively. "Don't forget I've been in that camp, inspector. It's just a bare room, with a chimney in the middle, and no place for a mouse to hide. I know you did overhear, because you had all the dope. But how, man? How?"

Tope chuckled, and he looked with a quizzical eye at Lawrence. "You ought to understand, my friend," he remarked. "You pointed out to me where I might conceal myself."

"I?" the artist echoed. "I've never even been in the place."

Tope waved his hand. "Think back," he urged. "The necktie on the bronze horseman; the statue with a reversible head; the model in your studio."

Lawrence frowned, shook his head; and young Patten urged:

"Out with it, inspector. Never mind him. Tell me."

"It was simple enough," Tope repeated. "The position was a little cramped, perhaps. My foot went to sleep, and once or twice I wished to sneeze. I was there from six o'clock till eleven, and I'm a bit old for so long a vigil, you see. There comes a time in a man's life ——"

Patten stirred restlessly, and Tope chuckled.

"But you want facts, not reasons," he apologized. "Lawrence, remember the necktie, the reversible head, the model hanging to the rafters? Men don't look up, you told me. Well, the chimney in that camp is built of ragged, jutting stones; it's easily climbed as a ladder. When Willetson came, I climbed the chimney; and while they made their plans I clung there, not twenty feet above their heads."

Sunset on the Washington Coast

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"Of course I win—
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"'Better get a Ronson,' I told him.

"'Is that so?' was the answer. 'Well, my thumb slipped, that's all. I'll not only back my lighter against yours, but a quarter says you miss first.'

"So we started to count as the tiny flames leaped—'one,' 'two,' 'three,' 'four'—on up to 'twenty-six.' Then Jack's flint sparked, but no flame.

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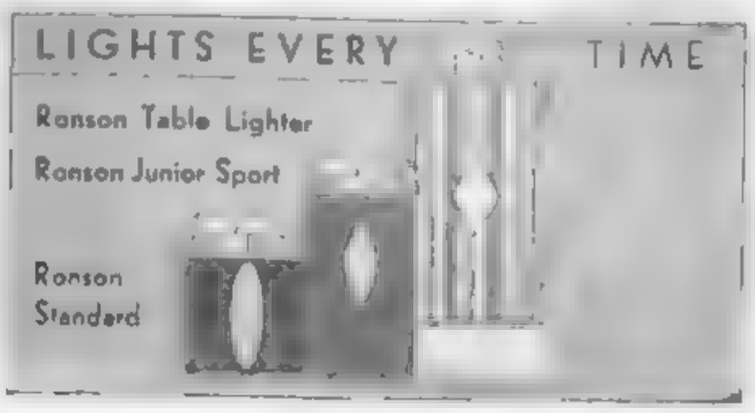


HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

(Continued from Page 53)

dollars for on Madison Avenue—exactly the same thing, and all Mr. Bramleigh wants for it is twenty-five pounds. I think it would be a terrible mistake not to take it.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(earnestly):* You may be shaw that you'll see nothing to approach it at the price. It stood for yahs in Rumple Cawsle, the kentry seat of the Juke of Bilk.

MR. SILSBEE *(indulgently):* Go right ahead, Emmy, as long as you don't try to saw off any ancestors on me. If I were you, though, I'd make Mr. Bramleigh knock off five or six pounds from every purchase.

MRS. SILSBEE *(greatly embarrassed):* Oh, Carleton!

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(in his most courtly manner):* I cawn't chaffer over these things, Mr. Silsbee. It rejuces the transaction to a fyawfly mersnry affair if I permit chaffering to entah, so I myahly set a price, and then I deduct 10 per cent for cash. That bureau is practically a gift at twenty-five pounds; and as for that chaw—it'll be many and many a yah before you come across such a topping Chippendale as that for as little as fawty quid. That's two hundred dollars in yaw money. (MRS. SILSBEE *fixes him with a venomous stare and is about to speak, when* MISS SILSBEE *hurries to her, followed by* MR. MERSON.)

MISS SILSBEE *(breathlessly):* Ma this is Ernest Merson he goes to Yale and lives in Evanston his father is Duncan Merson the lawyer he knows Lucinda Grilse and Fred Bozwhitt and Shorty Wherpie and loads of other people and he's staying at the Curzon and he's going home on the Cathartic and he's got to buy his father a Chippendale chair and he'd like to have you give him some advice.

MRS. SILSBEE *(examining* MR. MERSON *with more care than she has devoted to any of her purchases):* Evanston, eh? Well, well. Have you ever met my friend Mrs. Wobberton Stammer?

MR. MERSON: I've heard mother speak of her, Mrs. Silsbee. Mother plays contract with her and says you have to watch her like a hawk or she'll get the fillings out of your teeth.

MRS. SILSBEE *(softening perceptibly):* Well, now it just happens that I've been considering this Chippendale chair here. It's a very fine chair, and I know your father would be delighted with it.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: It's a chaw that would be an ornament to any home. It stood for yahs in Onzle Hall, the kentry seat of Lord Hoopus.

MR. MERSON *(gazing piteously at* MR. BRAMLEIGH *with every appearance of helplessness and stupidity):* I'm terribly sorry. I couldn't possibly pay forty pounds, but I'd be glad to give him thirty for it. (MRS. SILSBEE *prepares to speak, but is privately poked in the back by* MR. SILSBEE. *She studies* MR. SILSBEE *in haughty silence.)*

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(after peering carefully into* MR. MERSON'S *vacant face):* Veawse, I waddn't make a practice of this; but Mrs. Silsbee has been very kind today, and I hev a weakness for Amairicans; so I'll let you have the chaw for thirty quid—no discount, veawse. (MR. MERSON *takes a well-filled wallet from his pocket, extracts thirty pounds from it and hands it to* MR. BRAMLEIGH, *whose eyes find difficulty in tearing themselves away from the wallet.* MR. *and* MRS. SILSBEE *exchange glances that evince a slight trace of distress.)*

MR. HOSKINS *(who has been silently busy with* MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS *and* MR. WATTLEFORD *at the left of the shop):* But those glass paintings aren't worth twenty pounds apiece. They aren't worth ten. If you'll give 'em to me for eight apiece, I'll take ten. Otherwise I won't take one of 'em.

MR. WATTLEFORD: You're quaite raight, my dyah fellow! Only a couple of yahs ago I was getting the blahsted things for twelve bob apiece—three dollars in yaw money. Pahfictly silly the way they've put up the price, by Jerve!

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS: We cawn't! We r'ally cawn't, Mr. Hoskins. Those glawse paintings cost us twelve pounds apiece. I can show you the book.

MR. HOSKINS *(ferociously):* Huh! Well, bring a couple of those burled bowls back here and I'll talk to Bramleigh.

MRS. SILSBEE *(with marked signs of distaste):* Wherever you go, you run into Americans like that.

MR. HOSKINS *(grouchily taking the bowls from* MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS): Look here, Bramleigh, you've got eight of these burled mixing bowls. She says six pounds apiece. Make it four apiece and I'll take all eight of 'em.

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Upon my wahd, old chap, I cawn't do it! What do you say to five? (MRS. SILSBEE *again directs a pregnant glance at* MR. SILSBEE.)

MR. HOSKINS: Oh, all right, ship 'em along. Now how about that bureau and chair?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: So sorry, old chap. This lady bought the bureau and this gentleman bought the chaw.

MR. HOSKINS *(in a hoarse scream of agony):* What? Why, I was trading for those two pieces!

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Not trading—haggling, my dyah chap. This lady paid twenty-five quid for the bureau and this gentleman paid thahty quid for the chaw.

MR. HOSKINS *(passing his hand across his brow in a dazed manner and again examining the chair):* They're getting wilder and wilder! Say, son, couldn't you see that those arms aren't right?

MRS. SILSBEE: I'd like to know what's the matter with them!

MR. HOSKINS: Well, take a look. They just aren't right!

MRS. SILSBEE *(belligerently):* They look all right to me. Who're you, I'd like to know? I don't think much of you self-appointed experts, anyway. You can't agree on anything. If one of you says a chair's all right, the other says 'tisn't. I guess my judgment's as good as that.

MR. HOSKINS *(angrily):* Well, anyone that knows anything about chairs can see that those arms aren't right.

MR. WATTLEFORD: He's pahfictly correct.

MR. HOSKINS *(to* MR. WATTLEFORD): I wish you'd go away. You haven't helped me any. *(He turns to* MR. MERSON.) Look here, son, I'm in a hurry to get home and I can use that chair. You paid thirty pounds for that chair. I'll give you thirty-five.

MR. MERSON *(staring at him coldly):* Oh, dyah me, I wouldn't think of it!

MR. HOSKINS *(desperately):* Well, I could stand forty for it, but I couldn't go another cent.

MR. SILSBEE *(looking up from a book he has been reading):* You know, I've been reading about Chippendale and his furniture, and so on, in this book. Very interesting. You know, when he and his father and his son were making chairs, the population of all England wasn't much bigger than the population of London today.

MR. HOSKINS *(disagreeably):* What's that got to do with the price of pewter?

MR. SILSBEE *(benevolently):* Well, most of the people were poor people at that time, and only about one person out of every thousand could afford a Chippendale chair. That is to say, there were only about eight thousand persons in England in Chippendale's time that could afford to buy the sort of chairs that he made.

MR. HOSKINS: I don't make you, brother.

MR SILSBEE: Well, there were some fifteen thousand antique Chippendale chairs shipped to America last year, and about twelve thousand the year before that. Yeah, and there are about six thousand antique dealers in England that have had at least ten genuine antique Chippendale chairs for sale this year. That's sixty thousand; and they had the same number last year and the year before and the year before that, and so on; and now that the English dealers have started advertising in the American magazines, they'll dig up more genuine Chippendales than ever before.

MR. HOSKINS *(still seeking the light):* Give us the works.

MR. SILSBEE: Oh, I was merely doing some figuring and as near as I can figure, there will have been upward of two million, three hundred and twenty-eight thousand genuine antique Chippendale chairs discovered in England in the decade between 1920 and 1930; and as near as I can figure, that's enough chairs to have kept all Chippendale's cabinetmakers and all the other English cabinetmakers who were doing business in the eighteenth century busy for one hundred and nineteen years. And they couldn't have done anything but make chairs. Now doesn't that seem odd?

MR. MERSON *(hastily):* If you've got that forty pounds handy, Mr. Hoskins, I'll take it. (MR. HOSKINS *slowly parts with forty pounds.* MR. MERSON *looks deferentially at* MRS. SILSBEE.) If you don't mind, Mrs. Silsbee, your daughter and I might drift out for a dish of tea and join you later.

MR. SILSBEE *(severely):* You stick to tea.

MISS SILSBEE: Oh, I rawther fawncy so, what, what, what? *(They exit.)*

MR. SILSBEE *(giving* MR. BRAMLEIGH *his card):* Send the bill to my hotel and I'll send you my check, and then you can ship the stuff. Maybe, in view of my figures on Chippendale chairs, you could find another for Mrs. Silsbee by tomorrow.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(functioning in an obvious haze):* Oh, I dessay, think yaw very much. It'll be shipped by Chewsday.

MRS. SILSBEE *(giving* MR. HOSKINS *a foul look):* I'd like one with the arms wrong, like this one.

MR. BRAMLEIGH *(baffled):* Oh, quaite, I'm shaw! (MR. *and* MRS. SILSBEE *exit.)*

MR. HOSKINS *(generally discouraged):* It's a good thing I got those burled mixing bowls before that woman got to 'em. She'd have doubled the price on 'em in five minutes. Dog-gone these Americans, anyway. Well, that's the way it is. Those bowls will pass as swell early American. I ought to be able to get fifty apiece for 'em. See you tomorrow, Bramleigh. *(He exits, followed by* WATTLEFORD, *who emits a stream of chewed British exclamations such as "I say, I say, I say, what, what, what, what!"*

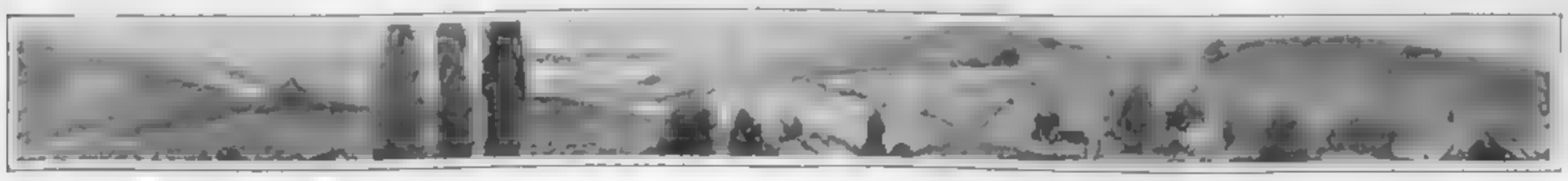
MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS: Well, r'ally! What a pahfictly extrawdnry exhibition. What was all that conversation about Chippendale, eh?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: I haven't the least idea. I'm shaw of one thing, though, by Jerve!

MISS WILLICK-SMATHERS: Oh, I say, do tell me! Is it that all Amairicans are quaite ga-ga?

MR. BRAMLEIGH: Ow, neaow! It's that we can mark up all our prices 30 per cent.

CHINESE CHIPPENDALE CURTAIN



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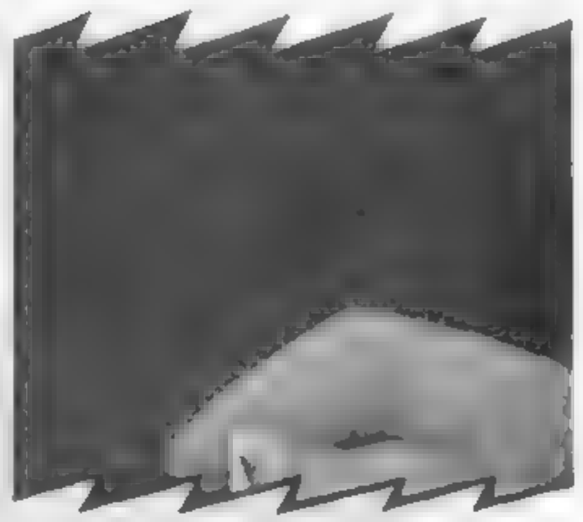

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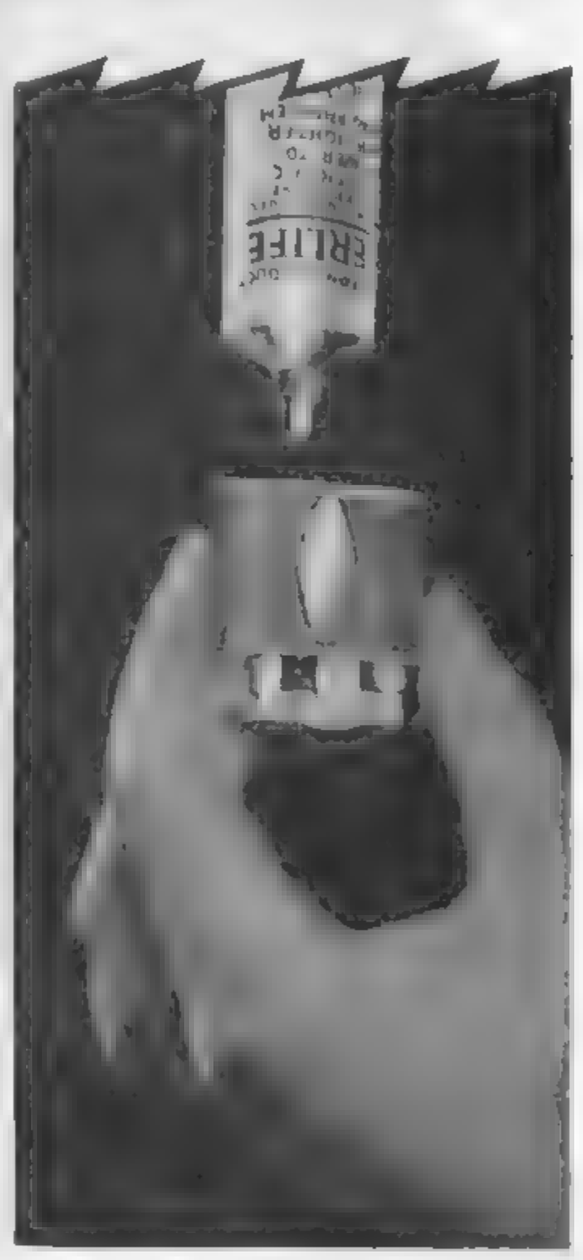

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THE BAG OF TRICKS

(Continued from Page 19)

the audience, of course, thought it all rehearsed, others simply admired his nerve, but all joined in the laughter and applause. He had really covered up as skillfully as a tumbler who, after a fall, regains his feet with a little impromptu somersault, so that the audience doesn't suspect he has miscued.

Richard Carle, in his biggest hit, The Spring Chicken, also showed his nerve, not in covering up an accidentally embarrassing situation but by deliberately resorting to a wheeze so ancient it creaked in all its joints, and then covering up. It ran something like this:

Guest to Carle (as waiter): "Is this chicken all right?"

Carle: "No, part of it's left."

Terrible, of course, but while the audience—that is, the fast-thinking part of it—was wondering at his cheek in springing so old a gag, he added, with a comic little gesture: "The way I said that—with such reckless abandon!" And this, too, they had to leave in the show.

And there you have it in a nutshell—at least half of the actor's art—"The *way* I said that." I wonder if the other half isn't the "reckless abandon."

In his way, Willie Collier, as clever an actor as ever got posted at the Lambs, could give a whole speech in a monosyllable. Scripts of his were often 30 per cent yeses and noes. Each was printed the same, but oh, how different they were when he said them!

Edward Abeles, another finished actor, had in one scene seven "yes, sirs." By stressing and pitching these differently, shading them delicately, he told the audience volumes about the situation.

Though playwrights cannot always be quite so economical with type as this, no comedian of any judgment at all wants long speeches. If the script hands them to him and he has any leeway, he cuts them down. There are exceptions, of course, like those long lyrics by Mr. Gilbert, who must have hated actors, but these score because of their mileage and the lingual demands. And since brevity is the soul of wit, the comic's lines should never be used for flashbacks or to tell the plot. That is reserved for the straights.

Often the wise comedian will "throw a line away"—that is, not blue pencil it but underplay it, saying it carelessly, almost as if ad-libbing it; though it may have been rehearsed a hundred times. The very casualness wins a laugh where pounding it in would fail.

Greetings From the Gallows

As for ad-libbing, or interpolating impromptu lines, it can be done effectively by experts, and audiences love it. There is nothing a man likes so much to say to a theatergoing acquaintance as: "Have you seen All Hot and Bothered? You did? Well, did Hal Hamachter say, 'Your tongue's hanging out!' when the guy's red necktie got out of his vest? . . . He didn't? Gosh! You missed somethin'!" The man who has heard this delicate refinement of the script is tickled; he feels he has something on the other fellow.

Still, in ad-libbing you must use discretion, even though that greatest of all ad-lib artists, May Irwin, was never caught using any. She would pick up a prop phone and for five minutes on end spill into it the most absurd nonsense about, well, say, the care and feeding of children. One night the curtain would go down at eleven, the next at 11:15, and you could see her show every night in the year, yet never see the same show twice. But then, she had a company used to her ways and well-trained. Most stars would gum up the situations badly if they ad-libbed all over the lot.

Excessive ad-libbing is due to the show-off temperament or to an irrepressibly playful spirit. And some stars carry their pranks into even serious scenes. Nat Goodwin and Charlie Evans once formed a little club of serious souls which had as its countersign a little hop, skip and dance. Thus the member had to perform whenever given the high sign, no matter where and no matter with whom—your wife on Broadway, someone else's wife in Rector's, or your bride at the altar.

Soon after the charter was drawn up Goodwin opened in Nathan Hale, by Clyde Fitch. Evans and a group of members of the club attended the first performance in a box, and just in the most impressive scene, when Goodwin, as the patriot, stood, with a rope for a collar, making that speech for all the future boy scouts: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country," the merry lodge members rose in the box and gave the high sign. But hogtied as he was, Goodwin was true to his pledge and gave that little hop, skip and dance—a subdued variation, of course, but accurately executed. The audience, I guess, put the funny motion down to first-night nervousness, but it was so skillfully done that the scene was not killed, though endangered; and the laugh was on the lodge. But don't let anyone tell you that Goodwin did not use technic and show presence of mind in that embarrassing moment.

Minutes That Seem Hours

I was in almost as tight a spot when I had to change my part over the week-end from Irish to German dialect, to fit in with the producer's sense of humor. With but two rehearsals under my belt, Jack Barrymore led me down to the footlights on Monday night and said, with a wink to the audience: "Now let's have a little conversation in German." I covered it up, but how I've never yet been able to explain.

One of the most desirable things in the actor's life is the exit laugh, with its round of applause. I played a whole week in Tangerine in a scene that was full of giggles, but which had none when I romped off. For a month I worked with lines and business, and at last landed on it—just a simple twisting of lines.

It is fatal, though, to worry too much about your own laughs and those the others in the cast receive. One jealous chap I know spent so much time watching the others and brooding over their success that he was fired. Another spent so much effort building up his part and fattening it that what had originally been a good one lost unity and balance, turned out just nothing at all. He, too, lost his job.

And so many never acquire sense of timing enough to know when a laugh is over. But here you must take care not to fall between two stools, for though you must not milk a laugh, neither must you cut in too quickly, before the audience gets it. It's all a rather finely timed thing. And during the whole show the actor must keep this sense, increasing the pace when the audience is wooden and slow, slowing up just a little if they're too quick.

This sense, in a general way, I always congratulated myself that I possessed. But when I first tried vaudeville, between seasons in the legitimate, I suddenly lost it. I did my monologue the opening night, and walked off feeling that I had been on hours and wondering what to cut out. Back came the booking agent to my room.

"That'll go all right," he said, "if you'll only add about six minutes." I had actually been on only ten.

There once was a manager who had this down to perfection. He was a little cockney from Whitechapel, London, and had read not much more than the proverbial one-book chorus girl. And when, in one of his productions, the leading man referred during a scene to Omar Khayyam, he took the actor to task.

(Continued on Page 205)

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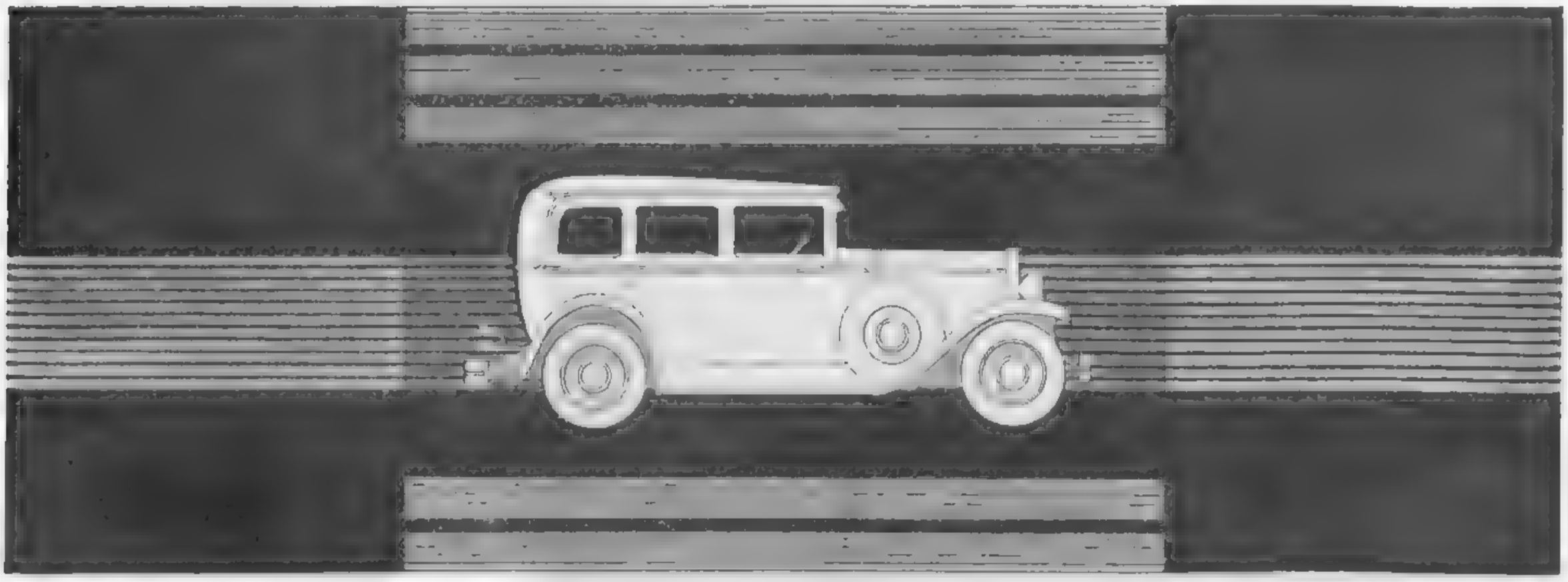

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(Continued from Page 202)

"That's wrong!" he shouted. "Sye Homar of Khayyam!"

In vain the actor argued. The manager knew what he was talking about or else he wouldn't have been a manager. It was Omar of Khayyam; always had been, and always would be. And so—the actor needing the job—it stood.

After the opening night, the producer asked a well-known writer in the lobby how he had enjoyed the play.

The celebrity praised it; then, wrinkling his brows, added: "But there's one thing I don't understand: How a talented actor like your leading man could pull such a boner as to say Omar of Khayyam!"

"But that's right, hisn't hit?" said the manager.

"No, just plain Omar Khayyam."

"Oh!" said the other. "Hi thought 'e was like Guy of Warwick, an' that Khayyam, or watthell y' call hit, was the plyce the blighter 'ailed from."

Before the next matinée he called the actor aside. "Habout that Homar now. Better cut hout that of."

"But," protested the other, "that's what I said first."

"Don't hargue, dammit. Just cut hit out. Show's too long already."

Just as you can overplay a line by too much stressing, so you can blur one by too many gestures. You make so many motions, fidget so, that the attention of the audience is distracted and the meaning of the line lost. And when we said "motions," we were more nearly accurate than when we used the term "gestures," for the rounded, fluent use of the hands has pretty well gone with the putty nose and the fright wig, though no relationship is here implied between that art and these make-up devices.

The actors of another generation had a fine and graceful assortment of gestures, a general kit, in addition to the little trick gestures and mannerisms of speech by which you could detect them under the cleverest disguise—William H. Crane, for instance—the first David Harum—by his outstretched hands; John Drew by his wave of dismissal, a deprecatory gesture; and in the broader humor, but narrower confines of minstrelsy and musical comedy, Billy Sweatnam, with his forefinger moistening his lip, then his eyelid, and Raymond Hitchcock, more modern, but trained in the mellow old school, who had his foolish but captivating covering of his mouth with his hand.

The first of the old Hebrew impersonators, Frank Bush, used to saw the air with great windmill gestures, but when David Warfield came along he substituted little short gestures of the hands, palm upward from the waist, that were truer and infinitely more effective. You have seen these in his Auctioneer, also copied by all the successful impersonators since.

Modern Delivery

Ada Lewis, that fine comedienne who died three years ago, also started a school with her portrayal of the original tough girl in Reilly and the Four Hundred, at Harrigan's Theater, New York. That amusing business of straight-arm with hands stuck out at right angles, comic strut and waggle of hips under the bobtailed jacket, which you see now every time The Bowery is played or an Apache dance started, came in with Ada.

As our leading men in the more serious drama have substituted naturalistic motions, chiefly the lighting of cigarettes, for grace, so our comedians have learned to rely on thrust and force instead of poise, grace and versatility. Al Jolson depends largely on vitality; dynamically he pounds things in; hammers home even the pathos of his mammy songs. Eddie Cantor prances through his songs and lines, whipsawing them in. Ed Wynn alone, of this group of headliners, relies on mellower methods and a delicious sense of the absurd so creative as to earn the name "great." Not that Cantor and Jolson are not ingenious; they build up their scenes and dialogue with great skill and hold wide audiences wherever they show. But they are not directly in the line of the famous old clowns. And I think comedians will some day turn back from sheer speed and exhausting expenditure of nervous force to the ways and qualities of the older school. The old style, the old hat, always comes back, you know. Architects deserted the Gothic and returned to the Grecian. The Greeks left off battling and went into the restaurant business. Some day even the bustle may come back. Who knows?

And that the rounded and ornate gesture has disappeared, except in the costume drama, is not altogether to be regretted, since it does not express so well the modern and repressed drama. Actors used to take boxing, fencing and dancing lessons, not only to keep fit but to acquire grace; just as they took elocution for diction, enunciation, and throwing the voice. And sometimes they fell so in love with their own gestures that they were overdone. It's all right to say it with flowers. But you can oversay it with flowers, so that you faint from the perfume and perhaps miss all the obsequies and the wake.

A Famous Dialectician

Still, there's another side to that question. Artists say that no part of the body is so hard to portray as the hand. On the stage nothing is so hard to handle as the hands. And though I have the feeling that no one who does not know instinctively what sort of gesture a man would make under given emotional circumstances has any place on stage, even a natural gift needs practice and polish. And when half of our leads and juveniles go through a whole scene without taking their hands out of their pockets, unless to light a cigarette or make a Sabine rush for the ingénue, and when, to boot, you can't hear them beyond Row G—well, I think we'd better call in a few of those dancing, boxing, fencing and elocution fellows. I know I could take a few gross of lessons myself.

And it would pay us to listen a little more often and with a little more respect to such old-timers who are far too active and vigorous to be called that, as E. H. Sothern, Otis Skinner, Margaret Anglin, Henrietta Crosman, James T. Powers, Francis Wilson, Fritz Williams, David Warfield, Edith Wynne Matthison, Julia Marlowe, Constance Collier, Frances Starr. You could always hear De Wolf Hopper, Andrew Mack and Jeff de Angelis in musical comedy, or Christie MacDonald, Louise Dresser, Ann Swinburne. And you can hear Walter Hampden whisper up in the last gallery seat.

But lessons won't help anybody much in learning dialect. For that one needs a good memory, observation, interest in studying types, and something of the mimic's gift. I was so interested that I used to go down to Cherry and Eldridge streets, as a kid, and pick out the different nationalities. I never bothered with such easy types as Irish or English, whom you spot by their speech, or Swedes, either, having a Swedish grandmother of my own. But I'd pick out Belgians, Turks, Afghans, and Rumanians with marked success; the Belgian always, on investigation, turning out a Turk, the Rumanian an Afghan.

And lest this should leave a wrong impression, I don't believe actors as a rule emigrate to the locales of their new plays to study them beforehand. Those tales you hear about how Miss Eulalie Upstage went to Amsterdam, New York, to see how the Dutch raise their tulips, or how Mr. Yodel de Tirrel lived down on Thompson Street for a year watching how the Italian bomb throwers used their hands, hid up the alley, ate spaghetti, and picked their teeth, are merry inventions of overworked press agents.

To confirm this belief, I once asked John Mason, then playing in The Witching Hour, and Ethel Barrymore about it.

"Do you," I said, "go down to all those places when you're studying your parts?"

They both laughed and shook their heads.

"But what would you do, Ethel," I persisted, "if you were going to play, say, a janitress?"

"Why," she replied, "I guess I'd just play a janitress the way I imagine she'd act—that is, the way she'd act under the emotional circumstances of the scene."

"You wouldn't pick out any models then?"

She gave the famous throaty laugh of the queen sister of the Barrymores, then explained:

"That is, I wouldn't go and sit on the doorsteps down on the East Side and observe them. I wouldn't have time, and I would have observed janitresses before. Your eyes are always open, studying people, and it all comes back when you happen to need it."

Which is as good and complete an answer as anyone can give; though David Warfield swears he once went down to Stanton Street and tore a suit off a push-cart fellow's back—it was just the thing he needed in his play.

David, incidentally, is one of the best masters of dialect on the stage. He can transpose almost any story to any vernacular; though I doubt if he or William Courtleigh, another expert, ever tried North of England. I can, with attention and practice, pick up any dialect I hear long enough, but I wouldn't want to try that one often. It's the hardest in the world

And anyway, I'm a little skeptical and shy about this dialect ever since Paul Armstrong, in those days when I followed at his elbow, dressed like him to a t, turned and asked me what sort of an actor I was and I told him a dialectician. After that, every once in a while, when he wanted to shave my freshness down, he would gaze at me with his peculiar stare, and musingly say: "So you're a dialectician!" I can hear it still! And again, it wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it. I've never boasted of my skill or put that down as my occupation on the income-tax reports since.

Now, once more for those little lost laughs. Where do they go to? Nobody knows. In Miss Springtime I got one on my entrance for three nights, then lost it. I hunted all over for it, but couldn't locate it. Then at last I discovered it in the wings. You see, the first nights I had put on the comic little red cap I wore as I entered; later I put it on before entering, in the wings. I changed back to the original business and the little laugh was waiting for me once more.

The Value of a Poor Voice

Other laughs are lost by a slight and unconscious change in inflection, accent, intonation or timing, but all of a sudden they come back, like Mary's lamb, saving their wags. Many, too, are unexpected and not counted on; therefore, the more welcome, like E. A. Sothern's historic stumble as Dundreary.

In a musical comedy just before the war, I was given a song by John Golden, now a famous producer, but then only a poor little song writer. I didn't like that song, at least, as I told him, for myself.

"I'll give you another," he said, "if you'll do one thing for me—first try it for three performances and see if you can't make it a go."

This I did, and never before had I realized the great value to musical comedy of not having a voice. I talked that song—Now That I've Got It, I Don't Want It—an unheard-of thing then—the stunt, I mean. Now, the man to whom it had been first given had a glorious barytone, and he was too busy fussing with his high notes to pay much attention to getting the words of the lyric over. When I talked them, the people out front got the words, and the song went for seven encores.

Maclyn Arbuckle pulled a novel trick out of his bag on one occasion. Alice Dovey was playing with him, and her work

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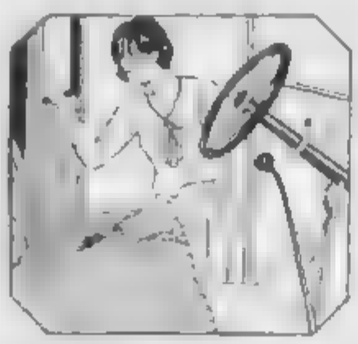

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was well liked, but she incurred the anger of another woman by taking, with Maclyn, an extra bow before the curtain. It had certainly been called for by the audience, but the lady—they will do such things threw a fit in the wings and demanded that Alice stay in the wings while she took the calls herself.

Now, Miss Dovey weighed but ninety pounds at the time and her costumes, the designer told me, had been made with a doll for a model. So, when, at the next performance, Alice had run off and the other woman responded to the handclaps, Maclyn hid the little lady under the folds of his large Spanish cape and marched out to the side of the star. Then, as she stood bowing right and left, from under his cape he produced the diminutive star. The applause from the delighted audience now was deafening and the older woman, who hadn't seen what had happened, accepted the tribute graciously; no doubt seeing her name in lights in a triumphal tour from coast to coast. Then she turned and saw the two others running off. I know that story is so; for, though I didn't play in that piece, I am acquainted with the designer, have seen the doll, and that little lady for eleven happy years has been my wife.

This number should have been left in for the good of the piece, but it wasn't. You can't, you know, have a civil war each night backstage.

And, by the way, if it had actually been indicated in the script, it's possible it might not have gone over so well; you never can tell with audiences. What will click in Keokuk, may not in Kokomo. Even twin cities are not sisters in laughter. What brings mirth in Minneapolis is hissed in St. Paul.

Something, too, can be charged to the weather man. On rainy nights people aren't so ready to laugh. If the show's a hit, Mr. Secor from Secaucus has had to buy his tickets eight weeks in advance at a premium and must use them. It's a nuisance to dress or, if he doesn't do that, to wait on the corner for Mrs. Secor, who's sorry she's late, but she just saw the dearest duck of a dress. Also she loses her galoshes—the rose, Russian-furred ones that Leila gave her—and he has to fish in the gutter for them, and all the while the rain from her umbrella points is dripping down his back and spoiling his one and only fresh collar.

Too Much Fresh Air

Different cities, too, take to different things in the same play. Sometimes the applause is all for the songs, on another night for the gags, again only for the dancing. Cincinnati rarely laughed at me at all; which, I must admit, was up to me. Still, it was strange that they laughed so much that week my mother died. The night I got the wire from the East, and only went on as a trouper must, the people out front seemed convulsed at every word I said. Never, said someone at the stage door as I started for the train home, had I been so funny.

In New England, before the road went back on us, the farther north we got the less they used to laugh. But that's to be expected. We didn't have enough latitude. In Nova Scotia, for instance, you can hardly expect a man who's been out all day fishing in the damp, cold fog to smile.

Yes, the weather plays all sorts of tricks, not only with audiences but also with playwrights. Once it postponed a play for us for a month.

Colonel Henry Savage had just sent Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert up to Saranac to complete it, and the first morning they arrived, Blossom went out on the closed-in summer porch that opened on the lake. He was busy, in his characteristic way, with the first act, which was written in bits; and these—scraps of dialogue, verses of lyrics, gags—lay, typed on tiny pieces of paper, on the table like parts of a picture puzzle to be fitted together.

Victor Herbert now came in with his genial and expansive: "Vell, Henry, my boy, at vork already! But don't you tink it iss pretty varm in here?"

"No," said Henry, working away. "It's just comfortable."

But Herbert was uneasy, fussing and fuming, and at last he rose.

"I cannot vork like this!" he exclaimed. "Ve must haf air. Open the vindows, Henry. Dere's a goot poy!"

Henry obliged. But a nice little breeze came up just then and blew the entire first act into the lake.

Usually we lose a few laughs on opening night. Still, that's no wonder, with so much at stake, the general nervousness in the air, members of the cast not speaking to one another as they pass in the wings, and all scared stiff if anyone whistles or violates any of the theatrical superstitions. Naturally, lines are muffed, and though usually some cool head in the cast picks up the line, steadies the offender and there is no very bad break, some of the expected laughs go by the board, and with them sometimes whole gobs of plot. Incidentally, it is funny to see how an audience will always place the blame for a miscue on the wrong man's shoulders—the man who helps out the other and picks up the raveled dialogue. The man who does the picking up, not the man who has forgotten, seems, from out front, to have caused the wait.

One thing more about first nights—don't ever try to think beyond your first line as you wait for the cue in the wings. To try then to remember the second or third is positively fatal.

Just Certain Little Things

When the audience does not respond or get the laughs, it is very foolish to stand and wait for what won't come. The best troupers never do this. They skip on to the next, sometimes, on one of those terrible nights when the audience is altogether off, going so far as to railroad the show through, bringing down the curtain fifteen minutes ahead of scheduled time. But this does not mean they slouch through action or slur lines; they simply increase the pace, speed up for an indifferent audience.

In a way you always have to fight an audience. I should say work for its approval, rather; for though I've heard old actors say they can lick any audience in the world, I don't believe it. That's sort of a press agent's fairy tale. As a matter of fact, it is sometimes your fellow players you have to fight hardest. A straight can do so many things if he is meanly inclined—move on a line, fidget with a tie, purposely blur a line, drop words, and kill half the humor in the play. Contrariwise, a straight who asks questions clearly, so that the audience gets every word, properly points up the comedian's answers, who can stand still, and by being a good listener, focus the attention of the audience on the comedian, is a blessing. It's an unselfish rôle to play, perhaps, but it is an enlightened selfishness to play it well; for his contribution is absolutely essential to the success of the play, and success means that his salary, too, keeps on running

Then tenors can cheat, and prima donnas—very beautiful ones, too—can be quite catty. Jealous of the spotlight, of the attention of the sovereign audience, if not of laughs, which prima donnas and tenors do not so much care for, they can walk upstage—whence the term—make you face them with your back to the audience as you follow them, so that you can't be heard. I've even been so unrefined that I've roughly and rudely interpolated a "Hey, you! Come here! I want to talk to you!" But that, though provoked and necessary, doesn't sound so well; and it's not wise to let the spectators sense any dissension in the cast. They resent that as much as they do your kidding the play.

A character woman once tried all these friendly little things during the run of a

(Continued on Page 210)

If there's a split-second advantage in a tennis racket you want it!

and you get it in the Top Flite!

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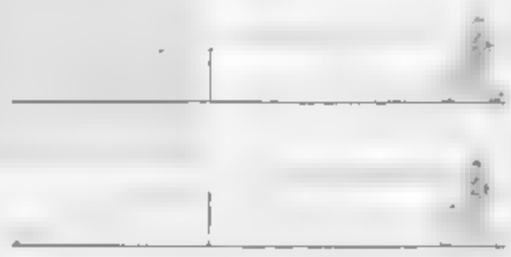

Gets the ball there a split-second quicker

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"Fog···Murk···Snow···Wind ···but the Mail goes on!"

From

"COAST TO COAST WITH THE AIR MAIL"

by

Dudley Nichols

THE pilot leant over a fresh weather map and his eyes were like a hawk's. 12:10 p. m. The Air Mail due out in five minutes more. Outside, the wintry Sunday showed a sky like polished brass, but the Weather Bureau man in the radio shack frowned as he studied the tape feeding out of the telegraph printer

The meteorologist all at once pulled a fresh strip from the ticker

"Here's a break," he said

Williams stared and nodded

"Guess we'll punch through," he said

So I got into the cumbersome flying suit and somebody buckled on the parachute, which hangs low like a spare tire and makes you waddle like a penguin, so that you ponder on the paradox of imitating at the start of this eagle flight a bird so feebly blessed with wings

I stowed into the forward cockpit abaft the mailbags in the National Air Transport biplane. The hawklike face of Williams vanished behind the mica cowl six feet astern

12:15 by my own strap watch . . . Mail due out for the West

The Liberty engine spoke up in a gossipy prosy rhythm, like a parson making pulpit announcements before launching into the text. The engine and winged ship were body and soul. His was the power, but hers was the glory Without her he was only a howling thing on the ground; he could only muscle her wings

NOW Williams "gave her the gun" and the engine changed his voice. He had only been humming before, under his breath. Now he reached for song. He stated his power, iron sinews stretching, octopus-belly full of fire, hidden piston-hands working at the propeller like furious tentacles. He grappled with the air, he domineered, fire poured like lightning from his throat and he thundered, he dropped the easy rhythm of prose for the heroic cadence of poetry, of flight; and the winged ship quivered and shook, bravely shouldered the wind, trundled along, then sped, spun, shot like an arrow, made fabulous Pegasus-leaps and all at once was in the air with the spurned earth shrinking away below and nothing in the road of our wild reach for infinity but the dazzle of the sun. . . . The mail was out for the West

Out for the West? Such a ship as this must be out for nothing short of heaven

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."—Herodotus

For years we had blindly crept about on the case of a great round clock, like an ant on a sundial; but now the ant had spread wings and was seeing the face of the clock. The orb of the earth was our master clock, nothing more, our timekeeper from that very first, far-off, unrememberable epoch when the gods of the world said, Let there be Time, and the earth began cranking and grinding out interminable days and nights.

THE Hamilton on my wrist was a minute servant of that master clock. In a manner of speaking, it represented stolen time, as fire was stolen long ago from Olympus. Its metals had been chiseled out of her mountains, its jewels cracked out of her strongest safes, filched out of the dark of eternity into the light of time, shaped and contrived by the brains of men, given their constancy and character, until finally the tiny thing should come alive and run of itself, like the heart of a new-made man.

The monstrous planet we had fled was a grandfather clock in the hallway of the sun. Its great dial was a phantasmagoria of color. Hadley Field a green button on the brown overcoat of the world, and the Atlantic lost over the rim astern. But how put down on one page the long trance which was that flight between oceans. Riding the Air Mail from coast to coast . . . through Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific time. Skipping the rope with meridians. Storms like bad puddles in an endless road Knowing new things of America

". . . sped, spun, shot like an arrow, with the spurned earth shrinking away below."

THE spurned earth reared after us as we neared the Alleghenies and reached with murderous blasts when we missed her jagged fists. Seeing a mountain from the ground you little know how it strives for the sky long after it has run out of rock; those crag-carving gales the surf of this upper sea. The witches' sabbath of snow flurries over the mountain peaks, evil phantoms all skinny arms and whirling skirts. The thud of the ship into the thick of a snowstorm and sudden stretching of flakes into horizontal silver wires . . . Climbing for safety, trampling the clouds Out of storm into sunlight, our purple shadow fugitive over the snow. Sporadic farmsteads where flea-like figures of men halt work to stare, women to wonder, and children to dream. Our shadow a blue swallow darting through the chimney smoke of a house in a lonely valley.

Mining towns like rusty engravings scattered along the

whiter pages of an old book. Swooping over the beacon towers of our airway. A swift dip down to Bellefonte field for fuel and the rearing off again with our purple shadow

And four hours from Hadley Field tobogganing down the azure steep plop into the foggy hood of Cleveland, *whirrrrrrroo-tsssssssss-chumpety-chump-chuck-chuck* — and we roll to an easy rest on frozen earth.

Williams looks at his Hamilton. 4:19 p. m. The Air Mail one minute to the good!

CHANGE of plane and pilot and then the song of flight again over Ohio farms and towns. Cutting corners off Lake Erie. Skating two miles per minute over the sheeted ice. Down at Toledo to kick off a bag of mail, and in the breathing spell Hopkins checks our twin Hamiltons—5:19. We still have that minute saved. But it goes as we zoom into the dusk again.

The mail out for Chicago now. On time. The ship keeping the schedule as checked by the pilot's watch, 120 miles to every turn of the minute hand.

Evening. Night. More night . . . . Unknown towns put on spangles for the night performance. Cities twinkling like patches of fallen sky. Changing constellations underneath, unchanging one above.

Sudden miles of red smoke. The world on fire. The ship noses down towards Tophet until you are winging only a thousand feet above the houses and street lamps and flame-spouting steel mills of Gary and the air in your face is choking. Ants in a smoky nest. But you are free, anyway On like a meteor. Over the black bight of Lake Michigan

And finally the incommunicable rapture of Chicago by night, as if you had fallen into the Milky Way. That heart-stopping landing in the dark; bunches of menacing gleams away down there, streets and houses and power lines. The airport lights marking so small a paddock for this Pegasus. Like reaching for a dime in the dark, through the whirring blades of a machine. We circle the inky field. A mad venture to get down there with our half ton of mail

The pilot switches his searchlights on and down we go for it, engine cut, wings whistling.

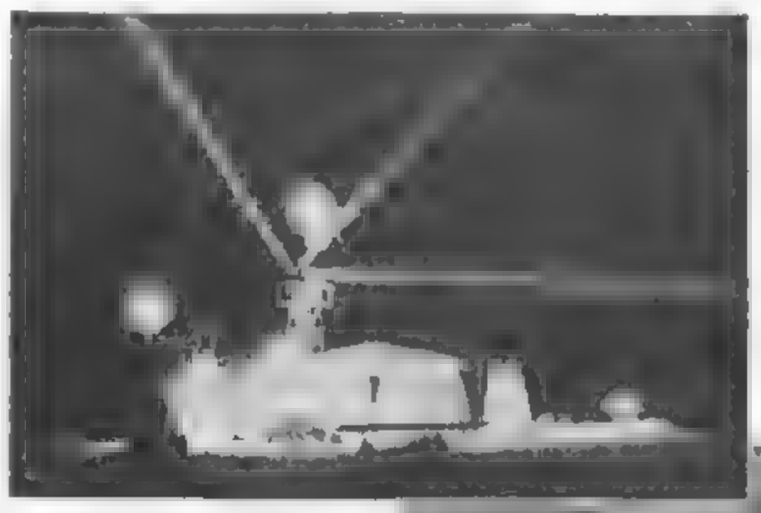
The motor barks up for three seconds, and as we lift I see flicker under our wheels the telegraph pole Hopkins has jumped.

Then all staring tension as the Chicago Airport floodlight pours out a tidal wave of blue glare and we strike the snow with our wheels and go bounding along beside a fantastic black shadow that has grown to a monstrous insect with crooked wings and legs a hundred feet long. And as this great bug-like shadow stops skittering and comes to poise alongside, the indigo glare of a million candlepower goes out and leaves us feeling numbed and strange and very small on the dark breast of a comforting, mothering world.

SEVEN p. m. . . . Transfer by night with the accumulating mail to a Boeing cabin plane and then successive relays through the long night and coming day with the crack planes and pilots of the Boeing Air Transport. Their Hornet engines thundering with over half a thousand horsepower . . . The mail going on. Fog and murk, snow . . . and wind and weather. But the mail goes on. It needs the temperament of a suicide to fly a night like this. The mail goes on. Across black fields, farms, forests of the Mississippi Valley. The dark meanders of the great river . . . Iowa City 9:40 p. m. Omaha 12:20 a. m. The long night makes oblivion of travel. And the mail goes on.

A quick swerve over the Platte River and the migratory flight of mallards goes darkly past our left wing tip like a charge of buckshot.

A succession of crack pilots and planes. Coppin, Kaufman, Pickup, Potter. Men who look at their Hamiltons, climb into the cockpit and go out with the mail. On time. Spinning around the great clock as the minute hand goes round the small. Men muscular, generally handsome and reticent The breed will be found wherever danger is



"The floodlight pours out a tidal wave of blue glare and we strike the snow with our wheels."

"The glad whistling rush down air to the Oakland field, lighting like a gull for all our tons of mass."

Danger is wife, home and family for them. Seeing them you understand the need for danger in the world . . . And the mail goes on.

North Platte in the pitch dark of 2:00 a. m. Out. On west. Ranches and plains and vague herds. Cheyenne six thousand feet up at last and a long way still from morning.

Then the great lift "over the hill." Starlight over the Rockies. Orion burning under the left wing. Cassiopeia under the right. Even the stars float under this gallant ship Your mind spreads into her fabric, you love every inch of her, and she grows a part of yourself—her wings your arms, her engine your going heart. Muscles strain and grow tired with sympathy as she beats over windswept mountains that look as tall as the world on end . . . Hair-raising perpendiculars. Cliffs and chasms half as old as time. Giant ranges of the Rockies, awful ribs of a continent whose spine is the Alleghenies. America facing west!

Then over the Wasatch range with morning a-shimmer at our backs, and that headlong shivering dive down a mile and a half to the plane geometry of Salt Lake City.

The mail goes on. At 9:20 we pile into a tri-motored Boeing for the mighty lift over the Sierras to the Pacific . Sunlight over the Sierras . . . Eagles over the cordilleras but nether to us. Our ship outflying them. An eagle of greater desires, she rushes on, she swoops on the miles, strikes them down, leaves them dead, goes screaming on for bigger game. Her desire is distance, her hunger enormous, and there is always the sun to pursue. A thousand miles an hour to catch that golden pheasant of the skies and make time stand still

SUNLIGHT over the Sierras. Elko at 11:15 in broad morning. Reno 1:30 p. m. . . . Up, up, up. Lake Tahoe a handglass for the gods. Mountains, eagles and big trees, the three geniuses of Earth

And California waiting at the journey's end—golden California and the swift flight down the Sacramento Valley, a-drone over fig orchards and miles of olive groves and at last through a tidal gap in the coast range a first glimpse of the Golden Gate and that glittering road to China, the Pacific Ocean where the westering sun goes east. A reconnoitering circle over San Francisco Bay and then the glad whistling rush down air to the Oakland field, lighting like a gull for all our tons of mass . . . A sleepy passenger climbs out to consult his Hamilton. 4:30 p. m. The Air Mail has come through on time!

* * *

The Coast to Coast Air Mail is timed throughout by Hamiltons—the watch selected by the pilots themselves because of its accuracy and dependability. Wherever these qualities are needed—in the cabs of the country's fastest flyers of the rails with Byrd at the Poles, in your pocket or on your wrist—you will find many Hamiltons in service.

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Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

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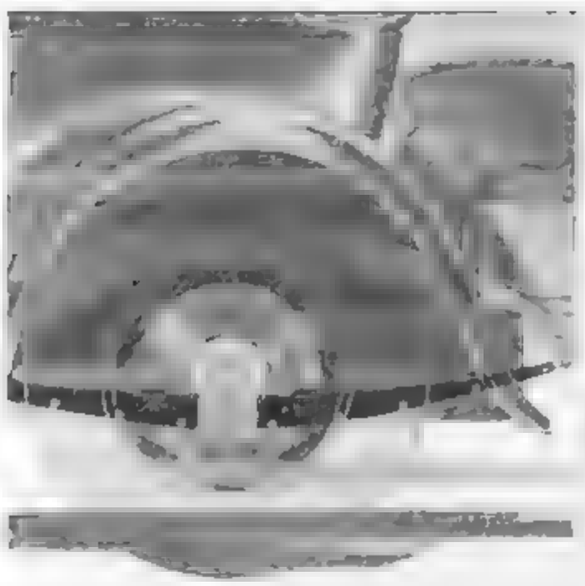
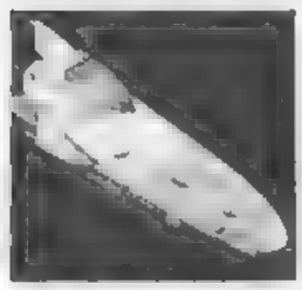


New Riding Comfort



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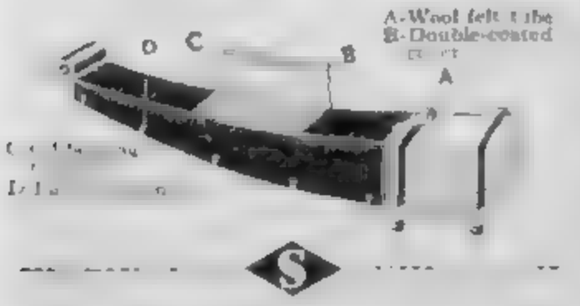

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(Continued from Page 206)

play I'd better not name. She backed me clean up against the backdrop time after time, and not only that, but dropped last words, making the jests quite pointless, left out whole lines, and by her whole attitude said to the audience: "Why, this man is terrible. He's really a ham and I'm sorry you've paid your good money to listen to him."

I stood it for a while and would have, perhaps, during the whole run—seeing that it was a lady who was thus cutting up—had I been the only one concerned. But several scenes were being spoiled by her cute little ways, she threatened the play's success; besides, she was an old offender, so I confronted her one night in the wings.

"Do you by any chance need this job?" I asked her.

"Why, of course," she said, mystified.

"So do I." Then I shook my head. "I'm afraid, my dear, you're getting too old. For of course you wouldn't do it on purpose."

This naturally got her.

"What d' y' mean," she yelled, "with that getting too old and doing it on purpose?"

"You know well enough. Your memory's getting so bad. Of course, you don't mean it; you wouldn't do that. But you're forgetting to ask me a whole lot of questions, dropping a lot of words, wriggling all over, to say nothing of forever backing me upstage."

"Of course, I didn't mean it, Jack," she answered meekly, near to tears.

"I know it, my dear; for if you did, I know a lot of tricks too. But that wouldn't get us anything—fighting each other. Mr. Erlanger would walk in some night, and after watching us for a while, he'd say: 'Go out and get me a couple of actors that know how to speak their lines.'"

For the rest of that season this lady turned over a new leaf.

A Hidden Hiss

But most of the stars I've known and played with—those I've spoken of already in this article, and others, like Julia Sanderson, Ernest Glendinning, Oscar Shaw, Elsie Ferguson, Louise Dresser, Bessie McCoy, Hal Ford, Ernest Torrence, George MacFarlane—have been unselfish. One for all and all for one, is the motto of real troupers.

But to get back to those folks out front. You may not have to fight them, but you do have to get by such things as a man taking out his watch in Row B, another in Gallery A taking out his newspaper, and snores. You can notice these discouraging things, too, no matter how far back. Though in some theaters you can see clearly only as far as the first three or four rows, you are always sensible of things that are derogatory. And in other houses you can actually see clear to the last seat.

To appear to be facing your whole audience, by the way, you do not look down on the orchestra, but on a level with the gallery floor. That way you seem to be taking in each face. And when you change from a small theater to a large one say, from The Princess, seating two hundred and ninety-nine, to the New Amsterdam, with a capacity of seventeen hundred it is only an instinct, a sense of the audience, that will tell you how to pitch your voice. No rules there will help at all.

Besides deliberate thoughtlessness on the part of the spectators, there are other unexpected little things that will throw the actor off, if he will allow them to annoy him. In vaudeville, one split week, I heard a constant hiss all through my act; though most of those out front seemed to be enjoying it. I looked all over for my foe as carefully as I had sometimes tried to trace those little lost laughs. But nowhere, either in gallery, wings or orchestra, could I find him. It was only at the end of the engagement that I discovered the cause. An English actor who followed me with a fishing sketch, while he waited his turn, practiced casting. The unreeling of the lines gave the best imitation of a hiss I ever heard

Again, in the old Fifth Avenue, I was received with laughter, but all in the wrong places. In fact, a gale of it seemed to sweep successively row after row. I hunted that, too; at last to discover Anna Held in Row H. A little marmoset she carried had escaped and was leaping from lap to lap.

But human beings are worse than marmosets; especially those who come in late, after having dined long and well, sometimes eight in a crowd and right in the midst of the action, with their crackling of seats and, "Carrie, you sit there. . . . Eddie, come over here. . . . Leila, can you see? . . . No? Well, ask that man to change. . . . Oh! I stepped on your toes. I'm sorry . . . What? You had no business to stick out your feet, then." All of which can kill every line and laugh for ten minutes.

In The Night Boat we heaped coals of fire on these late comers' heads. We sent out eight of the chorus girls to sing, in the middle of the act, a lyric telling the action and plot that had preceded their arrival. It was such a hit that we summed up again in lyric form in Act II and Act III.

It didn't work out so well always, for chorus girls are merry little devils and would insist on singing the line: "For the benefit of those who came in late!"—as "For the benefit of those who got the gate!" You can't stop them, you know; they are so full of life. Always the stage manager is calling to them as they troop upstairs: "Shut up, you kids! Save that singing for the stage!"

Money No Object

And in Havana, on Saturdays, they changed another lyric, reading: "Ah! Today's fiesta. We greet the merry day!" to "Ah! Today is pay day! We greet the merry day."

No matter how much Cain the manager raised, one or the other, if not all, would shout out this jolly version.

But one couldn't do without them. They add life to a show. Night after night they run off, dripping wet, race up all those flights, change to the skin a dozen times, to come back singing and dancing their little heads off. None of the principals will work so hard for encores. And if they get them, each youngster thinks she was personally responsible. But mind you, in a childlike, delightful, not a conceited way—leave that for their upstage sisters, the show girls!

Sometimes I have seen them faint when they come off after a hard number and many rehearsals, but they always come to and carry on.

After all, it's the things you can't define—magnetism, personality, vitality, pluck—that put things over for chorus or principal. And these things bubble over in their work or play.

Yes, one could tell a lot of tales out of school—of John Drew, as a model young man, driving a cab horse into the old Lambs Club—he wasn't paid for that. Nor that estimable, lovable playwright, Booth Tarkington, either, when he took all our hats—sixty of them—from the check room and bowled them down our marble lobby floor. And why do Wilton Lackaye, Willie Collier, Hap Ward, Jim Corbett, Andy Mack, sit up nights thinking up all those comebacks to try on one another when they get no simoleons for them at all? It's the *joie de vivre*, as the French say, which can't be bottled up, my dears, with either false or true labels.

THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN BANKING

(Continued from Page 25)

Jackson has frequently been called the original 100 per cent American. He had what we moderns would call an antiforeign complex. Though he hated Europe in general, he concentrated on England in particular. Moreover, he had an ingrained prejudice against all banks. The Bank of the United States evoked his ire because its European connections aggravated his most sensitive spot. This is the way it happened:

Nicholas Biddle, a Philadelphian of good family, had been Secretary to James Monroe when the latter was minister to Great Britain.

During this period he established many British connections, which he capitalized to legitimate advantage when he became associated with the second Bank of the United States, first as director and later as president.

To a considerable extent he helped to establish the bridge of credit, as it was called, between Great Britain and the United States in that earlier period of expansion when British capital flowed in to build our canals, finance our railways, and replenish the coffers of our states. He interested English capitalists in the bank itself, until, in 1828, 79,153 shares of the stock were in British hands.

In Jackson's eyes, Biddle and the Bank of the United States represented an alliance with a foreign power. Old Hickory became its sworn foe. The battle between Biddle and the homespun chief executive plunged the whole national fiscal structure into bitter conflict and confusion. Jackson withdrew the government funds and sought to embarrass the institution at every turn. The inevitable result was the failure of the bank to have its charter renewed in 1836.

Biddle then got a charter from the state of Pennsylvania and the bank became the Bank of the United States, of Pennsylvania. He was now free to expand his relations with Britain at full tilt. He increased the number of British stockholders in his bank to 197,557 and sold other American securities by the basketful. He was largely responsible for the first era of Anglo-American financial kinship. Having big vision, he conceived a spectacular scheme to finance a cotton boom with British money, and the British fell for it.

The panic of 1837 and the after effects wrecked the proposition. Together with the repudiation of the debts by various American states which followed soon after, it started the first European financial reaction against the United States, which was to be revived when the Allied debts reached a show-down after the World War.

This necessarily brief reference to the rise and fall of the second Bank of the United States is an essential link in the story of American banking, because it shows how politics continued to dog the path long after the revolutionary currency convulsions had subsided. It may be regarded merely as an interlude. To resume the chronological story of banking is to take us back to the most picturesque episode, perhaps, of that entire early financial era.

You will recall that when the Bank of New York was organized in 1784 the Federalists controlled the state legislature, with Hamilton in the saddle. In this circumstance it was impossible for the Republicans to get their foot inside the banking door, so to speak, regardless of public necessity. This is why the Bank of New York, as far as Manhattan was concerned, had the field to itself for fifteen years. A branch of the first Bank of the United States existed, but it was also dominated by the Federalists, thus reënforcing the barrier to any kind of non-Federalist banking intrusion.

The Federalists did not reckon with the craft and cunning of Aaron Burr. After his presidential aspiration, his next greatest

Continued on Page 213

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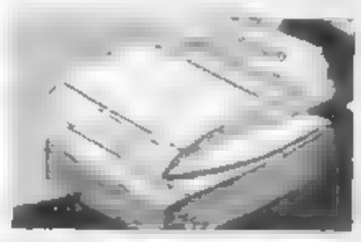

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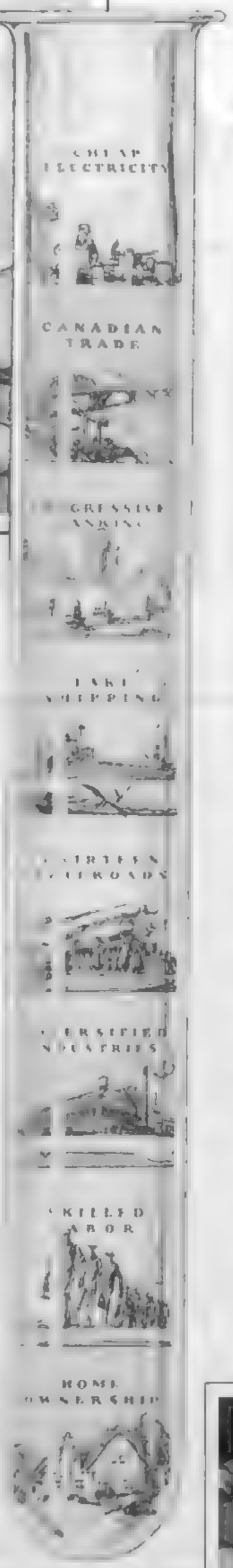

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GREAT REGION

AN economic map of this country shows several well-defined marketing areas. In each of these areas there is at least one outstanding bank. Such regional banks are literally focal points where the commerce and industry of their respective districts meet in almost daily contact.

It is sound policy for corporations to divide their organizations into sales groups to conform to the economic marketing areas of the country. It is just as logical to make use of regional banks. The manufacturer profits directly by the influence and contacts that such an outstanding local institution has with local companies and individuals.

The Marine is accepted throughout the country as the regional bank of the vast marketing area in which Buffalo is the dominant center. Its importance is mirrored in its capital, surplus and undivided profits of over $28,000,000 and its resources of over $250,000,000.

(Continued from Page 210)

ambition was to start a bank in New York City. He realized this latter desire because fate played into his hands, as you will now see.

In the summer and autumn of 1798 a severe epidemic of yellow fever swept New York City. People died by the score. The situation became so critical that an organized effort was made to trace the source of the devastating plague. It was decided that the cause lay in an unsanitary water supply. The root of the trouble having been located, public sentiment demanded a remedy. With it came Burr's great chance. He became a member of a group of public-spirited citizens whose object was to obtain a system that would provide wholesome water. The city council was without authority to charter such a company and application had to be made to the legislature.

Burr had taken a conspicuous part in the yellow-fever investigation and was charged with the duty of preparing a charter for a water company. Under his direction the document granting the Manhattan Company the privilege of supplying New York with "pure and wholesome water" was framed and granted by the legislature without bicker or delay in 1799. It was the one occasion where Federalist political partisanship was balked. It could not operate against the life of the whole community. The common welfare was too much involved.

A Joker in the Charter

Everything functioned beautifully. The Manhattan Company was duly organized as water purveyor, with Daniel Ludlow, one of the greatest merchants of the time, as president. Scores of substantial citizens became stockholders and were identified with the undertaking.

It is interesting to note as we go along that New York's first water supply flowed through bored pine logs. Lateral lead pipes carried the water into the houses. Payment was based on the number of fireplaces in the house. A residence of four fireplaces, for instance, paid five dollars a year. Ships were supplied from a fountain at the foot of Dey Street. Previous to this time their water had to be hauled in barrels for a considerable distance.

Before long the political opposition discovered that Burr had put something over on them. In shaping the charter he fixed the authorized capital of the Manhattan Company at $2,000,000. He further inserted a clause which permitted the company to employ any surplus "in the purchase of public or other stock or in any other money transactions not inconsistent with the laws of this state or of the United States."

Here was a neat little joker, and for the following reason: Water supply was then more or less primitive compared with that of the present time. Any extended system such as New York contemplated was in the nature of an innovation. Hence there was no definite way of determining the exact cost. By putting in a provision to employ the surplus for financial operations, Burr reckoned on a considerable left-over with which to start a bank.

The plan succeeded. As soon as it became definitely known that the water system would not exhaust the available capital the directors voted to open an office of Discount and Deposit, using the surplus as provided by the charter. In this way the Bank of the Manhattan Company was launched in 1799. It continues in existence, and is the oldest bank in the United States operating under its original charter.

As was the case with the Bank of New York, a distinguished group of individuals rallied around the Bank of the Manhattan Company. It not only included the Astors, Rhinelanders, Beekmans and Varicks, who were to become the great landed proprietors, but men like John Aspinwall, who pioneered our trade with Russia; the Costers, who were merchant princes; Robert Livingston, who financed Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat; and John Stevens, who put the first steam packet in the transatlantic service.

Another development in the long history of the Bank of the Manhattan Company is worthy of comment. In 1803 Alexander Hamilton drew up the articles of incorporation of The Merchants Bank of New York. One hundred and seventeen years afterward it was consolidated with the Bank of the Manhattan Company. Thus two historic banks, which had had their inception in the brains of bitter and unrelenting antagonists, were merged for a common purpose.

The more you examine the beginnings of the early New York banks the more you realize how their genesis is linked with momentous events. Take the National City. Its origin was directly related to the dissolution of the first Bank of the United States. It may, therefore, be regarded as an offspring of one of the Hamilton creations.

When the charter of the first Bank of the United States expired in 1811, its branch in New York automatically ceased to exist. The need of a similar institution was apparent. Accordingly, Col. Samuel Osgood, who had been our first Postmaster-General, applied for a charter for a bank. The City Bank, as the present mammoth was first known, came into being in 1812. The initial capital of $800,000 has grown to $100,000,000

With one more bank I can round out the chapter of early New York banking romance. Though other banks had sprung up elsewhere, New York remained the fountainhead of major organization and operation.

Until well into the nineteenth century political intrigue frustrated financial progress. The old hostility held. Because of Burr's artifice in order to project the Bank of the Manhattan Company, every charter was now carefully combed for a joker.

In consequence, what is now the Chemical National Bank had to begin its corporate existence as an industrial concern. Its charter, granted in 1823, stated specifically that the Chemical Manufacturing Company "shall not engage in any banking business or transaction excepting such as may be proper and necessary to carry into effect the declared objects of this act."

The Chemical Manufacturing Company, therefore, devoted its first year to the preparation of drugs. Unlike the pioneer banks born of the vision of Hamilton and Burr, it enlisted no blue bloods. Grocers and druggists rubbed shoulders in the first board meeting. One of the early stockholders, by the way, was J. Fenimore Cooper, whose Indian tales still delight the heart of both young and old.

Banking Steps Forward

In 1824 the Chemical Manufacturing Company obtained an amendment to its charter enabling the directors to engage in a general banking business. It was secured with great difficulty, because the legislature still had a grouch against banks. The Burr episode rankled. By such roundabout methods was the Chemical National Bank founded. In later years it was to become the depository of America's shrewdest woman financier, Hetty Green. Being one of the largest stockholders and likewise one of the thriftiest of souls, she made her office in the bank and thus saved rent.

Since the enactment of the Federal Reserve legislation in 1913 represents the most constructive step in the history of American banking and is, therefore, worthy of detailed analysis, the intervening years must be more or less hurdled. From 1825 until the Civil War was in full swing currency chaos obtained. What an observer calls "the babel of bank notes" made banking a riot of indiscriminate issues of paper money. Instability ruled because there was very little specie—that is, hard cash—with which to redeem it. A bank would emit notes and send them to a remote place for circulation. Communication was difficult, and it was a long time before they came home for payment. Banks were also set up in distant localities to evade redemption of their notes. This procedure gave rise to what came to be known as the "wildcat" and "saddlebag" bank. The first type got its name from the popular conception that it was located in a wilderness where only the wild cats could molest it. The word "saddlebag" was fastened on a bank whose notes were so numerous that they had to be conveyed in the saddlebags of the times.

It followed that the notes of a Boston bank were rejected in Philadelphia and vice versa. They could be redeemed—then with the utmost difficulty—only at the source. The same state of affairs obtained to a degree in France during the World War. Cities like Brest, Bordeaux and Lyons issued their own bank notes, which were often given elsewhere to unsuspecting foreign travelers, who found them practically worthless unless they were employed in the places whose name they bore. The victims, however, were not subjected to the same hardships that were visited upon Americans of the 30's and 40's. In Vermont a man from Boston was arrested for demanding specie for a Massachusetts bank note.

Circulation and Solvency

The confusion in bank notes was paralleled by a kindred lack of unity in banking operation. This brings us to the crux of the matter. Each state had its own banking laws, with distinctive reserve requirements, such as they were. When panic broke money ran to cover. Every bank concentrated on its own safety, without the slightest regard for the larger fiscal security, to say nothing of coincident business dislocation. With the discovery of gold in California, the gridironing of the country with railways and the inrush of foreign capital, the economic framework demanded some degree of coördinated banking effort, but it remained elusive.

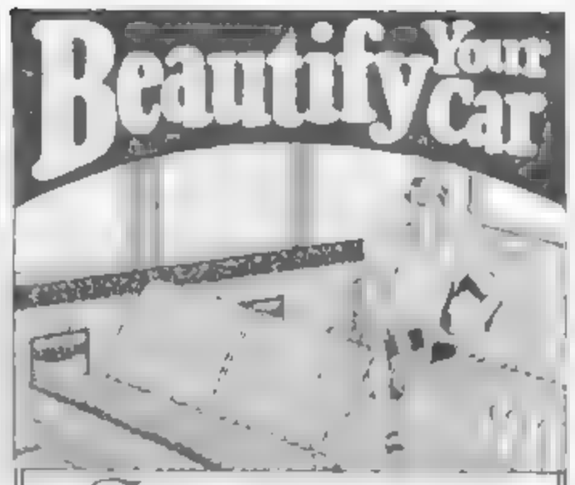
Amid such disorganized conditions it was easy for a bank to camouflage its real condition. Banks became speculators on a wide scale, using borrowed funds for which they were not required to make any report. The establishment of the first clearing house in New York in 1853 put a check on this practice. There was more publicity for bank affairs, but the lack of cohesion continued. In 1860 the clearing-house loan certificate, best defined as "an emergency interbank asset currency," was introduced. It was a temporary substitute for money and came to be used by the banks in settling their balances with the clearing house. In later panics it proved its worth in easing financial stringency.

The Civil War was responsible for two important developments. When it broke there was still no centralized control in banking. Note issue went on at top speed. The greenback, as it was called, covered a multitude of financial sins. In his first report to Congress, in 1861, Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, summed up the situation in this way:

> The value of the existing currency depends on the laws of thirty-four states and the character of some sixteen hundred corporations. It is usually furnished in greatest proportion by institutions of least actual capital. Circulation commonly is in inverse ratio to solvency. Well-founded institutions of large and solid capital have in general comparatively little circulation, while weak corporations almost invariably seek to sustain themselves by obtaining from the people the largest possible credit in this form.

The first ray of light came with the enactment of the National Bank Act in 1863. Under it the present-day national bank was authorized, with some kind of governmental supervision. The most important clause enabled national banks to issue circulation against government bonds. This not only gave government securities an established market but put actual equity behind bank notes.

The measure was opposed by the state banks because it cut in on what had been their exclusive preserve. The National Bank Acts continued as the most important instruments in our banking system



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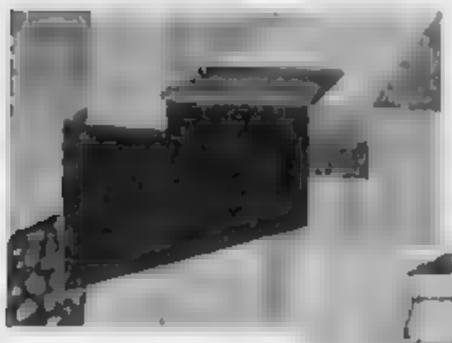

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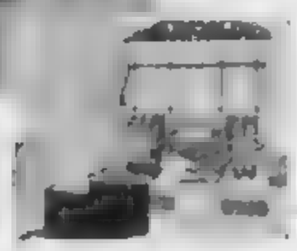

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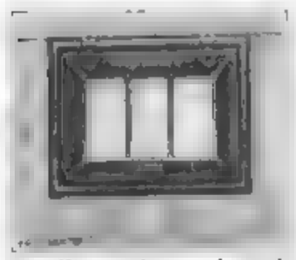

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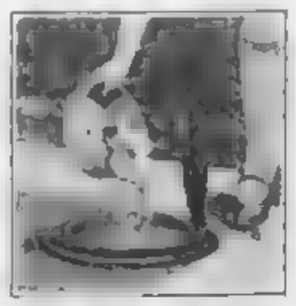

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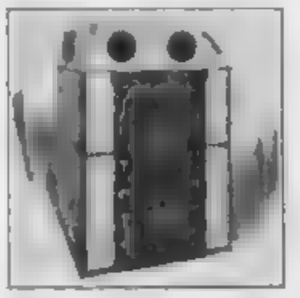

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until the Federal Reserve Law wrote the Magna Charta for a new banking stability and freedom.

The second Civil War financial innovation was directly due to the prize banker salesman of his time, Jay Cooke. When you hark back to the glowing period of our participation in the World War, when the country rallied to the Liberty Bond campaigns with wholehearted patriotism and swept sales over the top, it is difficult to believe that there was any time in our history when a government war bond had to be boosted by artificial stimulus. Such, however, was the case in the early 60's, when Lincoln was trying to finance the integrity of the Union.

Defects in the System

The first bonds had almost a cold reception. The Government then engaged Cooke to take charge of the selling. He was the first to realize that the only way to put over an issue of this kind was through advertising. He organized what modern business calls a selling campaign and capitalized print and personality to the limit. He pioneered the present process of high-powered press-agenting in big finance. Before long government securities were selling like those proverbial hot cakes. On some days a total sale of $2,000,000 was rolled up.

With the close of the Civil War the struggle for sound money began. By sound money is meant, of course, a currency based on a gold standard. We had become great producers of silver. The silver issue now assumed the star part in complicating the banking situation. That well-known "crime of 1873" put the silver dollar into temporary eclipse and brought the demagogue to the front, there to remain until McKinley's election made the country safe for a gold basis.

Disquieting as was the long silver agitation, it was not a patch on the disorganization that infected the banking structure. The panic of 1907 revealed its ineptitude. Under the prevailing system most of the money of the so-called country banks—that is, the banks outside the great national reserve centers—dumped their money into a comparatively few great New York banks. Much of this was converted into call loans and fed stock-exchange speculation. The rise of trust companies and their intimate relationship with these banks had brought about a system of interlocking directorates which formed what was nothing more or less than a huge money trust, linked to the old Standard Oil combine, the insurance companies, and later to the first of the great industrial combines, like the United States Steel Corporation. Wall Street was the one great reservoir of capital, exercising the prerogatives of a dictator. When hard times descended the rest of the country was absolutely helpless.

The piling up of an immense quantity of cash in a few New York banks also led to the recurrent money famines for seasonal needs such as moving the crop. In the early autumn cash is required for the harvest hands. It streamed out from Wall Street to the South and West, depleting reserves that were necessary for the now-surging industrial expansion. Money became tight and high. When panic came, Uncle Sam was the one best bet, because he was compelled to hurl government money into the breach.

Hundreds of national banks throughout the country had ample lawful reserves, but they could not be mobilized to confute the forces of panic. We did not have a central note-issuing bank with which each individual banking community could rediscount its eligible paper and thus obtain needful funds. Banks were practically dependent upon their own resources.

Up to 1914 our banking leaned too heavily on government resources. There were three other outstanding defects—namely, unsatisfactory reserve requirements with which to meet emergency, and what economists call inelasticity of deposits and of note issues. As Mr. Scrogg put it in the book to which I have already referred: "One part of the reserves was too much concentrated, and the other part was too widely disseminated, to permit the machinery to function efficiently whenever there was unusual stress at any given point."

A fourth flaw—it was really a major deficiency—related to our utter lack of machinery in the matter of commercial paper. As early as 1900, Paul Warburg—destined to have such a large part in the framing of the Federal Reserve scheme—made this illuminating comment:

> It is a strange fact that, while in the development of all other commercial phenomena the United States has been foremost, the country should have progressed to so slight an extent in the form of its commercial paper. The United States is, in fact, at about the same point that had been reached by Europe at the time of the Medicis, and by Asia, in all likelihood, at the time of Hammurabi. Most of the paper taken by the American banks still consists of simple promissory notes, which rest only on the credit of the merchant who makes the notes, and which are kept until maturity by the bank or corporation that discounts them. If rediscounted at all, they are generally passed on without indorsement, and the possibility of selling any note depends on the chance of finding another bank which may be willing to give the credit. The consequence is that, while in Europe the liquid assets of the banks consist chiefly of bills receivable, long and short, which thus constitute their quickest assets, the American bank capital invested in commercial notes is virtually immobilized.

This state of affairs meant that we were handicapped in the financing of our foreign trade, which had become a big item. Our inability to negotiate dollar acceptances made London the hub of world commerce. The Southern cotton grower, for instance, had to conduct his Liverpool transaction in pounds sterling. This is why the pound ruled the international financial roost. Furthermore, the acceptance is a document which can be rediscounted and made the source of funds. Thus we were deprived of two substantial financial benefits which London enjoyed.

An Elastic Currency

The Federal Reserve System remedied every one of the four defects that I have indicated. It provided for a consistently elastic currency and the rediscounting of commercial paper. A bank can now expand its notes when emergency requires and retire them when the need is past. There is no longer seasonal shortage. Instead of going into hiding in times of pressure, money emerges to do its full work.

Because the Federal Reserve Act has made such a monumental contribution to our economic well-being we may appropriately round out the section about it with a comparison which will also disclose its functions.

The one unifying influence in American banking prior to 1914 was the National Bank Acts. This, however, was not an organic banking system in the sense of setting up an interrelated mechanism among banks by which they could coöperate along scientific reserve lines to prevent critical financial conditions. As I have already pointed out, one of the chief purposes of the National Bank Acts was to create a market for government bonds. They gave national banks the exclusive privilege of issuing their own notes, secured dollar-for-dollar by certain issues of Federal government bonds. The volume of national-bank circulation brought into existence did not represent the monetary needs of business but merely the face value of the bonds deposited in the Treasury as security. An inelastic currency was therefore created. The fact to emphasize is that while the National Bank Acts established certain standard lines of banking practice, they did not create a central reserve banking system.

It remained for the Federal Reserve Law to accomplish this all-important purpose. Central-reserve banking is recognized as the only scientific system for a nation. The Federal Reserve Law is something of a modification of European practice in this

(Continued on Page 217)

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(Continued from Page 214)

field. Instead of establishing a single central bank to act as a reserve bank for bankers throughout the country, it created twelve Federal Reserve banks in as many financial centers, districting the country into twelve reserve jurisdictions. Each of these institutions acts as a central-reserve bank for the banks in its territory. Thus our banking has achieved what might be called a geographical financial democracy, self-sufficient and equipped to cope with any situation.

The Federal Reserve System also constitutes a mechanism whereby the currency in circulation may be expanded through the issuance of Federal Reserve notes when the exigencies of business demand an increase in the circulating medium. By the opposite process circulation may be contracted when business requirements grow less. Summed up, the system has definitely placed the preponderant portion of American banking—more than 60 per cent of the banking power of the country is comprised in it—upon the coherent and self-conscious reserve basis.

The rediscount privilege under the Federal Reserve Law alone would justify its existence. The use of dollar commercial bills has fortified our exports and made our money market international in scope, projecting New York as a rival of London as a world clearing house. The volume of dollar acceptances has passed the billion mark and is equal to that of the British capital.

A further safeguard reposing in the Federal Reserve System grows out of its control over the money market. In times of frenzied speculation such as we have lately witnessed, it can raise the discount rate and check the diversion of funds from legitimate commercial needs to hectic stock operations.

The best tribute to the efficacy of the Federal Reserve System is that no panic has developed since its inception. We had a period of deflation when the postwar boom collapsed in 1920 and a jolt of sorts in 1926 when there was a halt in motor and other output. Without the Federal Reserve System the 1926 crisis would have been nationwide. Instead, it was a silent recession of which the public was scarcely aware.

Fewer But Stronger Banks

Although the Federal Reserve System began to function in 1914, its real strength has only manifested itself during the past five years. It was of vital assistance during the war when, in cooperation with the Bank of England, it steadied the Allied financial offensive. Throughout the entire period of postwar readjustment it likewise reenforced the growing international responsibilities of American banking and industry. I have previously indicated how the expanding volume of dollar acceptances gives us a strong world commercial position.

It is on the remarkable evolution in banking since 1923 that we will now dwell for a moment. These five years, with their unparalleled coöperation between capital and labor for mass production and mass earnings, have brought about a complete transformation of the American money map. The figures tell an impressive story.

On June 30, 1923, there were 30,178 banks of all kinds in the United States, with total resources of $54,034,911,000 and $6,806,000,000 in capital funds. Today we have 26,213 banks, but with resources of $71,574,328,000 and capital funds aggregating $8,897,412,000. In other words, with 3965 fewer banks, resources have increased by $17,539,417,000 and capital funds by $2,091,412,000. Whereas the theoretical average bank of 1923 had total resources of $1,790,000 and capital funds of $225,500, the theoretical average bank of 1928 had resources of $2,730,000 and capital funds of $339,400. The average bank of 1928, therefore, was larger than the average bank of 1923 by $940,000, or 52 per cent, in point of resources, and by $113,900, or 50 per cent, in the matter of capital funds. The net result is fewer but stronger banks.

Three factors—failures, voluntary liquidations and consolidations—have wrought this change. We will take them up in order.

Investigations made to discover the causes of bank failures disclosed that they were due to an excess of banks in communities with insufficient sound business to support them all; to capital funds inadequate to meet adverse conditions, especially agricultural; and to the entry into the banking business of many persons unqualified to be bankers. Despite these conditions failures decreased about 60 per cent in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928. Voluntary liquidations were attributed, in many instances, to legitimate retirement of bankers from active business or the consolidation of existing institutions into larger groups.

Banks to Fit the Country

What may be termed the era of consolidations deserves special comment. Never before in the history of our banking has there been such a vast combine movement. Nearly every banking entity from small country institution to huge metropolitan Gibraltar of finance has caught the merger fever. It is, of course, part of the nationwide tendency toward fusion, which has brought the automobile and kindred industries into leviathan units. As American business develops, the banks must keep pace. Hence big-scale banking.

In country districts the mergers, consolidations and absorptions have been consummated to a large extent to correct overbanked situations, eliminating uneconomic or redundant units, thus gaining the economies of reduced overhead and at the same time avoiding the evils of cutthroat competition for necessarily limited business. This has come about through voluntary agreements among local banks or at the sometimes mandatory instigation of state banking authorities, whose policy is to force out the weak sisters.

The really spectacular aspect of the situation has been in the big cities, where another type of merger has become a chronic first-page newspaper story. Here we get into the realm of dazzling figures. The sweeping consolidations going on among huge metropolitan banks have created tremendous aggregations of banking capital and rapidly increased the half-billion and billion-dollar institutions to such an extent that some have become financial mastodons.

In this type of merger the motivating factor has not been the correction of a weak banking situation—banking is always strong in the great cities—but the establishment of more powerful engines. On one hand you have as compelling motive the thirst for power and greatness among bankers who see the opportunity to work in large terms if they have the adequate means at their command. On the other is recognition by banking leaders of the fact that the dimensions in which modern business is cast make more massive machinery imperative. Therefore, they are building billion-dollar banks for a billion-dollar country.

This means that credit requirements have been stepped up. Where city banks were formerly satisfied with loans in fractions of millions, they now require loans in fractions of billions. The law in respect to national banks, and also to the banks in many state jurisdictions, demands that a bank must not lend an amount greater than the equivalent of 10 per cent of its capital and surplus to a single interest. To illustrate: A bank with capital and surplus of $2,000,000 cannot under these restrictions lend more than $200,000 to one customer. Banks with capital and surplus running to fifty, seventy-five or one hundred million dollars can lend, respectively, as much as five, seven and a half or ten million to a single borrower. Hence consolidations of two banks with capital funds of $25,000,000 or $50,000,000 each into single institutions with capital funds of $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 place the resulting unit in a position to extend immense credit lines to great corporations in a single transaction. It saves the borrowers the expense and trouble of getting their loans piecemeal from a number of minor sources. There are now four billion-dollar banks in the United States, several others near this mark and a number of half or three-quarter-billion-dollar units.

Practically every city of importance throughout the country has registered notable banking mergers. In New York the absorption by an outstanding bank of a number of institutions represents resources in excess of $1,800,000,000 and capital funds of more than $166,000,000. A second merger of a trust company and a no less important bank has mobilized resources of $1,430,000,000 and capital funds of $137,000,000. Another combine of the same kind represents total assets of over $2,000,000,000.

The amalgamation impetus has swept Chicago into the billion-dollar-bank class, providing a potent financial service station for the whole Middle West. The fusion of two of the most powerful institutions there has resulted in the piling up of total resources of $1,128,000,000, with capital funds of $140,000,000. A second consolidation of a national-bank group and a well-known trust company brings together resources of more than $600,000,000 and a capitalization of $69,000,000.

As the Branches Spread

San Francisco has become the seat of a unique example of the widespread unification. Through a succession of mergers and absorptions its leading institution now has total resources of $848,000,000 and capital aggregating $106,000,000. Here you have a process differing from what has been going on in other large communities. This entity has been built up mainly through wholesale absorption of smaller banks in towns and cities throughout California, which are now operating as branches of the head institution. Los Angeles has also come into the merging group with a bank whose assets are $600,000,000.

In every other commercial and financial center mergers have brought banking to a size commensurate with the terms in which business is transacted in those places. Boston has two banks with resources of $500,000,000 and $232,000,000 respectively. A consolidation of historically old banks has given Philadelphia a national bank with resources of $373,000,000 and capital funds of $54,000,000, while a Cleveland trust company, as the result of a long series of mergers, has become a $275,000,000 institution. Eight large banks in three Middle Western States have pooled their strength into one bank with resources of $142,000,000. Three banking organizations, again the product of combines, now meet the major requirements of the whole Northwest. An idea of the scope and extent of the movement may be gained when I say that in 1928 fifty-two national banks were consolidated into twenty-six.

But consolidations, as such, have not been the sole contributory factor to the banking advance. In many cases individual banks have expanded the dimensions of their operations through effective branch-banking programs. This falls into two phases. In the California merger that I described the branch banks were the outcome of the absorption of many smaller ones in various parts of the state. Branches are also established through the creation of entirely new offshoots from the parent organization.

Whatever the method of establishment of branch banks may be, the growth of this type of banking has been rapid. In 1900 there were only sixty branch banks in the United States. By 1920 the number had increased to 1052, while at the present time there are upward of 3000 in operation. The San Francisco bank to which allusion has twice been made, alone has 300 branches.

Despite acrimonious opposition on the part of small local institutions which look upon the big fellows' branch proclivities as an octopuslike concentration of power, the

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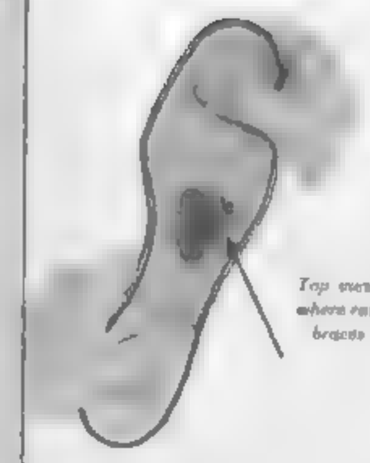

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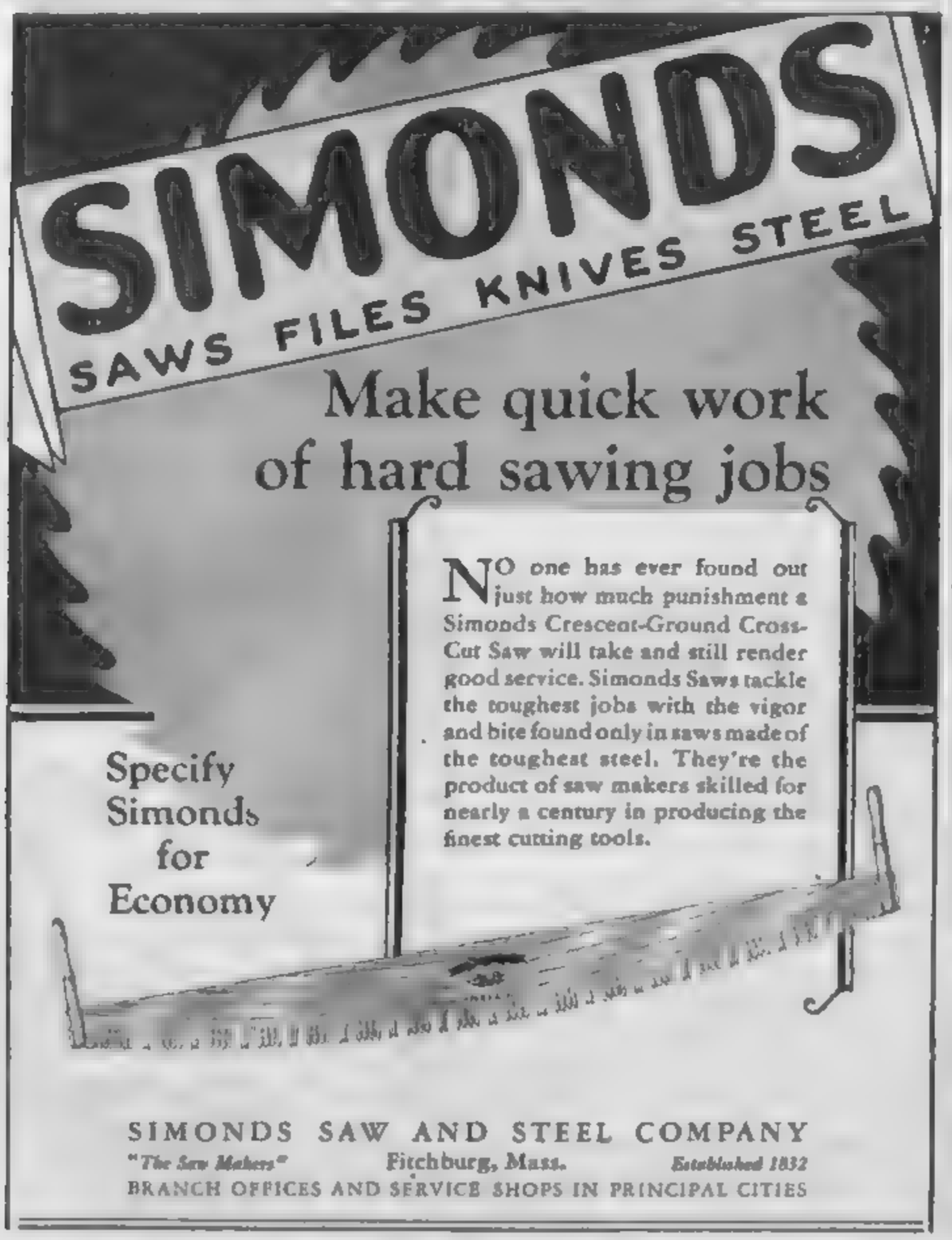
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branch-bank movement may be regarded as an American fixture. It is still prohibited in some states, while in others it is tolerated through the absence of statutes bearing on the subject. The Federal Reserve System, which includes all national banks and some state banks, has recognized branch banking by permitting member banks to conduct subsidiary banks in the home city of the parent bank in those states where the law sets up no obstacle. This permission, however, is restricted by a sliding scale, prescribing the number of branch banks which the main bank may conduct. It is based on the population of the city in which it operates. One branch is allowed if the community has from 25,000 to 50,000 people, two if the population is from 50,000 to 100,000, and so on.

Compared with British and Canadian banks, our branch-bank movement is in its infancy. Each one of the so-called Big Five banks of London has almost as many subsidiaries as we had in the whole United States in 1920. The Canadian banks have 4145 branches.

Another agency for expansion is what has come to be known as department-store banking. This has nothing whatever to do with the great merchandise emporiums that tower over the main streets of every one of our cities. It means the bringing together of all the specialized forms of financial operation under one roof.

Formerly commercial banks were generally restricted to commercial operations—that is, the acceptance of checking accounts, the discounting of customers' notes for business purposes, and the granting of loans to industrial and business concerns. Within the past few years state and Federal laws regulating commercial banks have been broadened so that this type of bank can now conduct savings departments, trust departments, and more extensive operations in investments.

The Backbone of the Nation

In consequence, a big modern bank now conducts under a single charter all types of banking, which include commercial banking, savings banking, investment banking, and trust activities. The Comptroller of the Currency reports that 2373 national banks, representing 73 per cent of the capital in the national-bank field, have been authorized to exercise trust powers. In 1928 they were administering 63,776 trusts expressing $3,297,300,000 in individual trust assets and $7,978,400,000 in corporate issues. The growing employment of trust banking by the general public, notably in big cities, has brought many assets into banks that were formerly kept elsewhere.

Still another medium for expansion is the growth of affiliated finance or investment corporations organized and owned by the banks. This movement gained considerable headway immediately after the war, when we began to be the international financial buffer. European capital was depleted. We had the only available surplus. In consequence what is usually called a securities corporation came into being to underwrite stock and bond issues, mainly in foreign countries. It is a subsidiary company of the parent bank and in some instances has registered an imposing volume of business. The securities end of the greatest of New York banks has become the largest single investment originating and selling agency in the world. Since 1921 it has either originated or sold securities aggregating $3,500,000,000.

This procedure is not confined to New York banks. A great many institutions located in financial centers in other parts of the country, especially Chicago, have their own investment affiliations, with offices in New York and London, which give them direct contact with needs of the whole financial world.

Any survey of the evolution of American banking would be incomplete without a reference to that aspect of its growth which most intimately touches the great mass of the people. When all is said and done, the backbone of a nation's strength is the reservoir of its savings. The ingrained thrift of the French has been the bulwark in many a national crisis. In spite of the superspending in which the United States has indulged since 1920, we can present a record of saving which refutes the charge that we are an extravagant people.

Total savings deposits in banks of all kinds had grown from $15,129,288,000 in 1923 to $28,400,000,000 at the close of the fiscal year of 1928. Embraced in this item are all individual deposits not classified as demand deposits, which, generally speaking, are those subject to immediate withdrawal and bear no interest, or merely a nominal rate.

The savings deposits, therefore, include deposits in savings banks and savings departments of other banks technically subject to withdrawal only upon thirty days' notice and deposited either in the form of pass-book savings accounts, special interest accounts, certificates of deposit or time deposits.

An International Citizen

The dispersion of savings through the various types of banks is shown by the fact that at the close of 1928 there were about $8,000,000,000 in national banks, about $4,000,000,000 in trust companies, $7,000,000,000 in state commercial banks, and between $9,000,000,000 and $10,000,000,000 in mutual and stock savings banks. The analysis by the Savings Bank Division of the Comptroller's office at Washington revealed that, whereas about 25 per cent of total savings deposits lay in national banks in 1926, there were 28.4 per cent in this class of bank in 1928. The national banks, trust companies, and state commercial banks, particularly in the large cities, have been increasing their savings accounts more rapidly than the savings banks. This has contributed to the creation of bigger banks there.

The $28,400,000,000 figure represents only part of the savings strength. It is estimated that if you include money put into building-and-loan associations, wealth hoarded by people who still fear banks, and kindred methods of putting by cash, we have saved a grand total of $60,000,000,000 during the last five years. This is an amount six times as great as all the money—coin and paper—in existence in the United States and twelve times larger than our entire present circulation.

The amazing development of American banking signifies much more than sheer size and power. With growth of resource has come a widening of vision and capacity necessary to meet increasing overseas requirements. We are now a world banker. The dollar is an international citizen. Instead of almost complete dependence upon Europe, there is an elastic self-sufficiency which makes for American financing of American products from mine and mill to the threshold of the ultimate consumer, no matter where he lives.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with international finance. The next and last will be devoted to the international dollar

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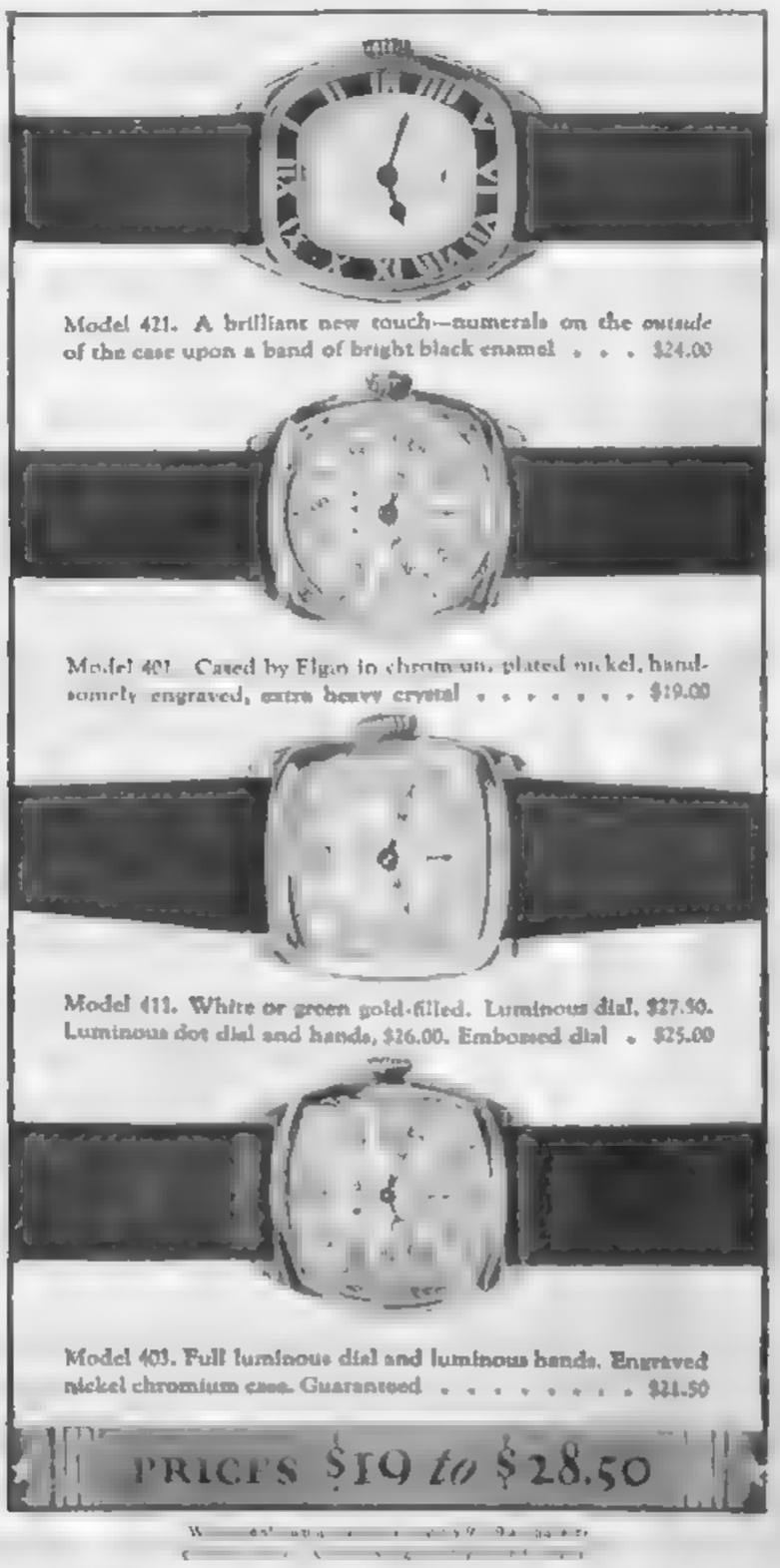
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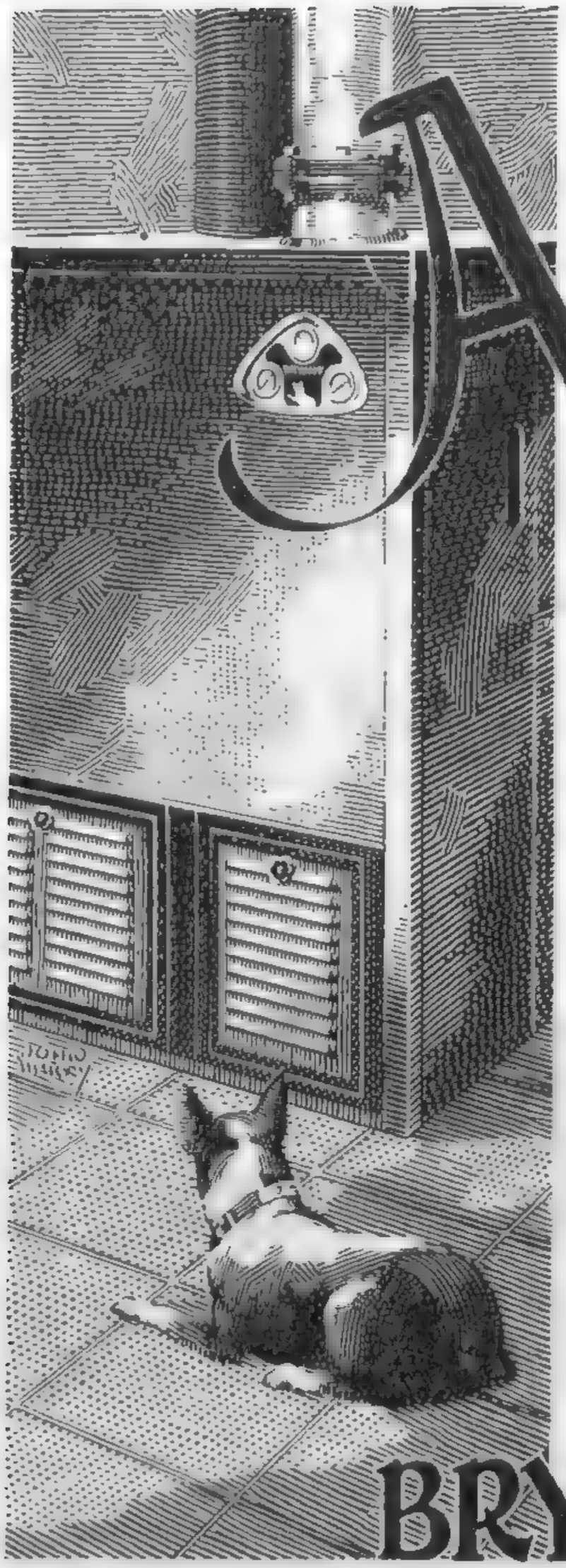

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HARE-RAISING HAZARDS

(Continued from Page 44)

became more fertile; though the wild rabbits usually breed four or five times a year, with four to eight young to a litter, tame rabbits will breed six or seven times, with four to eleven, or even more, young. Popular approval went to the rabbit with longest ears, until finally the famous lop-eared rabbit—probably the first of the fancy—produced ears measuring up to twenty-two inches, and wide in proportion—three times as long as a wild rabbit's. The longer the ears were, the heavier they were, and the increased weight made them lop over, sometimes completely, sometimes in a half lop, with one up and one ear down, or the oar lop, with both ears out broadside, like the oars of a rowboat."

Of course I had myself been more or less familiar with rabbits all my life. It was from Pierre's farm, however, that I realized they could be made to produce sizable profits if properly handled. I wondered if I could do as well in America as he had done in France.

With a little money I had inherited, and my wife's dowry, we traveled to America, and far out into the Southwest, where Pierre's mother was born. We had enough left to pay the first installment on a little house and four-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley, in California, and get started. In those days, I assure you, San Fernando acres didn't bring the prices they command now.

It wasn't long before my wife had her little garden planted—a garden, I noticed, laid out in almost exact imitation of the garden she had left in France. It's funny how inevitably the nostalgia we sometimes stubbornly refuse to admit in speech will break out in some other form of expression in spite of our control. I believe that little garden of hers was the one and only time and way in which Louisa admitted that she, too, just then, felt herself a stranger in a strange land.

My own counterpart of her nostalgia was what, perhaps, made me hurry to materialize my plans for a rabbitry, using nearly $300 of the $700 that was all our remaining capital on pens and hutches alone. I bought a quantity of rough dimension lumber and built, first of all, a forty-foot-square yard, wired on top and a foot into the ground, with kennels for night sleeping rooms. I made three movable pens, eight by four feet, with wire laid along the ground for six inches to prevent digging out, where several litters of young rabbits could get fresh pasturage every day, and more exercise than in the smaller breeding hutches. Small hutches and less exercise, I knew, meant quick meat, but yards or runs and exercise meant better fur and sturdier stock, and I meant to combine both methods. Two single movable hutches, apart from the rest, were the sick bay.

Little Known in America

The breeding hutches clustered, a dozen in a row, two tiers deep, in five rows, on the shadiest part of our land. They were wire fronted and the floors slanted in an automatic cleaning arrangement that let refuse fall through a wire strip at the back to the ground. Every hutch was four feet long, nearly three feet deep and two feet high, with feed troughs and—for all but a dozen of them that constituted what you might call the smoking room—there were little nesting boxes, twelve by fifteen by thirteen inches. I equipped them all with salt spools and racks for the dry hay that should be always before them. Then I judged it was time to lay in a few paying guests.

When we left France, Pierre had given me eight fine Champagne d'Argents, or French Silvers—six does and two bucks—"to start," he told me, "your rabbitry in America." French Silvers were practically unknown in America at that time, but for many years they were bred by Trappist monks at Mortagne, department of the Orne, in France. The dark gray-blue fur, shading into blue black at the tips, with silver-white guard hairs—occasionally black—gave them a lovely lustrous sheen. We had managed to get them through to the Southwest with us without a single fatality.

Not only Champagne d'Argents, I found, but most of the other fancy breeds were little known in America at that time. The majority of rabbits I saw were either Belgian hares or the common white variety—nothing good enough for breeding stock. Finally I heard of a breeder north of Los Angeles who had bought some good stock from Europe the year before. From him I ordered a dozen each of Belgians, Blue Imperials, and Himalayan does, with two bucks apiece; three Angora does and a buck; three old English does and a buck; three Polish and a buck; and three Dutch does, whose milk would probably come in handy for fostering. They were all good rabbits, I was glad to see—erect ears free of canker, full bright eyes, tails and feet straight and well shaped, well colored, with fur in good condition, and, best of all, young, judging from their claws, which were neither long nor coarse.

A Belgian Romance

The Belgians were cheapest—about three dollars apiece—averaging eight pounds in weight—somewhat under the standard ten. The Belgian hare is really, of course, a domestic rabbit, said to have first been bred in England of Belgian stock, but it is so finedrawn and whippetlike that it resembles the more racy build of a wild hare, with the forelegs more than usually long. Fancy Belgians, intended for exhibitions, are carefully bred for a long, lean head and long body, pointed feet, thin ears with good color inside and out, and a distinct black lacing along the edges, a kinkless tail and wild, bold, hazel eyes. Some thirty years ago, the story goes, in England, a consignment of Belgian hares in kindle were bought, and their subsequent progeny dispatched to Manchester market. But Manchester market would have naught to do with them. "They aren't," explained the meat retailer, "hares; neither are they rabbits." One night, however, a doe from that same consignment of Belgians fled from her bedroom via sheet ladder to join a wild young gentleman rabbit in the gypsy life of open fields. Three days later she voluntarily returned, a sadder and a wiser rabbit, to doze sentimentally in her hutch—where food was good and regular—until overtaken, some thirty days later, by maternity. Her sons, who rather favored their father in the matter of short ears, wild color and more active disposition, were mated back again to tame rabbits, and their progeny tested for popularity in another meat market. They were received with great favor.

The Himalayans were pretty little five-pounders; their short, fine coats dazzling white, with black points on ears, tail, nose and feet that made them seem, to me, to resemble Siamese cats. The young, like Siamese kittens, were born all white and took on black points later. The Dutch rabbits were short and cobby, white, with cheek marks and ears of black or steel gray, and a sharply outlined saddle of the same color. The long-haired white Angoras I bought because I knew that European rabbit breeders were selling Angora wool for yarns and fabrics, and I thought there might be a market for them in America. Besides, they were as pretty little things as I'd ever seen, and always salable to the fancy. Smallest of all were the Polish rabbits, typical Easter bunnies, with short, gleaming white coats of rather springy fur, and ruby eyes. Old English—white with distinct dark markings, dark ears and tail—I'd known previously as Butterfly Smuts,

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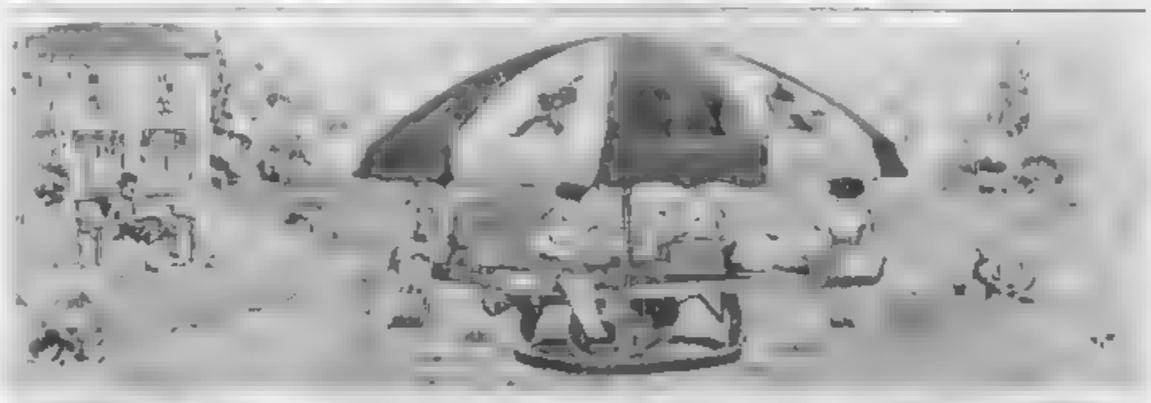

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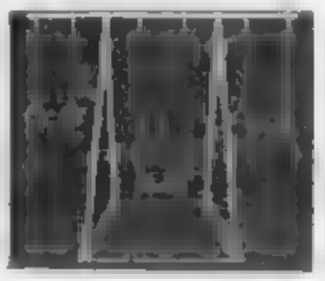

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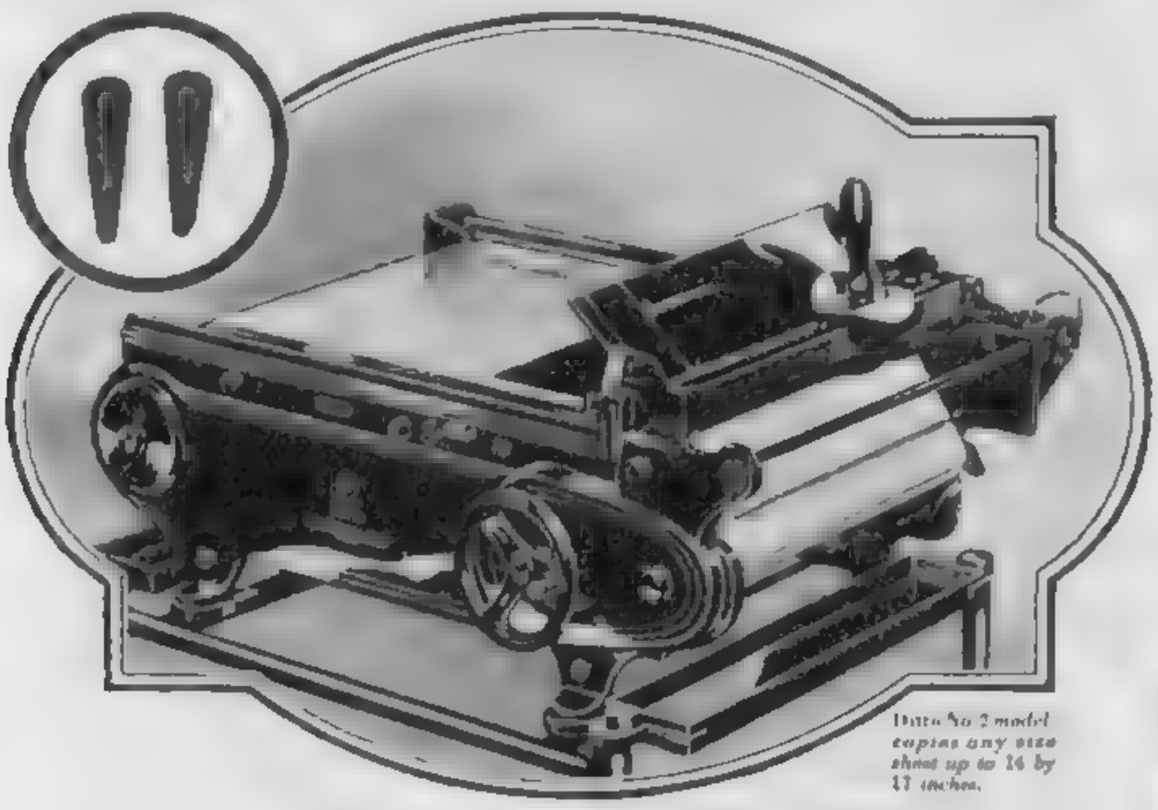

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so-called because of the dark, butterfly-shaped smudge on the nose.

From another progressive breeder, whom I located later in a town near the head of the valley, I bought four Flemish Giants. They cost me twenty dollars, a little more than the four-dollar average I had paid for the other then-little-known varieties. I brought them home with me on the train. Dozing a moment, I was aroused by the shaking voice of a man in the seat behind, speaking with an accent that smacked thickly of antiprohibitionism.

"Sham!" he wailed. "Oh, Sham!" Sound of his companion being violently shaken. "Do—do you shee what I shee?" Opening one eye tentatively, I saw what, so far, only he and Sham saw—four fat rabbits cavorting along the luggage rack. Without sparing time to wonder how on earth they got out of their box, I set out in hasty pursuit, trying at the same time to avoid attention. But across the aisle two children uttered shouts of glee—trust them not to miss anything like that! "Johnnie!" shouted the younger. "Look! Easter bunnies!" At this every passenger in the car craned his or her neck at the scuttling fugitives and three-quarters of them left their seats immediately in pursuit. The conductor, trying to get through the car, was ordered to "Keep out and leave the door shut!" by a portly gentleman who assumed charge of the chase, and there he stayed, on the other side of the door, staring in bewildered consternation at what appeared to him to be a game of Hunt the Peanuts in an insane asylum. There were shouts of: "There he goes!" "Look out! That's my leg!" "I've got him! Oh, no, I haven't!" "There he goes—behind your brief case!" Just before we pulled into the next station the four delinquents were in their box again, their frightened hearts palpitating at far more than their normal 150 beats a minute, and the passengers crowded around to congratulate me and ask a hundred questions.

The kind of rabbit I wanted finally to produce, and the kind most breeders aim toward, is one with firm, fine white flesh, good bone and solid hind quarters, with fur at the same time of a shade and quality useful to furriers. It must not be expensive to feed, must be hardy, breed true to color, and be of a fairly quiet disposition. Nervous animals are likely to stay thin. They must grow quickly, too, for otherwise they will eat up all the producer's profit. Slow-growing animals, besides, are frequently coarse-fleshed.

A Peek at the World Outside

The outlay for these rabbits—more than two hundred dollars—made me realize more fully than I had before how precariously slender was my margin of surplus capital. Of the brave money with which, counting ourselves so wealthy, we had started from France—almost $2000 in gold—we had, when the first feed bill was paid and I was ready to start breeding, barely $150 left. Nor could we count on any income for at least three months. However, there was nothing to do but go on.

As soon as my sixty-five rabbits were well up to weight, I lightly turned the thoughts of the does toward love. It was only first or second season for all of them, and I could expect maximum prolificacy. By the third week the does were making their nests of hay wisps in the nesting boxes, and a day or two before the young were due, much plucking of breast and foreleg was in process to line the nests. Just about a month after breeding, the naked, helpless, sightless baby rabbits appeared. Scrubs were weeded out and each doe was left with not more than five to raise. Dutch fosters took care of surplus young from particularly valuable, overlarge litters. Of the 300-odd young rabbits that were produced, I saved and raised nearly 200, which, in four or five days, put on their first woolly undercoat, and in nine their topcoats. In ten days their eyes began to open, and when they were two weeks old they judged it was time to investigate—most warily—the world outside their nesting boxes. Much wabbling of lips and twitching of ears went on, but at the slightest motion they could vanish as instantly and completely as a school of fish. Mother's feed trough began to be interesting about the fourth week, and by the sixth they were ready to begin on real, grown-up food.

By eight weeks they could be let out for exercise in pen or yard, and when the bucks were out it was fun to watch them. Most of them would hop around inquisitively; some sat basking in the sun, ears laid back placidly. Others would watch events outside the yard, ears alertly erect or separated, one forward, one back, like an inquiring mare. A few would be occupied with vigorous washing of faces with both front paws or pushing an ear forward with the hind foot for convenient licking. Bits of lettuce were munched, the leaf disappearing with great sidewise motion of jaws and twitching of lips that made them look like unhappy dinner guests in the throes of noodle soup. Now and then there would be battles to stir the heart of a Fitzsimmons. People usually think of rabbits as timid creatures, and so they are, but the young males, and old ones, too, have a fighting streak that sometimes shows itself in fierce conflict. They are capable of giving an injury that is not to be sneezed at.

Spoiling a Good Reputation

One of my Belgian bucks got loose during the first month and attacked a broom which I had just used to clean out another buck's cage and had propped up in a corner. He worried it viciously. In a moment the air around him was filled with flying wisps of straw, as well as his own fur, and in five minutes he had shorn that unfortunate besom of its crowning glory and general utility. Another time I let a gentleman Silver have the run of the back yard for a little while, and a stray white Leghorn hen attracted his attention. He caught it once, but it got away. After that he would freeze until it settled, then make for it like a shot out of a gun, sending the unhappy hen squawking up into the air. As soon as she was quiet again, the process would be repeated. You'd never be able to persuade that hen that rabbits are timid animals and nothing to be afraid of.

At another time a little Himalayan doe, living on the middle floor of a three-story breeding hutch, bit me quite painfully one morning because I had just fed the lady upstairs and my hand smelled of the other doe. I have often seen bucks vanquish cats by jumping over them and kicking violently backward with their powerful hind legs and sharp claws. I once saw one of my bucks kill a snake that way, and on still another occasion I had my arm really torn by a vicious old buck I had angered.

How we got through those three months, until the youngsters were old enough to market as fryers, I do not know. We lived on nothing—radishes and lettuce from my wife's garden, wild mustard from the surrounding fields, which makes a fine greens, somewhat resembling spinach. The feed-store proprietor proved a friend in need, and advanced us hay and grain as needed, telling us that young people willing to work as hard as we did were the best risk in the world. But I would never advise any other novice to start in on as large a scale as we did without more capital.

You often find that a period of time that seems to have cost you too high in worry and hard work has really paid more than you realized at the time in pleasure and profit. It was that way with my first year in Southern California; as I look back on it, it was one of the hardest and one of the pleasantest I ever lived through. Not expecting my young rabbitry to make money immediately—I believe few businesses make money until the third year—as soon as we began to sell off the marketable youngsters and get a living income, I began to put every extra cent into expanding

(Continued on Page 225)

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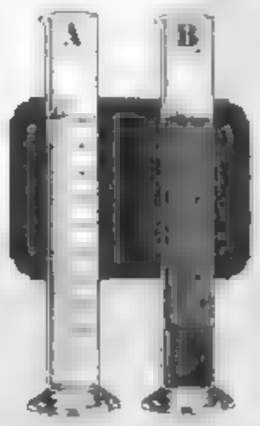

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(b) Water from the same radiator after Purgo had been left in 24 hours. It is 20% rust, slime and sludge.

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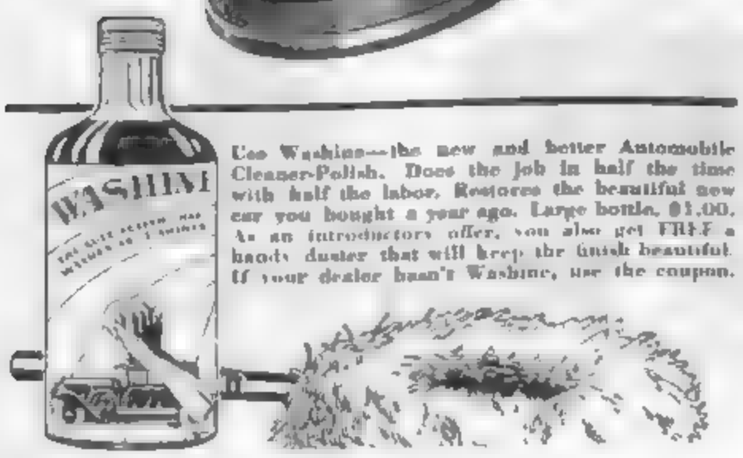

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BOLTS, NUTS AND RIVETS

(Continued from Page 222)

my homemade equipment and improving it, and feeling my way into the market. As I began to investigate the situation in America more thoroughly I was somewhat taken aback by the difference between conditions over here and those in France. I was assailed with qualms because I had, evidently, rushed in where most sensible Americans had feared to tread.

Poverty and restricted conditions, I knew, early forced peasants in France and Belgium and Holland to eat rabbits for food, and they soon saw the advantage of raising them themselves. More than thirty years ago Belgium was raising 2,200,000 rabbits a year. In Great Britain, where they prefer gamier stock, $4,500,000 worth was imported from Australia. But in America, as early colonists pushed farther and farther westward, the jack-rabbit hare and the cottontail, the varying hare in white winter coat, and the snowshoe, its spreading toes covered with coarse hair, fled in multitudes before them. Or didn't flee, but stayed to be the farmer's pest and spring destroyer of bark and alfalfa and corn. Pasturing where sheep and cows would be pastured, it is estimated that nine wild rabbits can make away with enough feed for one cow, and five for one sheep. Occasionally wild rabbits would undermine buildings with their burrowing. Great drives were held to destroy them; railroad trains would be brought to a stop while cattlemen and cowboys drove multitudes of exiled "prairie mules" in headlong flight across the tracks, and on one occasion a stage was held up by a band of fleeing jacks, and the horses terrified into a run-away that carried them clear through the next town—which was waiting for its mail—without a stop. Northern and Southwestern states began to offer bounties for jack-rabbit and wild-rabbit pelts, and they were brought in by the thousand. Such drives are still held today in many of the Western States.

While American rabbits were falling more and more under agricultural opprobrium, Australia was struggling under a similar burden. From seven rabbits, brought from England and liberated near Invercargill, New Zealand, around 1860, sprang the hordes that menaced crops and drove farmers to desperate measures. Nothing discouraged the rabbits, however; they multiplied like lightning calculators, until Australia abandoned the poisons and traps that had proved futile and took to fencing in every bit of property, and fencing water holes. Rabbits became as popular in Australia and New Zealand as the boll weevil in Georgia. Every year hundreds of thousands went to England to become smoked rabbit or rabbit sausage.

The Belgian-Hare Boom

Back in America, wild-rabbit pelts were so easily obtainable that farmers couldn't get enough for them to pay for the trouble of preparing them. They were thinner and weaker than domesticated stock, and the meat was different. It was of a gamier flavor, and, in the case of hares and jack rabbits, brown and tough. You could boil it till the cows came home without making much impression, and you were always fearful of hearing the thud of No. 6 shot striking your plate in the middle of a fricassee. Americans scarcely realized the fact—which Europe had discovered long since—that a carefully bred young hutch rabbit isn't going to taste any more like wild jack rabbit than spring lamb tastes like bear meat. The prejudice the meat-eating public early formed against rabbit meat disregarded the fact that domestic rabbit tastes more like chicken than wild hare. Belgian hare and New Zealand Reds average 122 more calories a pound than broiler chicken, and only 83 less than forequarter of veal.

The famous Belgian hare boom in America in the early years of this century, that brought the first standardized breed of tame rabbit into the United States and was advertised with expositions devoted to the one breed alone, didn't last long. While it was at its height you would pay up to $100 a pair for good Belgians, and there is a record of one case in which a pair brought $265. Good types of the new breed were stolen from shows, were fought over and boasted of, but lack of demand in America for the meat exploded the boom in a few years and left the really fine animal to develop popularity along more normal and reliable lines.

The best market in the United States for rabbit meat was, fortunately, near my own rabbitry—Los Angeles. Southern California liked—has always liked—rabbit, and consumed, then as now, great quantities of fryers—young animals weighing three or four pounds—every week. So there was my market—a good market, too, though with this one drawback: You can't get a mature and valuable pelt from an immature rabbit. And you can't make much selling rabbits unless you can cash in on both meat and fur. The goal would have to be to produce both food and fur.

That first year we managed to get, from the rabbitry and our few acres, our living, and nothing more. For the matter of that, we couldn't exactly starve to death, with food hopping all over the place, but every extra cent went into building up the plant—more hutches and more yards. I put in two acres of alfalfa to help keep down the feed bill. We were helped in the matter of the installment on the place by my friend, the proprietor of the feed store, who had some little property of his own. He took over my contract to buy, deeding the place to me and taking a mortgage at 6 per cent for the entire balance due; telling me that the increased value of the land and plant made it a perfectly safe proposition.

Losses in Livestock

By the end of my second summer, after a year and a half of breeding from my original fifty-odd does, I had raised nearly 2000 rabbits to fryer age, selling the majority at an average profit of about twenty cents apiece. I kept about 100 additional does and twenty bucks, breeding the former when they were eight months old. They brought up my production average to about 750 each quarter of a year. By dressing the rabbits myself I got some twelve cents a pound for them, averaging prices for the year. It cost me fifteen cents, more or less, to raise a fryer to four pounds. Dressed carcasses retail at about twice as much a pound as live animals, but there is far greater labor involved. With homemade stretchers I dried pelts as thoroughly as possible, and hung them out of reach of rats, sprinkled with naphthalene to discourage moths. Skins were judged on length of hair, density of underfur, condition of skin, and how well stretched and dried—prime, unprime, fryers, and hatters' skins—and the prices ranged accordingly.

In my second year more than 4000 young rabbits gave the stork quite a load out our way. I lost about 400 through sickness and weeding out of scrubs. Snuffles—a sort of galloping consumption—took off quite a number, and some I shot when paralysis, for which I knew no cure, stiffened their limbs. One whole row of hutches became moth-eaten with mange, and I saved only a few of the roomers with sulphur ointment. There were a few casualties from fights in the growing pens. Assiduous shaking of heads and washing of ears gave evidence of ear canker quite often, but many of those cases responded to sweet oil. The most wholesale calamity came on us one terrifically hot day during late August, when more than 100 of the young stock and twenty-three does died before evening of heat prostration.

During the second year my ranch expanded to a capacity of 10,000 head. I sold a few dozen does and bucks for breeding, averaging about three dollars apiece for them, but most of that money went back into stud fees and new blood to improve my own stock. Feed prices had gone up,

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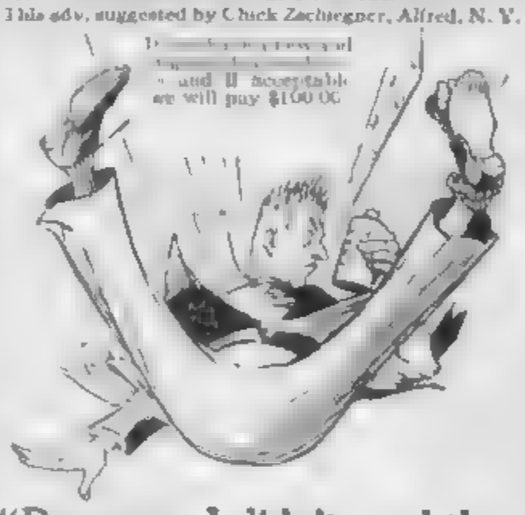

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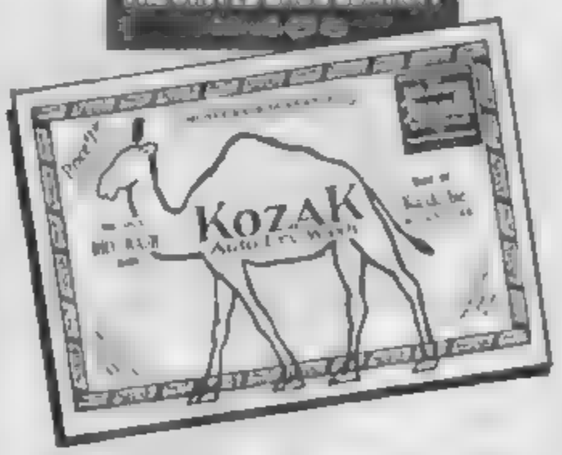

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and so many rabbits were raised in the Los Angeles district that there was something approximating a glut in the local market. We did manage to clear, however, about eight cents apiece—a little under $800 for the year. And let me tell you, that looked like a lot of money to us in those days.

The third year I hired a Hindu to help me for a few days. He was a tall, handsome fellow, one of the many Hindus ranchers in the Southwest were accustomed at that time to hire as help. Besides the $2.25 a day I paid him, I told him he could have half a dozen rabbits.

"Eat um?" said he.

"My, yes," I told him. "Stew um. Good!"

He was delighted. Then he looked dismayed. Finally he extended the bag of rabbits toward me.

"You kill um!" he begged.

I shook my head. "No, no. They're yours, now, Ganda Singh. You kill um."

At this he looked thoroughly miserable. "Oh, you kill um!" he pleaded again. "I no kill um. My god, he no like. Your god no mind! You kill um!"

This was a nicety I hardly comprehended, but I had to admit that my religion did not discountenance rabbit stew or its preliminaries, and I was able to do him the favor. He assured me next day that the banquet had been thoroughly appreciated by an impromptu collection of friends.

All the time my business was growing. Several times I contributed dressed fryers for sociables at various churches and luncheons of women's clubs. With breeding sales and the beginning of a steady market for pelts, my profits the third year stepped along nicely, touching the $1500 mark at the end of the year. I employed a helper regularly and leased a small ranch adjoining our own for his use, with a one-room shack on it available for living quarters. I was well toward the goal I had set in my own mind when I started the rabbitry—1500 breeding does and an annual output of twenty to thirty thousand youngsters. Already our rabbit ranch was coming to be one of the talked-about farms in the valley and we were working up quite a good trade in breeding stock.

One day my wife came home much excited about a fur coat she had been shown by a visiting Easterner.

"It looked," she insisted, "so much like chinchilla it was hard to tell the difference. But they told me it was a new kind of rabbit!"

Sticking Close to Business

We soon got the name of the breeder advertising the new variety, and I sent for a few does. With real chinchilla both popular and dying out, anything that resembled it ought to find an easy market. These does were more expensive than the stock I'd been buying, but lovely little animals, with dense fur an inch and a half long, a little different in texture from other breeds, an even, soft, bluish gray with long guard hairs tipped with jet black, in a wavy effect. It was a breed, I learned, that appeared first in France, then was introduced into England, and found its way to America around the close of the World War. The man I bought from believed that the chinchilla rabbit was a cross from the Champagne d'Argent and the Belgian hare, getting the silver blue of the Champagne with the color rings you see in the Belgian's underfur.

Save for two possible drawbacks—and those possible to eradicate in time—the new chinchilla rabbit was a find! Its pelt, natural color, sold readily to fur buyers. One drawback was its size; you hardly ever saw a chinchilla at that time that weighed more than five pounds, and their frame was still too small for greater weight. Moreover, being so new a breed, the color was apt to vary widely. In view of the potential market value, however, I at once set about improving my own strain, selecting does for size and fine pelt and steady color within the breed, mating only three times a year and letting them raise only four to a litter, to keep up vitality. Soon I was selling a good proportion of my output to other breeders.

By sticking close to my business I managed to keep the two rabbit plans working at once—fryers at four pounds—two pounds dressed—eight weeks old, with immature pelts; roasters at ten pounds, about six months, with fine, mature pelts. Pelts bring anywhere from less than two cents from hatters to $1.50 or $2 apiece from the furrier, depending on quality and condition. Chinchillas topped the list with a little more than two dollars for the very best, down to forty cents a pound for hatters' pelts; then the prices dropped through whites, reds, fawns, blues, grays, checkers, to blacks, which brought seventy-five cents for the best and about forty cents a pound for hatters' quality. Among wild varieties, whitetail jacks bring between $1 and $1.50 a pound if well dried and stretched, blacktail jacks less, snowshoe jacks forty cents to fifty cents, and cottontails least of all.

All the time the fur industry was bringing its skill in fur dyeing step by step to such a point of perfection that rabbit skins could be made to imitate more and more of the costlier furs. They became a staple. In 1922 this country used about 10,000,000 pounds of rabbit, hare and cony skins. Between a third and a half came from Australia, where the rabbit pest is sufficiently under control to enable one state, at least, to consider importing good stock for controlled breeding, while another talks of crossing Angoras with domestic stock to lengthen the fur.

For the Fancy Trade

Among the eighteen breeds of domestic rabbits recognized by the National Rabbit Federation of America, the trend is toward the rabbit whose fur doesn't have to be dyed, and the most popular American rabbits today are, I should say, the Chinchilla, the White New Zealand, Flemish Giant and Havana. New Zealand Reds—Red Fox rabbits—were first exhibited in California in 1909; some fanciers claim American sailors brought them in from New Zealand, but others insist that a crossing of White Giants and Red Belgians produced them in America. At any rate, they are probably the most important utility rabbit in the United States today; an even, reddish buff, growing rapidly to a weight of ten pounds or more. There are, too, Silver Fox rabbits, Sable rabbits, and Silver Marten rabbits. Chocolate-colored Havanas, brought for the first time into the United States about 1916, are said to be Dutch in origin; they are sweet-fleshed, and a lovely dark brown, resembling beaver and baum marten. Lilacs are sports from Havana, diluted brown or platinum shade, with several variations: Celestial Fox, little known in America; Gouda, a Dutch variety of clear lavender; Gray Pearl, a Belgian type in evenly ticked lavender; and the Silver Glavocat, a cobby lilac lavender ticked with silver.

Albino sports of the various standard breeds, of course, are always desirable; they can be dyed any shade. European furriers and hatters, it is estimated, use 1,000,000 white pelts a year.

Angoras I kept only for the fancy trade, lovely, fairylike little things though they were. We showed them several times with success, but they required almost as much grooming for exhibition as white Persian cats, and had to be very carefully bedded to keep the wool free of mats. When several of my does died of auto-intoxication caused by swallowing fur balls, I didn't replace them. French spinners, I am told, are easily selling their yarn now in America for babies' clothes, and many English breeders have become interested in Angora-wool farming, on the ground that when you harvest wool instead of pelt and meat, you eat your pie and have it too. To keep Angora wool in proper condition, however, the does produce only three litters a year, and raise only two of the young themselves.

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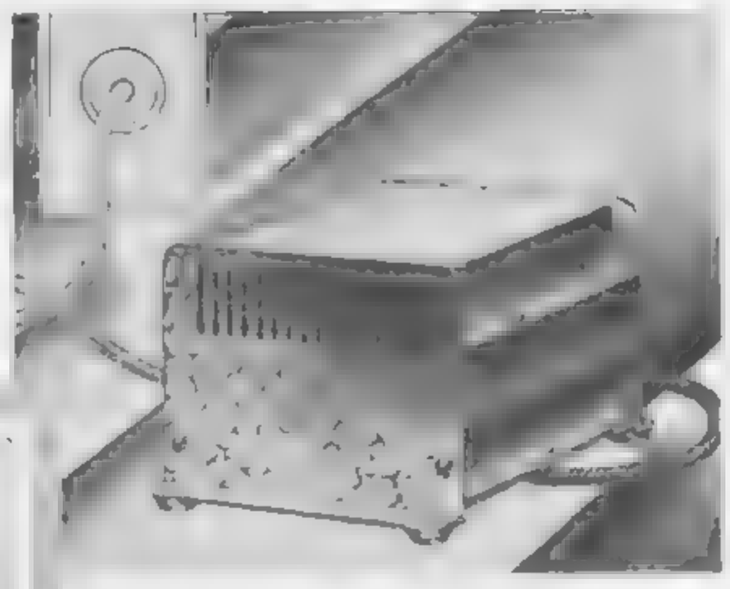
Makes bad air fresh by electricity!



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Job Shop Work of all kinds.

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Your Jobber Can Supply You

The cage illustrated above is "The Gothic," No. 2035DB, with stand No. 35. Made of solid brass, it comes in various two-tone color effects. The drawer base makes cleaning easy.

TONY, Professor of Tranquillity in a great University

IT isn't often that a professor grows wings, but here is one who not only had visible wings but also had so joyful a disposition that all his students felt cheered and "tranquilled" the moment they heard his voice!

Tony was head of the Department of Tranquillity and Vocalized Joy in the great University of Washington. His classroom was the home of the Dean of the University, Professor David Thomson, and his full name was Caius Tranquillus Suetonius!

Tony knew his own name and always answered when he was called. He would sit on the finger of his master or mistress, take food from their lips and give them a kiss in return. His favorite aria seemed to say, "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me! Do, do, do! Quick, quick, quick!"

Tony lived in a Hendryx Bird Home. He had a charming repertoire of tricks. He had a little bell in his cage and rang it vigorously with his bill whenever he wanted service. He would climb a specially constructed ladder, hop from step to step until he reached the top where food had been placed for him, pass back and forth through a napkin ring and play hide and seek in the folds of a newspaper.

Tony completed his joyful career of song about a year ago. His Hendryx home is now occupied by Andy, another lively songster, who has learned to trill in Tony's best manner and does his best to fill the important chair of Professor of Tranquillity.

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You will find a canary the most adaptable of pets, equally beloved by young or old in any home. And a canary takes so very little care—just some fresh water and seed each day. It may be kept as your constant cheerful companion, or left alone all day while its keeper is at business.

In any case, be sure to house your bird in one of the charming Hendryx Bird Homes, for this makes every provision for the safety and comfort of your bird. Ask to see the newest Hendryx designs at your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house furnishings or department store. Prices are always moderate.

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An excellent cage of solid brass, with inside feed cups, which may be used for parrakeet or canary. Removable white enamel mat for easy cleaning. Ask for Cage No. 6020 G with stand No. 67.

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(Continued from Page 226)

At a pound of wool a rabbit a year, and an average of six dollars a pound, depending on grade, I wasn't at all sure it was a paying proposition.

In 1927 the Government established a rabbit experiment station at Fontana, California, operated by the Bureau of Biological Survey in coöperation with the National Rabbit Federation, to study methods of improving food and fur breeds. A rabbit breeders' exchange has headquarters in Rochester, New York, where breeders in any section of the country can ship any number of skins to be sold on commission. Thirty blocks in New York City are densely packed with manufacturers, buyers, sellers, trade journals, and so on, all devoted to the fur industry, and messenger boys wheel great carriers of skins from store to store. Who knows but that the future will see the rabbit skin joining the four principal furs found in the United States—muskrat, skunk, raccoon and opossum?

The Southwest still raises and uses 70 or 80 per cent of the rabbits in this country, but the number is increasing in the Southeast as well. It is estimated that there are today between 75,000 and 100,000 people in this country breeding rabbits, from those with a pair in a made-over packing case to the breeders and shippers who distribute thousands every year. One breeder in the Middle West has a rabbitry that disposes of 18,000 for meat, 6000 for fur, and 3000 for experimental purposes every year; several large wholesalers in Los Angeles market 25,000 to 50,000 fryers a month, and sell more than $1,000,000 worth of rabbit meat a year. Although the percentage of rabbits raised in this country, in spite of the fact that the climate is as favorable as that of Europe, is still only 2 per cent of what we use, and though I make, even now, less than $4000 a year on rabbits, yet our vineyard of table grapes, our little orange orchard and vegetable garden supplement the income quite sufficiently for our needs. On the whole, it is a pleasant, outdoor life, full of hard work, and I am quite content with the fortune I made from the "left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit killed in the dark o' the moon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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a fuller crimson
comes upon the
robin's breast;

In the Spring
the wanton lap-
wing gets himself
another crest;

In the Spring
a livelier iris
changes on the
burnished dove;

In the Spring
a young man's
fancy lightly
turns to thoughts
of love.

—Alfred Tennyson

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